





121  
YORRHO  
111  
5  
HOMER'S ILIAD

In English Rhymed Verse

TWO VOLS.





LGr  
H766i  
Em

# HOMER'S ILIAD

In English Rhymed Verse

By CHARLES MERIVALE

B.D., D.C.L.

CHAPLAIN TO THE SPEAKER, ETC.

VOL. I



52406  
26/12/01

STRAHAN & CO., PUBLISHERS

56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

1869

EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,  
PAUL'S WORK.



Τῶν Ὀμήρου Σειρήνων καλὸν μὲν ἴσως εἴ τις ἀπόσχοιτο τὴν ἀρχὴν, ἢ κηρῷ τὰς ἀκοὰς ἀλειψάμενος, ἢ ἄλλ' ἑτέραν τραπόμενος, ὥς ἂν ἀποφύγῃ τὸ θέλγητρον· μὴ ἀποσχόμενος δὲ, ἀλλὰ διὰ τῆς ὁδοῦ ἐκείνης ἐλθὼν, οὐκ ἂν, οἶμαι, οὔτε παρέλθῃ ῥαδίως, εἰ καὶ πολλὰ δεσμὰ κατέχοι, οὔτε παρελθὼν εἴη ἂν εὐχαρις.

'Twere well, perhaps, to keep aloof from the Sirens of Homer altogether, either stopping one's ears with wax, or turning haply some other way, to escape their fascination. But if a man keep not aloof, but give heed to that song of theirs, he will neither, methinks, easily pass them by, e'en though many a chain should hold him;—nor, if he do, will he be thankful for it.

EUSTATHIUS: *Preface to the Commentary on Homer.*





**T**O thee, who bending o'er my table's rim,  
Hast mark'd these measures flow, these pages brim;  
Who, link'd for ever to a letter'd life,  
Hast drawn the dubious lot of student's wife;  
Kept hush around my desk, nor grudged me still  
The long, dull, ceaseless rustling of my quill;  
Content to guide the house, the child to teach,  
And hail my fitful interludes of speech;  
Or bid the bald disjointed tale rehearse;  
Or drink harsh numbers mellowing into verse:  
Who still 'mid cares sedate, in sorrows brave,  
Hast for me borne the light, and with me shared the grave;  
And grown from soft to strong, from fair to sage,  
Flower of my youth, and jewel of my age:—  
To thee these lays I bring with joy, with pride,—  
Sure of thy suffrage, if of none beside.






QUÆ tam magnam vidisti hanc crescere molem,  
 Sueta diu chartis invigilare meis,  
 Palladio conjux æternum nexa marito ;  
 Ah ! dubium docti sors bona, nec ne, tori :  
 Jussa tacere tacens, sed non habitura crepaci  
 Invidiam calamo, jussa tacere, meo ;  
 Sed servare domum, subolem contenta docere,  
 Inque lucro tetrici ponere verba viri ;  
 Aut tenue informis specimen monstrare libelli  
 Præcipere, aut crudos jam bibere aure modos :  
 Quæ, quibus inciderim curis ac luctibus olim,  
 Ultro ferre leves ausa, levare graves ;  
 De tenera fortis, de pulchra reddita prudens ;  
 Tu mihi flos juveni, tu mihi gemma seni :—  
 En tibi quos dono meritoque lubensque dicavi !  
 Te saltem hi numeri, sis licet una, juvant.







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
University of Toronto

# ARGUMENTS OF BOOKS I. TO XII. OF THE ILIAD.

*The numeration here, and at the top of each page of the translation, is that of the Greek text.*

## BOOK I.

Invocation of the Muse, . . . . .	1-7
Apollo afflicts the Grecian host with pestilence, . . . . .	8-53
Quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, . . . . .	54-187
Minerva restrains the wrath of Achilles, . . . . .	188-303
Agamemnon carries off Briseis from Achilles—he complains to Thetis, . . . . .	304-430
The plague is stayed, . . . . .	431-487
Thetis appeals to Jove in favour of Achilles, . . . . .	488-530
Dispute between Jove and Juno—the Gods take their supper and retire to rest, . . . . .	531-611

## BOOK II.

Jove sends a deceptive dream to Agamemnon, to encourage him to persist in the siege of Troy, . . . . .	1-40
Agamemnon holds a council of the chiefs, and summons an as- sembly—he tries the constancy of the Greeks by false repre- sentations—they prepare to sail away, . . . . .	41-154

Ulysses, instigated by Juno and Minerva, persuades them to remain, . . . . .	155-210
Impudence of Thersites, . . . . .	211-273
The muster of the Greeks, . . . . .	274-483
Invocation of the Muses, and catalogue of the forces, Greek and Trojan, . . . . .	484-877

---

## BOOK III.

The Greeks and Trojans encounter—Paris retires before Menelaus, . . . . .	1-37
Paris, urged by Hector, challenges Menelaus to single combat, . . . . .	38-120
Helen points out the Grecian heroes to Priam on the wall, . . . . .	121-244
Priam ratifies the compact between the armies, . . . . .	245-313
Combat of Paris and Menelaus—Paris is carried off by Venus, . . . . .	314-382
Interview between Paris and Helen, . . . . .	383-448
Agamemnon demands the restitution of Helen, . . . . .	449-461

---

## BOOK IV.

The Gods deliberate—Jove allows the war to be renewed, . . . . .	1-72
Minerva persuades Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus—he is wounded, and healed by Machaon, . . . . .	73-219
Agamemnon exhorts the Grecian chiefs to the combat—he addresses Idomencus, the two Ajaces, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, and Sthenelus, . . . . .	220-421
Description of the two armies encountering, . . . . .	422-456
Various combats with various success, . . . . .	457-544

---

## BOOK V.

Diomedes glorified by Minerva, . . . . .	1-7
The exploits of Diomedes—he is wounded by Pandarus, and restored by Minerva, . . . . .	8-133
He combats with Æneas and Pandarus—kills Pandarus, and wounds Æneas with a stone—Venus carries off Æneas, . . . . .	134-318
Venus wounded by Diomedes, . . . . .	319-431

Apollo comforts Æneas, and incites Mars to take part in the combat, . . . . .	432-518
Combat of Tlepolemus and Sarpedon, . . . . .	519-698
Juno and Minerva join in the combat, . . . . .	699-791
Diomedé engages with Mars, wounds him, and drives him back to Olympus, . . . . .	792-909

---

BOOK VI.

The Gods retire from the combat on both sides, and the Greeks gain the advantage, . . . . .	1-72
Helenus counsels Hector to return to the city, and enjoin the matrons to propitiate Minerva, . . . . .	73-118
Meeting of Glaucus and Diomedé, . . . . .	119-236
Hecuba and the matrons offer the peplus to Minerva, . . . . .	237-312
Hector exhorts Paris to return to the field, . . . . .	313-369
Then seeks Andromache in his own house, and finds her at the Scæan gate with the babe Astyanax—interview of Hector and Andromache, . . . . .	370-502
Paris seeks Hector in arms, and accompanies him to the field, . . . . .	503-529

---

BOOK VII.

Hector and Paris join the fight, . . . . .	1-16
Minerva takes counsel with Apollo, and inspires Helenus to advise Hector to challenge a champion of the Greeks, . . . . .	17-92
Ajax is chosen by lot for the Grecian champion, . . . . .	93-190
Indecisive combat between Hector and Ajax, . . . . .	191-312
The Greeks and Trojans hold council respectively—Paris refuses to restore Helen, . . . . .	313-364
A truce agreed to for burning the dead, . . . . .	365-435
The Greeks build a wall to fortify their camp, . . . . .	436-442
Neptune complains, and Jove prophesies its destruction, . . . . .	443-463
The Greeks and Trojans take refreshment and rest, . . . . .	464-482

## BOOK VIII.

Jove, in council on Olympus, forbids the Gods to take part in the war, and himself withdraws to Mount Ida, . . .	1-52
Battle renewed—the Greeks are worsted—their chiefs retire—	
Nestor is saved by Diomede, . . . . .	53-129
But both are compelled to fly from the field, . . . . .	130-171
Hector exhorts the Trojans to attack the wall, . . . . .	172-197
Juno encourages the Greeks, . . . . .	198-250
Skill of Teucer in shooting—he is wounded with a stone by	
Hector—the Greeks driven within the wall, . . . . .	251-349
Minerva and Juno are deterred from aiding the Greeks by Iris with a threatening message from Jove, . . . . .	350-484
The battle is stopped by nightfall—the Trojans keep watch before the Grecian camp, . . . . .	485-561

## BOOK IX.

Distress of Agamemnon—he calls a council—Nestor persuades him to solicit Achilles with gifts, . . . . .	1-161
Ajax, Ulysses, and Phœnix are sent as envoys to Achilles, . . . . .	162-221
Ulysses addresses him, . . . . .	222-306
Achilles replies harshly, . . . . .	307-429
Phœnix intercedes, . . . . .	430-601
The envoys return unsuccessful, . . . . .	602-709

## BOOK X.

Agamemnon and Menelaus rise and confer together during the night, . . . . .	1-35
They convene the other chiefs beyond the ditch, and deliberate whether to retreat from before Troy, . . . . .	36-202
Nestor advises to send scouts to visit the Trojan lines—Ulysses and Diomede undertake the adventure, . . . . .	203-298
Hector proposes to send a spy to the Grecians—Dolon, bribed by the promise of the car and steeds of Achilles, sets out, . . . . .	299-337



He is intercepted by Ulysses and Diomede—they interrogate and then slay him, . . . . .	338-469
Ulysses and Diomede fall on the Thracians asleep—kill twelve of them, with their king Rhesus—carry off his horses, and return, . . . . .	470-514
They are received by the Grecian chiefs with acclamation, . .	515-579

BOOK XI.

The combat renewed with the morning—the arming and exploits of Agamemnon, . . . . .	1-147
The Trojans are turned to flight, but sustained by Hector, . .	148-217
Agamemnon is wounded and retires from the field, . . . .	218-283
The Trojans regain the advantage—combats with various success —Ajax and Eurypylus retire wounded, . . . . .	284-595
Achilles, at the sight of Nestor carrying off Machaon wounded, sends Patroclus to inquire—Patroclus discourses with Nestor, and returns to Achilles, staying on the way to heal the wound of Eurypylus, . . . . .	596-847

BOOK XII.

The fate of the Grecian wall predicted, . . . . .	1-33
The Trojans deliberate how to cross the ditch, . . . . .	34-107
Asius attacks the wall on the left, and is opposed by Polypætes and Leonteus, . . . . .	108-194
Polydamas, terrified by an evil omen, seeks to deter Hector from this attack, but is repulsed by Hector, . . . . .	195-289
Sarpedon and Glaucus advance to the assault, and are withstood by Ajax and Teucer, . . . . .	290-436
Hector attacks at another point, bursts the gate with a stone, and enters within the rampart, . . . . .	437-571



## BOOK I.

PELEÏADES ACHILLES his anger, Goddess, sing ;  
Fell anger, fated on the Greeks ten thousand woes to bring ;  
Which forth to Hades hurried full many valiant souls  
Of heroes, but themselves she gave to dogs and carrion fowls  
Of every wing for ravin : so wrought the rede of Jove,  
Since first contentious disaccord the chiefs asunder rove,  
Then when Atrides, king of men, with great Achilles strove.

Which of the Gods impell'd them to wreak the dire despite ?  
Latona's offspring, seed of Jove : for he, the lord of light,  
Wroth with the king, bred sickness accurst the ranks along ;  
And died the people, for their chief had done his servant wrong.

Now Chryses, priest of Phœbus, to the Grecian ships had come,  
To free his daughter dear, and gifts he brought, a boundless sum :  
And in his hand he carried the chaplet of his God,  
Apollo, Darter-from-afar, upon a golden rod.  
And so to all the Grecians, and to the Atridæ most,  
To both Atridæ most he pray'd, the leaders of the host :—

" Ye kings, and all ye other, leave arm'd Achaïans, hail !  
May the Gods, in bowers Olympian dwelling, grant ye to prevail.  
And trample down king Priam's town, and happily homeward sail !  
Then take ye these for ransom, and loose the child I love,  
Dreading the Darter-from-aïar, Apollo, sprung from Jove."  
Then all the other princes approvingly outspake ;—  
To Apollo's priest would reverence give, and the shining ransom take :  
Atrides Agamemnon the prayer displeas'd alone ;  
He spurn'd the wretch, and bade him with commandment stern be  
gone :—  
" Hence, fool ! nor let me find thee by the hollow ships again.  
Nor tarrying now upon the road ;  
So staff and chaplet of thy God shall shelter thee in vain !  
For her I will not yield till old age shall o'er her come ;  
But she from kin and country led  
Shall ply the loom, and serve my bed, far in my Argive home !  
Be gone, nor tempt me farther, nor deem it safe to stay !"  
He spake ; the old man quaked with fear, nor dared he not obey.  
Then turn'd and paced he softly by the billowy ocean's shore :  
And there apart the graybeard stray'd,  
And much to king Apollo pray'd, whom fairhair'd Lato bore :—  
" Hear thou that ever wendest round Chrysa, Silverbow !  
Of holy Cilla and Tenedos imperious Warder thou,  
Smintheus ! if e'er to glad thee I wreath thy shrine with leaves ;  
If e'er for thee with fire consume rich steak of goats and beesves ;  
Do thou this grace accord me, and crown my curse to-day :  
May the Greeks beneath thy flaming shafts these tears to me repay !"  
So spake that old man praying, and Apollo heard him pray.

Then down from high Olympus in wrath the Archer strode ;  
With bow about his shoulders flung  
His doubly-lidded quiver hung ;  
Rattled his arrows as he swung to earth, the wrathful God !  
Like night he came, and straightway sate from the ships apart ;  
And dire was the ding of the silver string, as he drove his mortal dart.  
And first the beasts assail'd he, the mule and ranging hound ;  
But soon at men his firebolt fierce shot, smiting to the ground.  
And aye the pyres for burning blazed thick with corpses strow'd ;  
Nine days went flying through the camp the artillery of the God.  
But on the tenth Achilles convened the Grecians all :  
Great Juno put it in his heart ;  
With ruth she mark'd the murderous dart, nor brook'd to see them fall.

So when to general parley the Grecian armies press'd,  
Stood forth Achilles in the midst, and thus the king address'd :—  
“ Even now, methinks, Atrides, 'twere best to roam the seas  
Homeward, if death we yet may 'scape, and shun the dire decrees ;  
Since war and pest at once consume the valiant sons of Greece !  
But first of seer demand we, of priest or dreamer sage,—  
For even the dream is sent of Jove,—why thus doth Phoebus rage ?  
Hath ever a vow been slighted, or hecatomb withheld ?  
Demands he reck of lambs or goats, or e'er this plague be quell'd ? ”  
He spake, and scarce was seated, when augur Calchas rose  
Amongst them, best of augurs he, his counsel to propose :  
Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, who knew by mantic lore  
What was, and is, and is to be, by Phoebus taught of yore ;  
He who the galleys of the Greeks had led to Ilion's shore ;



And blandly thus bespake him :—" Achilles, dear to Jove,  
Dost bid me all the cause relate  
Of king Apollo's vengeful hate, the Darter from above ?  
Then hearken, I will tell thee : but promise thou, and swear  
Full surely thou with speech and hand wilt aid me ; for I fear  
To vex a sovereign leader, obey'd by Grecians all ;  
The king is mightier far, who meets a lesser man in brawl :  
And though perforce his anger digest he for to-day,  
Yet after will he nurse his spite,  
So it be wreak'd and glutted quite : then, wilt thou save me, say !"  
To him Achilles swiftfoot rejoin'd, and made reply :—  
" Be bold, nor aught from us conceal of the fates ordain'd on high :  
For, by Jove's son Apollo, the Power to whom thou pray'st,  
By whom instructed to the Greeks God's tokens thou display'st,  
So while I live and ever behold this world below,  
Shall no man at the hollow ships deal thee despiteful blow ;  
Thee none of all the Grecians, not even the king shall trounce,  
Who now far chiefest boasts to be, if thou the king denounce."

Lo ! then the peerless prophet took heart, and boldly cried :—  
" Recks not the God of vows forsworn, or sacrifice denied :  
For the insult to his servant affronted he complains ;  
For the maid the king will not restore, for the ransom he disdains !  
For these things the Far-darter sends woes, and yet will send ;  
Nor will he stay the pestilence, nor cruel fates forefend,  
Till the child, unbought, unransom'd, to her sire be given again ;  
And to himself a hecatomb at Chrysa's shrine be slain :  
But so shall ye appease him." So Calchas spake and sate.

Wherewith in wrath Atreides rose, wide-ruler of the state :  
His darkling heart within him swell'd high with rage ; like fire  
Flash'd forth his eyes aglow, and first  
Full on the seer his fury burst, and thus he storm'd in ire :—  
“ Prophet of ill, that never dost speak good things to me ;  
But ever mischief dost delight to promise and foresee ;  
Nor deign'st a favouring augury declare me and decree :  
Who now too 'mid the Grecians a sentence hast proclaim'd :  
As though the Archer for my wrong his fatal arrows aim'd ;  
For that I will not ransom the maid, whom much I love ;  
Who more than even my queen before,  
Than wedded Clytemnestra more, my amorous soul doth move :  
For she no whit is worser in stature, form, and face ;  
Nor less excels in various works ; nor less in sense and grace :  
Nathless shall she be yielded, if so ye deem it best :  
I will that yet a remnant live, nor perish all the rest.  
But ye requite me straightway, lest I alone remain  
Portionless : so it must not be ;  
My prize alone, ye plainly see, is gone for others' gain !”

To him Achilles swiftfoot rejoin'd, and answer made :—  
“ O thou, most chiefest of the host,  
Rapacious thou, and selfish most, how shall thy claim be paid ?  
No general store we wot of laid up, to glut thy greed ;  
The spoil hath been divided all, and every warrior fee'd :  
'Twere shame again to share it ; but thou the girl restore  
Now to the God, and all the Greeks will pay thee back twice o'er,  
Aye, doubly twice will pay thee, when our dear vows are crown'd,

And we, with Jove, the towers of Troy lay level with the ground.”  
Return’d king Agamemnon :—“ O peerless man of might,  
Godlike Achilles, think not thus to ’scape my searching sight ;  
Thou canst not mock me, nor cajole, and sway me from my right !  
What ! shalt thou keep thy guerdon, while I am robb’d of mine ?  
Shall I sit idly beggar’d by, spoil’d by command of thine ?  
But if the generous Grecians grant me a fitting share,  
To soothe me and to satisfy,—if not, myself will tear  
Away the prize thou lovest, Ulysses loves, or thou,  
Or haply Ajax,—he, methinks, will rage as I do now !  
But for another parley this matter will we keep :  
Come now, and draw we from the strand a vessel to the deep ;  
With oarsmen straightway man her ; embark a hecatomb ;  
And so the dainty-cheek’d Chryseis send we duly home.  
And some one prince among us, of chiefest rank, shall go,  
Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, Ulysses stout,—or thou,  
Most eminent Pelides, shalt waft our vows along,  
And soothe the Far-accomplisher with sacrifice and song !”

But him Achilles swiftfoot with scowling front address’d :—  
“ Ah me ! thou clothed with shamelessness, with craft and greed possess’d !  
What Greek with ardour pressing shall answer to thy call,  
For thee shall march, for thee shall fight, beneath the Trojan wall ?  
Nay, ’twas not for the Trojans that here I came to fight ;  
The Trojans never wrought me ill, that I should them requite :  
Nor beeves of mine nor horses by them have captured been ;  
Nor they on Phthia’s fruitful plains have spoil’d my pastures green ;  
For many a darkling mountain lies, and resonant seas between !

But we combat for thy pleasure, we follow at thy call,  
Shameless ! that thee and Menelas fresh glory may befall !  
We, whom thou nought regardest, but spurn'st with haughty mind.  
Now wilt thou rob me of the spoil,  
For which I fought through years of toil, by the Greeks to me assign'd !  
My lot is aye the lesser, and thine the nobler far,  
When the Greeks cast down some Trojan town, rich with the spoils of war  
Mine more than half the danger, me sturdier labours wear ;  
But lo ! when plunder we divide, thine the more generous share ;  
And, tired with war, 'tis small but dear, the prize which home I bear.  
Nay, now I wend to Phthia ;—better, methinks, for me  
Homeward my crested barks to turn, descending to the sea ;  
And shower no more, disdain'd and poor, fatness and wealth on thee !”  
To him king Agamemnon rejoin'd, and answer made :—  
“ Now flee, if so thy mind be set ; I call not for thy aid :  
I bid thee not to tarry ; with me bide many more,  
To uphold my state, and most of all great Jove the Counsellor !  
But of all our heaven-born princes is none so loath'd by me ;  
For strife and war and dire uproar are aye delight to thee ;  
And know, 'twas God that gave the gift, if thou so valiant be !  
Then turning with thy galleys and comrades seaward speed ;  
Rule thou the Myrmidons at home ; for thee I leastwise heed !  
I reckon not of thine anger, but all thy power disdain !  
Hear then the threat which now I make :—  
My captive if the God will take, and claim my prize again ;  
Then will I yield Chryseïs, in a tall ship duly sent ;  
But to thy camp will I repair  
Myself, and in her stead will tear Briseïs from thy tent ;

That thou may'st know Atrides is mightier much than thou ;  
And henceforth none may dare compete  
With me, nor me for equal treat, nor rival claims avow !”

Thus spake he ; but Achilles, stung in his shaggy breast,  
This way and that inclined in doubt, considering which were best :—  
To draw the trenchant falchion against his thigh that lay,  
And rout the warriors all around, and Atreïde's self to slay ;  
Or calm his angry temper, and curb his own fierce mood :—  
But lo ! while thus in deep debate with his own heart he stood,  
And now his sheath was grasping, and clutching at his sword,  
From heav'n Minerva stept on earth, moved by queen Juno's word :  
For both did Juno cherish, and guard with equal care :  
She stept behind, and stood, and pluck'd Pelides' golden hair,  
Flash'd on him only,—of the rest none other saw her there.  
Started amazed Achilles, and turn'd, and knew straightway  
Pallas Athene ; from her eyes shot forth a dreadful ray.  
Then thus to gracious Pallas, with wingèd words he cries :—  
“ Child of the ægis-bearer Jove, why comest thou from the skies ?  
The scorn of Agamemnon Atrides wouldst thou see ?  
I tell thee, and be sure my threats shall all accomplish'd be,  
For this his pride and insolence his life shall answer me !”  
Then him the blue-eyed Pallas bespeaking thus address'd :—  
“ I come to stay thy furious mood ; then heed thou my behest.  
From heaven I come, by Juno, the white-arm'd Goddess, sent ;  
For both of ye doth Juno love, on both her cares are bent.  
Come then, and cease from contest, nor draw thou sword from sheath ;  
Nail if thou wilt with angry words ; be sure thy curse shall scathe.



For this will I declare, and my words shall lose their way :  
Hereafter this disdainful deed thine o'er shall he repay,  
With ready gifts, a shining store ; then pause thou and obey !"  
To her Achilles swiftfoot rejoin'd with winged word :—  
" Thy bidding must I needs obey, howe'er my wrath be stirr'd :  
E'en so 'twere best ; the Gods hear him, by whom themselves are heard."  
So on the silver pommel a forceful grip he laid ;  
And down into the scabbard deep shot back the mighty blade.  
Thus for the hest of Pallas the prince obedient cared :  
She to the ægis-bearer's dome  
On high Olympus, and the home of all the Gods repair'd.

Then once again Achilles, with wrath yet unrepres'd,  
Against Atrides storm'd, and thus his bitter speech address'd :—  
" Ha ! wine-besotten, hound-eyed, hind-hearted, thou that durst  
Ne'er in the ranks thy courage try, and stand among the first !  
Nor ever with our leaders the dextrous ambush set ;  
For in the open and the close are death and danger met !  
Ha ! better snatch the guerdon, and lawful share of those,  
Through the broad battle of the Greeks that dare thy pride oppose !  
A king that sacks his people ! a recreant people they !  
Else, know, Atrides, thy last wrong were wrought on them this day !  
For I will speak, and utter therewith a solemn vow :  
I swear by this my kingly staff, whereon no leaf shall grow,  
Nor shoot, since lopp'd upon the hills it parted from the bough ;  
For leaf and bark the hatchet hath fairly stripp'd away :  
And now this staff our rulers wield in token of their sway ;  
Ordain'd of Jove to guard the right, and judge with truth alway :

Now by this staff I swear it, the Grecians all shall wail  
For the brave Achilles presently ;  
Nor, shent and sorrowing though thou be, shall aught thy help avail ;  
When of many a fallen hero shall Hector make his boast,  
And thou apart with rage bemoan  
The deep dishonour thou hast done to the stoutest of the host !”

Thus speaking great Pelides flung to the ground amain  
His sceptre pierced with studs of gold, and took his chair again.  
Against him fumed Atrides : but 'twixt them Nestor sprung,  
Clear speaker of the Pylian clan ;  
Sweeter than honey ever ran the accents from his tongue.  
Of mortal men two races beside him had been rear'd  
In Pylos ; two, from sire to son, had pass'd and disappear'd ;  
And now, that ancient reverend man, he reign'd among the third.  
So now with love and kindness address'd he them, and spake :—  
“ Alas ! what woe is this for Greece ! what gladness this shall make  
For Priam and his children ! how shall the Trojans boast,  
To hear these feuds betwixt ye twain, our wise and valiant most !  
But list to me, and heed me, for ye both younger be  
Than I, and I have converse held with mightier erst than ye ;  
Nor even did these despise me ; yet saw I ne'er before,  
Nor such methinks shall see again, as the glorious men of yore,  
As Pirithous and Dryas, Exadius, Cæneus too,  
And godlike Polyphemus hight,  
And godlike Theseus, first in fight ;  
Of mortal brood none other wight braver to dare and do !  
With the stoutest fought they stoutly ; and to their savage lair

Track'd they the Centaurs, man and horse ;  
And these they slew with wondrous force ; for such my comrades were !  
For I came to them from Pylos ; I came at their behest,  
Far from my land and native strand ; and I too fought my best :  
Of mortals that now walk the earth could none with these contest.  
Yet these too sought my counsels, and hearken'd to my word :  
Then yield, and list ye to my speech ; 'twere best that I were heard.  
Nor do not thou, so mighty, snatch this man's girl away ;  
But still let be, as first the Greeks his prowess did repay.  
Nor thou, Pelides, venture with the sovereign to contend  
By force ; for aye to sovereign hand,  
That wields the sceptre to command, doth Jove chief honour lend.  
Though strong'art thou, Pelides, and thee a Goddess bore,  
Yet a mightier man and greater he, for he ruleth over more.  
Then stay thou, Agamemnon, nor all our fortunes mar :  
Lo ! I myself entreat thee, stay ; nor with Achilles jar,  
Who best defends our Argive hosts, and bears the brunt of war."  
To him king Agamemnon respake, and answer made :—  
“ Now verily, all these words, old man, discreetly hast thou said :  
But see, this man pretendeth to be our first and best,  
Mightiest, forsooth, of all the host, and king it o'er the rest,  
Captain of all ! but one, methinks, will yield not to his hest.  
What if the Gods have made him valiant and stout in fight ?  
Think ye, for this they bid him fling foul words of scorn and spite ? ”  
Thereat divine Achilles betwixt them stept, and said :—  
“ Coward I were, and craven heart, if always I obey'd  
Whate'er thou say'st : to others address this proud decree,  
And signify thy high commands ! rule others, rule not me !

But this I say, perpend it—for the damsel, let her go !  
The Greeks that gave her to my hand, the Greeks may take her too !  
For her I will not combat with thee, nor other lord :  
But of all the other things of price in my black galley stored,  
Of these, despite my pleasure, wouldst thou lay hand on one,  
Come on and try, that all may know :—  
Ha ! soon thy purple blood shall flow my javelin shaft adown !”

Thus strove they fiercely chiding before the assembled throng ;  
Then bade the Achaian hosts disperse their shapely ships among.  
To his own camp Pelides back with Patroclus went,  
And with him turn'd the Myrmidons away to ship and tent.  
Meanwhile Atrides seaward a nimble galley drew ;  
Victims for offering fill'd the hold ; of twenty oars the crew.  
On board he set Chryseïs ; Ulysses took command :  
Embark'd they scud the watery ways that bear from land to land.  
And then he bade the people their naked limbs to lave :  
Their limbs they duly cleans'd, and cast the cleansings in the wave.  
For sacrifice to Phœbus their choicest beasts they took,  
Bullocks and goats, and mounting high  
The grateful steam from shore to sky upcurl'd about the smoke.

Thus in the camp they laboured : nor did Atrides yet  
His wrath relinquish, nor renounce fulfilment of his threat ;  
But thus bespake Talthybius and sage Eurybates ;  
His heralds both, and ministers of faithful service these :—  
“ Now hie ye to Achilles, where in his tent he lies ;  
And by the hand Briseïs take, and bring me back the prize :

And if he will not yield her, myself with ampler force,  
Myself will come, and seize the girl ; and that, methinks, were worse.”  
He spake and sent them forward, with stern commandment sent ;  
And they reluctant by the shore of barren ocean went.  
They reach'd the tents and galleys of the bold Myrmidones ;  
And in his tent, his ship beside, they found the king, at ease  
Reclining : at their coming scant pleasure he confess'd :  
To him, afraid and sore abash'd, they ne'er a word address'd.  
But he divin'd their purpose, and cried :—“ Ye heralds, hail !  
Hail ! messengers of Gods and men ; approach and tell your tale.  
Not ye, but Agamemnon attach I with the blame,  
Who sent ye forth my lady fair Briseïs to reclaim.  
But go, divine Patroclus, and bring her with all speed ;  
And give her to the heralds' hands, back to the ships to lead.  
Whereof ye twain be witness before both Gods and men ;  
Before this arrogant king himself, if e'er be need again  
Of me, to ward disaster and ruin from the host ;  
For now, forsooth, he rages all distraught, his senses lost ;  
Nor shrewdly peers, and watches behind him and before,  
That yet the Greeks may fight secure by the galleys on the shore.”  
He spake, and good Patroclus his friend's behest obey'd :  
Briseïs of the dainty cheek forth from the tent he led,  
And gave her to the heralds : they to the ships return'd ;  
And she reluctant with them went, and for her master mourn'd.

Meanwhile Achilles weeping far from his fellows stray'd  
By wan sea-shore ; his hands he rais'd,  
And long on wine-dark ocean gazed, and thus to Thetis pray'd :—

“Since thou hast borne me, mother, foredoom’d of briefest date,  
’Twere meet the Olympian, thundering Jove, should vouch me honour  
great :

But no respect he yields me ; for Atreus’ haughty son,  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, takes,  
Insolent !—lo ! his own he makes the prize my valour won !”

So spake the hero weeping ; the Goddess heard him weep,  
Where by her ancient sire she sits embower’d in the deep.

Then swiftly from gray ocean she mounted to his side ;  
She mounted, sailing like a mist ;

Then stroked him as he wept, and kiss’d, and thus accosting cried :—  
“Why weep’st thou, son ? what sorrow hath pierced thee to the heart ?  
Say all, nor keep it pent within, that both may bear their part.”

Again Atrides swiftfoot replied with weary groan :—

“Thou know’st :—why tell thee all my pains, to whom those pains are  
known ?

We march’d away to Thebè, Eëtion’s sacred hold :

We seized the town ; we sack’d the spoil, and all was shared or sold.

The rest the Greeks shared truly, the plunder of their foes ;

But for Atrides, chief of all, Chryseïs fair they chose.

Now Chryses, priest of Phoebus, to the Grecian ships hath come,

With ransom for his daughter dear, to loose and lead her home ;

And in his hand he carries the chaplet of his God,

Apollo, Darter-from-afar, upon a golden rod.

And so to all the Grecians, and to the Atridæ most,

To both Atridæ most he prays, the leaders of the host.

Then all the other princes approvingly outspake ;

To Apollo’s priest would reverence give, and the shining ransom take :



Atrides Agamemnon the prayer displeas'd alone ;  
He spurn'd the wretch, and bade him with commandment stern be gone.  
Return'd that old man angry, and straight the God address'd :  
Apollo hearken'd to his prayer, for much he loved his priest.  
Then fierce against the Grecians his fatal bolt he cast :  
And lo ! the host by ship and tent were falling thick and fast ;  
So swift through all the leaguer the God's artillery went ;  
Till Calchas, skill'd in holy lore, discover'd his intent.  
Then was I first to counsel to soothe the God and yield :  
Wroth wax'd the king, rose quick and spake his threat, even now fulfill'd.  
Chryseïs first the Grecians have sent to sire and home ;  
And charm'd away the Archer's wrath with a costly hecatomb :—  
Briseïs next the heralds have torn from my embrace,  
The princess whom the Greeks themselves assign'd my tent to grace.  
But thou,—for thou art able,—defend thy gallant son :  
Rise to Olympus ; Jove implore,  
If e'er by word or deed of yore his favour thou hast won.  
For in my father's mansion oft have I heard thee boast,—  
Stood'st thou alone before his face,  
To ward disaster and disgrace, of all the Immortal host ;  
When Juno and great Neptune, and with them Pallas strove  
To bind the strong Saturnian king, the thunder-wielding Jove.  
'Twas thou, forsooth, releas'd him, invoking in his might  
Him of the Gods named Briareus, of men, Ægæon hight,  
The huge, the hundred-handed,—more potent than his sire,—  
Who kept his seat at Jove's right hand,  
Valiant the Immortals to withstand, and made the Powers retire.  
Nor dare to bind the Father :—then by this token dear

Clasp thou Jove's knees : his aid implore the Trojan foe to cheer :  
To drive our routed warriors to their ships beside the sea :  
That for their king the Grecians all distress'd and plagued may be ;  
And teach thou Agamemnon, wide-ruling Atreïde,  
The curse that for his mighty scorn  
Of me, the bravest Grecian-born, shall him and his betide !”  
Then answer'd gentle Thetis, and dropp'd she many a tear :—  
“ Alas for thee, my son ! ah ! why did I such sorrow rear ?  
Would thou couldst sit all tearless and scatheless with the host !  
For ah ! thy fate but little while impends, a span at most !  
Thou doom'd of all most wretched, most brief of years to be !  
Woe worth the hour I gave thee birth, a woe to mine and me !  
Yet will I speed thine errand to thunder-vaunting Jove,  
High on Olympus' snowy crest, if him my speech may move.  
Meanwhile beside the galleys stay thou, and nurse thy spite  
Against the Greeks,—come weal, come woe,—abstaining from the fight.  
For Jove and all the Immortals did yesterday repair  
To the peerless Æthiopes, a feast at Ocean's verge to share.  
When the twelve-days' feast is over, and Jove returneth home.  
Myself his knees embracing there,  
Will sue with much prevailing prayer, beneath his brazen dome.”  
Thus speaking she departed ;—Achilles there she left :  
And sore he sigh'd, and raged, and cried,  
For her the dainty-bosom'd bride, of whom he was bereft.

Meanwhile led sage Ulysses the sacred hecatomb ;  
Chrysa they reach'd, and now within the shelter'd roads had come :  
They fur'd the sails, and stow'd them close in the hold and fast :

And briskly to the settle stout by the foresheet lower'd the mast.  
With oars then pull'd they beachward, and cast out stones to moor  
The galley safe, and bound the poop with cables to the shore :  
Then in the surf alighted themselves, and brought to land  
Their goodly hecatomb of beasts, to stay the Archer's hand.  
From the ship came forth Chryseïs ; and her Ulysses led  
To the altar tipp'd with holy fire,  
And gave her blandly to her sire, and spake to him and said :—  
“ From the king of men Atrides, O Chryses, am I come,  
Thy daughter to restore to thee, with a goodly hecatomb ;  
Which to the God the Grecians in sacrifice shall slay ;  
So we may soothe the Archer's wrath, who plagues us day by day.”  
So to his hand he gave her ;—well pleas'd he took the maid.  
Then quickly round the altar fair the offerings they array'd ;  
Their hands they sprinkled duly, and o'er each victim's head  
They waved the meal ; then Chryses rais'd his palms, and pray'd and  
said :—

“ Hear thou, that ever wendest round Chrysa. Silverbow !  
Of holy Cilla and Tenedos imperious Warder thou !  
To thee forsooth I pray'd before, and thou hast heard my vow !  
Me hast thou greatly honour'd, and plagued the Grecians sore :—  
Now crown me yet this second prayer ;—  
Save now the Grecians, save and spare, and hurt their host no more !”  
Thus spake that old man praying, and Phoebus heard his cry.—  
So when the Greeks had made their vows, and waved the meal on high,  
Backward they flung the victims, and slit their throats, and flay'd ;  
Cut steak from buttock, and thereon fat in fair slices laid.  
On these they strow'd raw collops ; and next the man divine

Each several mess on splinters burnt, and dash'd with ruddy wine.  
On either side the youngsters with five-prong'd forks were placed ;  
And when the steaks were burnt, and of the inwards given to taste,  
They carv'd the joints in portions, and truss'd them all on spits ;  
And cook'd them well with care and skill ; and last drew off the bits.  
And now the toil was over, the banquet well prepared :  
The Grecians sate them down and dined, till all the feast was shared.  
But when their thirst and hunger were sated with the food,  
The youngsters crown'd them bowls of wine,  
And bore them round, that all might join in pouring to the God.  
All day triumphing gaily with songs they sooth'd the king,—  
The youngsters of the Achaian host,—and made their pæans ring ;  
Hymning the Far-accomplisher, who gladly heard them sing !  
Now at the hour of sunset, when darkness fell around,  
The heroes by their cables slept reclining on the ground.  
But when rosefinger'd morning with skyborn radiance shone,  
Again they launch'd, and toward the camp they hasten'd to be gone.  
With a favouring gale Apollo the mariners onward sped ;  
They rear'd the mast, and the swelling sail to the following breeze  
they spread ;  
And rustled the dark wave as they went, before the vessel's head.  
She ran with breeze and billow, and swiftly made the land ;  
And when the Grecian camp she reach'd, they drew her on the strand,  
Aloft upon the sand-heaps ; and stones a-row they leant  
Against her sides, and so themselves dispers'd to ship and tent.

Meanwhile the son of Peleus, divine Achilles hight,  
Still chafed, reclining at the ships, and yearn'd he for the fight ;

Nor to the glorious parley of mustering hosts he went,  
Nor join'd the war ; but pined afar, with spirit ill-content.  
But now, twelve days accomplish'd, back to their mount return'd  
The Immortals all, and led them Jove ; nor Thetis idly mourn'd,  
Her son's behest rememb'ring ; but rising from the deep  
With misty dawn she climb'd the sky, and reach'd Olympus steep.  
On the long-back'd mount Olympian, high on its topmost peak,  
Broad-brow'd Saturnius sate apart, the Power she came to seek.  
There crouch'd she down before him : her left hand press'd his knee ;  
With the right she gently grasp'd his beard, while thus she urged her  
plea :—

“ O Father Jove, if ever 'twas mine, by deed or word,  
To aid thee 'midst the Gods above, may this my prayer be heard !  
Honour my son, of mortals foredoom'd of briefest date ;  
To whom Atrides, king of men, hath done dishonour great,  
And seiz'd his prize and keeps it :—but thou, Olympian Jove,  
Thou honour him ;—the Trojans crown  
With power and force beyond their own, till Greece his worth shall prove,  
And due respect accord him ! ” She spake, and answer'd nought  
The Cloud-amasser, but a while sate silent, deep in thought.  
But Thetis, ever clasping his knees, about him hung ;  
And yet again adjured him thus, and yet more closely clung :—  
“ O pledge me certain promise ! O vow to me and swear !  
Or spurn me, and reject outright !—for wherefore shouldst thou fear ?—  
And let me know myself of Gods least honour'd and least dear ! ”  
Then Jove the Cloud-amasser wax'd wroth at heart, and spoke :—  
“ Ha ! dire indeed the event shall be, shouldst thou my soul provoke  
'Gainst Juno, when she rails with speech, to deal her deadly stroke !



Oft chides she me and chafes me among the Powers above,  
As though the Trojans I sustain, and yield them all my love.  
Then hie thee hence, nor let her discover thy design :—  
Leave all to me ;—be mine the care ;—the accomplishment be mine !  
For lo ! I nod approval ; accept this token thou !  
The Immortal Gods in heaven from me demand no greater vow :  
Thus is my truth for ever seal'd,  
Unchanged, unfailing, unrepeal'd,—thus, when my head I bow !”  
With eyebrows darkly drooping he nodded as he spoke :  
Down from the King's immortal head,  
Down rush'd the ambrosial locks disspread, and huge Olympus shook.

Thus they communed and parted ; she to her watery home  
From bright Olympus leapt amain ; Jove to his sacred dome.  
From their seats the Gods all started before their father's face ;  
None dared await him as he came, but each rose in his place.  
There on his throne reclined he :—nor was Juno unapprized,  
How with him Thetis silvershod,  
Child of the ancient Water-God, had cunningly advised.  
Then shrew-like she address'd him :—“ O Jove, thou full of guile !  
What Power with thee hath now advised, what business plann'd the  
while ?

In counsel and in purpose thou keep'st thyself apart,  
Nor wilt with me communicate the secrets of thy heart.”  
To her the Father answer'd, Father of Gods and men :—  
“ Nay, Juno, consort though thou be,  
’Twere hard, believe me, even for thee my counsels deep to ken.  
Yet what to know concerns thee, and me befits to tell,



To none of Gods or mortal men I sooner will reveal.  
But such things as I purpose from all the Powers apart,  
These ask not thou, nor wring from me the secrets of my heart.”  
Rejoin’d the glorious Goddess, queen of the dark-brown eye :—  
“ Most reverend king, Saturnian Jove, ungentle this reply !  
Much have I stay’d and stinted from prying heretofore ;  
Alone and undisturb’d, for me, contrivest thou evermore.  
But now I shrewdly fear me, lest Thetis silvershod  
Persuade and wrest thee from the right,—child of the watery God.  
For in a mist ascending but now thy knees she clips ;  
And thou, I ween, hast sworn this day  
To magnify her son, and slay Greeks many at their ships.”  
Replied the Cloud-amasser :—“ Good queen, so shrewd to mark ;—  
Do what I will I ’scape thee not, nor shroud me in the dark.  
Yet none the more, believe me, thy will shalt thou attain ;  
Nay, rather shalt thou vex me more, and prick me to disdain ;  
The which for thee were worser ! and if, forsooth, it be  
Thus, as thou sayest, yet sit and stint,—be sure so pleaseth me !  
Sit thou, I say, in silence, and my command obey :  
For know, not all the Powers on high  
Shall hold thee up, if haply I my strong arm on thee lay !”  
Trembled the glorious Goddess, queen of the dark-brown eye ;  
Down sate she, and her heart was wrung ; and all the Gods on high  
Stood troubled through the palace : but Vulcan, craftsman famed,  
Rose in the midst, and thus with speech his mother dear he blamed ;  
Then gently soothed and moved her :—“ Sad were the event, and dire,  
If ye should fight for mortal wight, impatient in your ire ;  
And uproar raise and tumult amongst the Powers above :

If worser things prevail, the feast will all distasteful prove.  
Do thou with grace and favour the Father's choler curb,  
That he may cease from angry words, nor our high feast disturb.  
For should his anger move him, the Thunderer above,  
To hurl us headlong from our seats,—ah! who so strong as Jove?  
Then with soft speech and gentle do thou his humour take:  
So shall the Olympian gracious prove, and bless us for thy sake.”  
He spake, and forward leaping gave to his mother dear  
From both his hands the cup to taste;  
In both her hands the cup he placed, and thus he cried:—“Forbear,  
And still endure, good mother! though griev'd and sick at heart;  
Lest I should see thee with these eyes struck by the Thunderer's dart!  
Dear though thou art, I could not assist thee, nor defend:  
The Olympian none may contradict, the Olympian none can bend.  
Erst when I so attempted he seized me by the heel,  
And flung me o'er the threshold bright, and made me whirl and wheel  
Down all the day till sunset: on Lemnos' shore I fell;—  
Ha! little life was in me then;—  
But, scant of breath, the Sintian men uprais'd, and cheer'd me well.”  
So spake the craftsman Vulcan; and white-arm'd Juno smiled,  
And smiling rais'd her hand, and took the goblet from her child.  
And then to all the others he bore, in order meet;  
And from the bowl capacious drew fresh draughts of nectar sweet.  
And rose there quenchless laughter among the blissful Gods,  
To see the Poltfoot swink and serve through their august abodes.  
  
So all the day till sunset they shared the general feast;  
Nor lack'd there cheer nor appetite to the banquet of the Blest:

Nor lack'd they for Apollo to lead with dainty lyre ;  
Nor for the Muses antheming with sweetly echoing quire.  
But when had sunk and vanish'd the splendour of the sun,  
Then to their homes, intent on sleep, repair'd they every one ;  
Where with his sleight and cunning the Ambidexter famed,  
Vulcan, for each immortal God his own fair bower had framed.  
To his couch the Father wended, lord of the lightning's flight,  
There where he loves to mount and rest when slumbers sweet invite ;  
And by his side queen Juno press'd her pillow golden-bright.

## BOOK II

NOW Gods and high plumed warriors all else reclining slept  
The livelong night ; but Jove alone no soft oblivion kept ;  
For plann'd he still and scann'd he Achilles how to crown  
With praise, and at their ships to cast full many a Grecian down.  
So when he thus consider'd seem'd this the shrewdest scheme ;  
To Agamemnon Atreïdes to send a baleful Dream :  
And thus the Dream bespake he with wingèd words, and said :—  
“ Hie thou, and seek the Grecian ships, and plainly at the bed  
Of Agamemnon Atreïdes be all my message sped.  
The curly-crested Grecians bid him with force array ;  
Now may he seize the broadway'd town, even now, ere it be day.  
The Gods no longer differ, the Immortal Gods on high :  
They bend, they yield to Juno's prayer ;  
And now, suspended in the air, much evil lowers o'er Troy.”  
So spake the God, and swiftly the Dream obey'd, and flew,  
And reach'd the Grecian galleys swift across the starry blue :  
And Atreïde Agamemnon beside the ships he reach'd,  
Where in his tent the folkherd lay in genial slumber stretch'd.  
Like Nestor, whom Atrides revered above the rest,

Like Nestor, old Neleïan brood,  
Right o'er his head disguised he stood, and thus the king address'd :—  
“Sleep'st thou, O son of Atreus, that wise and warlike wight ?  
The statesman sage and counsellor he must not sleep all night ;  
The man on whom the people depend, the man of care.  
Now hear me thou, and heed me well, from Jove I counsel bear :  
Jove, who with ruth regards thee, and loves thee far away,  
He bids thee now the crested Greeks in all their force array ;  
Now shalt thou seize the broadway'd town, even now, ere it be day.  
For the Gods no longer differ, the Immortal Gods above ;  
Juno with prayer has sway'd them all ;  
Wee, woe the Trojans shall befall, for Troy is doom'd of Jove.  
Do thou this charge remember when slumber's honey-dew  
Unseals thy senses.” Thus he said, and straight to heaven withdrew.  
There lay the king revolving the fates that should not be :  
Ilium that self-same day to take he thought, unwittingly :  
Of Jove's designs, and destined deeds right ignorant was he ;—  
Of the sorrows and the groanings should either side befall,  
Both Argive host, and Trojan host in many a sturdy brawl !  
Straightway from sleep awaked he : still flitted round his head  
The voice divine : at once he rose upstarting from his bed ;  
Clapp'd on him his soft tunic, all beautiful and new ;  
And o'er his back his mighty mantle heavily he threw ;  
Then bound the shapely sandals his shining feet beneath ;  
And round his shoulders girt the sword, swung in the silver sheath ;  
His father's ancient sceptre he grasp'd, and on it leant,  
That ancient sceptre of his house, unshatter'd and unshent ;  
And so down to the brazen-mail'd Achaians' ships he went.

And now to wide Olympus divine Aurora came,  
To Jove and all the Immortal Gods new daylight to proclaim.  
He bade the shrill-voiced heralds the crested Grecians call :  
The heralds cried a parliament ; the warriors muster'd all.  
But first the chiefs and elders their several council held,  
At Nestor's galley mustering ;  
To whom assembled thus the king his purpose shrewd reveal'd :—  
“ Mark me, my friends !—at midnight came to me on my bed,  
To Nestor like in form and face, and size and lustihead,  
A Dream from heaven, and o'er me stood, and spake to me and said :—  
‘ Sleep'st thou, O son of Atreus, that wise and warlike wight ?  
The statesman sage and counsellor he must not sleep all night ;  
The man on whom the people depend, the man of care.  
Now hear me thou, and heed me well ; from Jove I counsel bear :  
Jove who on high regards thee, and loves thee far away,  
He bids thee now the crested Greeks in all their force array ;  
Now may ye seize the broadway'd town, even now, ere it be day.  
For the Gods no longer differ, the Immortal Gods above ;  
Juno with prayer has sway'd them all ;  
Woe, woe the Trojans shall befall, for Troy is doom'd of Jove.  
Mark this ! ’ he said, and vanish'd in flight ; I woke and rose.  
Now come, let us the Greeks persuade,  
In all their bands and ranks array'd, this day to meet their foes.  
First will I try their mettle with speech,—for so I may,—  
And urge them with their ships compact to steer their homeward way :  
Then ye, one with another, all cheer them and restrain ! ”  
’Twas thus forsooth Atrides spake, then took his seat again,  
Then rose among them Nestor, who ruled the sandy beach



Of Pylos, and the kings address'd with sage and courteous speech :—

“Ye Argive kings and leaders, this dream had other told,

False had I deem'd it, and advised our favour to withhold :

But since 'tis Agamemnon, our foremost man in might,

That saw the Dream, then let us call, and urge the Greeks to fight.”

Thus spake he and departed : each sceptred king uprose

Obedient to the folkherd's speech ; the folk they follow'd close.

And as the busy nations of multitudinous bees,

For ever issuing more and more from the hollow rocks and trees,

Down on the spring-flowers lighting their flights in clusters form,

And here and there innumerable about the meadows swarm :

So of many Grecian nations, from every ship and tent,

Muster'd in ranks along the beach a mighty parliament ;

A wildfire Rumour urged them on ;—by Jove that rumour sent !

Even so the hosts assembled with loud tumultuous sound ;

And as the people sate them down beneath them groan'd the ground.

The heralds, nine in number, to silence call'd aloud ;

And bade them cease from mutterings,

And hear the heaven-descended kings ; and order'd all the crowd.

Now when the noise subsided king Agamemnon rose,

Bearing his golden staff aloft, erst forged by Vulcan's blows.

To Jove the king Saturnian by Vulcan it was given ;

By Jove to featly Argicide, swift messenger of heaven.

To chariot-driving Pelops from Mercury it came ;

And Pelops duly pass'd it down to Atreus, mighty name :

He to Thyestes rich in flocks dying bequeath'd the same.

From him to Agamemnon descends the glorious spoil ;

Wherewith he rules o'er Argos all, mainland and many an isle.  
High on this sceptre leaning the king his hosts address'd :—  
“ O friends, O followers of Mars, bravest of Greeks and best !  
Saturnian Jove hath cursed me with a dread and heavy doom ;—  
Fell Jove, who nodding to my vow,  
Bade hope proud Troy to overthrow, and sail in triumph home !  
Base was the fraud he purposed ;—now bids he me again  
Inglorious seek the Argive shore, so many brothers slain !  
So Jove forsooth decrees it, the almighty Power above,  
Who many a city hath cast down,  
Before, and more will yet discrown ; for none can match with Jove !  
Shame will it be and sorrow for after times to say,  
How such a host, so proud, so big, still fights a bootless fray ;—  
Still fights, I say, with fewer, yet fails those few to mate :—  
Nor know we yet what end shall be, what issue crown our fate !  
For chose we now together, we Greeks and Trojans both,  
To strike a truce betwixt us twain, and pledge it with an oath ;—  
And would we then tell truly the tale of all our men,  
And scored we every Trojan-born, of the Grecians every ten ;—  
And to each Grecian decade wine should one Trojan bear ;—  
Full many a Grecian decade then perforce must lack their share.  
So many more the Achaïans than the native race of Troy :  
But other cities send them aids, and these our power annoy,  
Their spears around us darting ; and still the castle strong  
Stands unsubdued, and Troy sustains our leaguer nine years' long.  
For nine of great Jove's twelvemonths have come, I say, and past ;  
Our spars lie rotting, and our ropes hang slackening from the mast.  
Our wives, methinks, and infants await us still at home,

Weary and watchful all, the meed

Yet unattain'd, nor done the deed for which we here are come.

Then hear me, valiant Grecians, and all agreement make

Homeward to flee ; for broadway'd Troy be sure we shall not take."

He spake ; and deep within them the hearts of all were stirr'd,

Of all the host who his device at council had not heard :

And shook the wide assembly by raging passions cross'd,

As the long waves shake their crests, and quake, on seas Icarian toss'd ;

When the East-wind and the South-wind forth from Jove's storm-clouds  
leap ;

Or as when through the serried corn the whirling West-winds sweep,

Swaying the stalks before them ; so sway'd the assembly wide ;

And with a shout they rush'd away their shapely ships beside ;

While flung aloft by scurrying feet the dusty whirlwinds ride !

And each encouraged other to lend the helpful hand,

And haul the galleys to the deep :—they clear'd the drifts of sand,

And drew the stones from under, on which their keels were leant ;

And as they shouted to be gone to heaven their uproar went !

So had the Fates been baffled,—the Achaians homeward sped

Untimely,—had not Juno call'd to Pallas, and thus said :—

" Ha ! Atrytonè, daughter of ægis-bearing Jove !

Shall thus the warriors homeward o'er the broad-ribb'd billows rove,—

And to Priam and his people resign their boasted spoil,

The Argive queen, for whom the Greeks,

Far from their native bays and creeks, have borne this pain and toil ?

Now haste thou 'mid the tumult of the brazen-coated Greeks ;

With soft persuasion soothe them all,

Lest they their galleys seaward haul, and launch their crested beaks !”  
She spake : the blue-eyed Goddess disdain'd not to obey ;  
But from the steep Olympian height shot down the liquid way ;  
And reach'd the Grecian galleys swift on the broad beach where they lay.  
And there she found Ulysses, in counsel peer of Jove,  
Standing apart, nor ever a hand lent he his bark to move ;  
Such grief and pain possess'd him : straightway the blue-eyed maid  
Approach'd him and beside him stood, and spake to him and said :  
“ O politic king Ulysses, Laërtiade, chief divine,  
Thus will ye, rushing to your ships, flee homeward o'er the brine ?—  
Thus will ye speed your well wrought ships with oar and sail and line ?—  
And to Priam and the Trojans resign the boasted spoil,  
Your Argive queen, for whom the Greeks,  
Far from their native bays and creeks, have borne this pain and toil ?  
Then hie amidst the tumult of the Grecians, nor refrain ;  
With thy soft accents soothe them all,  
Lest they their galleys seaward haul, and plunge them in the main !”  
She spake : he well distinguish'd the Goddess' voice : in haste  
To run at her command, his cloak off from his back he cast.—  
Eurybates the herald, of Ithaca, was there,  
Attending on his chief ; he took, and deign'd the cloak to bear.—  
Ran he, and found Atrides : the king his sceptre lent,  
That ancient sceptre of his house, unbatter'd and unbent ;  
Wherewith down to the brazen-mail'd Achaians' ships he went.  
And there whatever warrior of mark he met, or king,  
Him thus with soft persuasive words he chid, admonishing :—  
“ My friend, thee ill beseems it the recreant thus to play :  
Nay, stand thyself, and all the rest here on the shore array !

Believe me, what our leader designs, ye little know ;  
He tries us now ; soon will he chide, and his disfavour show.  
Ye were not all at council ; ye heard not that he said :  
Much fear I lest he wreak his wrath on many an Argive's head.  
For mighty is the spirit of the king of race divine :  
Honour descends on him from Jove, who loves the royal line."  
But if one of the people he saw, and shouting heard,  
Him with the sceptre he chastised, and smote with bitter word :—  
"Sirrah, I say, be silent ; to others' counsel bow ;  
To other men and better men ;—weak and unwarlike thou !  
Of no account in council ; of no account in fight !  
Nay, think not all we Grecians here shall rule like kings by right !  
Away with many-chiefdom ! one chief alone is best,—  
One king, to whom great Saturn's seed  
Sceptre and statute hath decreed, and bids him rule the rest !"

Thus through the host Ulysses his gallant bidding bore ;  
To parley they from ship and tent tumultuous ran once more,  
With din, as when the billows of the far-resounding tide  
Along the broad beach roar amain, and Ocean echoes wide !

Now while the rest were marshall'd, each seated in his place,  
Thersites only chid the kings, bearding them to their face :  
In language ever reckless, in passion uncontroll'd ;  
Most graceless of the Grecians he before the Trojan hold :  
To raise a laugh was all he sought, in word-fence only bold.  
He shambled and he halted ; round-shoulder'd, strait of chest ;  
Like down the lank hairs sprouted thin upon his cone-shaped crest.



Achilles and Ulysses were most of all his foes :

At these he wont to gird and gibe ; but now 'gainst Atreïde rose,  
And scream'd with bitter insults : the Greeks indignant heard,  
With fierce resentment in their hearts ; yet he his plaint prefer'd  
Against the king, and storm'd aloud, and chid with spiteful word :—  
“ What lack'st thou, Agamemnon, of what canst thou complain ?  
Thy tents are cramm'd with store of brass ; and from the plunder ta'en  
With every conquer'd city, the Greeks have cull'd for thee  
The choicest of the women slaves, thy royal share to be.  
Yet dost thou crave unsated for gold, which for his son  
Some Trojan, queller of the steed, shall bring from Ilion,  
To ransom him, whom I forsooth or other Greek hath won ?  
Dost lust for some young consort with whom to sport in love,  
And whom to keep apart from all ?—for shame ! the king to prove  
Betray'er of his people ! O shame on every Greek !—  
O women all, and men no more !—then each his country seek.  
Each in his ship returning ! and let the king remain,  
And o'er his prizes brood alone, and count his proper gain :  
For lo ! our forceful aids withdrawn, how much shall he retain ?—  
He who hath now Achilles,—far better man than he,—  
Dishonour'd, and his prize distrain'd, and keeps his own to be.  
Good-natured man, Achilles,—not passionate, I ween ;—  
Else, Agamemnon, this thy last of insolence had been ! ”

Thus did the base Thersites the king of men revile :

The gibe Ulysses would not brook ;

Swift he approach'd with stern rebuke, and scowl'd on him the  
while :—



“Thersites, restless babbler ! shrill though thou be in speech,  
Cease thou, nor venture shameless thus Atrides to impeach.  
For this I say, none other of mortal men, who now  
Stand with the Atridæ before Troy, is base and mean as thou !  
Then gird no more at princes ; from plaints and slanders cease,  
Still harping on our safe return back to our native Greece !  
For yet we know not surely how all these things shall end ;  
Whether success or ill-success on our return attend.  
But this I say, and surely fulfill’d the threat shall be ;  
If thee thus fooling, caitiff vile, but once again I see,  
May the head then of Ulysses no more his shoulders crown ;—  
No more the child Telemachus be call’d his father’s own ;—  
If I seize thee not, and strip thee stark naked, back and sides,  
Of cloak and vest upon thy breast, and that thy shame which  
hides ;  
And drive thee ever howling back to thy sable ship ;  
And scout thee hence disgracefully, sore bruised with staff or whip !”  
He spake, and with his sceptre smote back and shoulder blade ;  
The miscreant writhed, and shriek’d, and wept, with shoulders scored  
and flay’d.  
Then on his seat he cower’d ; nor bootèd aught to cry ;  
So while the Greeks, though angry, smiled, he wiped the warm tears  
dry.  
Then turns each one to other, and to his neighbour says :—  
“Ye Powers, Ulysses sure has wrought ten thousand deeds of praise ;  
He speeds us best of counsels, he fights our first in war ;—  
But the deed which he hath done this day is best and goodliest  
far !

The scurrile hath he flouted, the slanderer defied :—  
No longer shall this braggart dare our royal chiefs to chide.”

So spake the many :—swiftly Ulysses sage uprose,  
Stormer of cities, staff in hand, his counsel to propose.  
Beside him, like a herald, the blue-eyed queen appear'd,  
And bade the people silent stand, attentive to his word ;  
That all the crested Grecians, the next and farthest eke,  
Might hear the words, and understand, which sagely he should speak :—  
“ Lo ! now, great king Atrides, the Grecians mean to make  
Thy name a byword among men, and all their vows forsake,—  
The promise which they pledged thee, when here we came from Greece,  
First stately Troy to overthrow, then homeward wend in peace !  
For now like tender children, or widows lone, they yearn  
Together for their homes again :—  
And grief, forsooth, it were and pain successful to return.  
Grieves he who one month only torn from his dear wife sails,  
Far on the rolling billows toss'd, driven by the wintry gales ?  
We idle here, and linger, this ninth revolving year !  
Wherefore the Greeks I chide not now,  
Who tarrying at their galleys' prow still shed the bitter tear :  
Yet mean it were and sorry so long here to remain,  
And empty-handed turn at last, and our dear homes regain.  
Then yet a while endure ye, yet a little longer stay ;  
And learn we whether Calchas' word be God's own sooth or nay.  
For this we well remember ; this did ye witness all,  
All ye whom yet death's fates have spared beneath the Trojan wall :—  
But a little while before this,—'twas but as yesterday,—

Array'd at Aulis all our barks for Troy's destruction lay.  
There at the holy altars, beside a runlet fleet,  
Where by the marge a planetree grew,  
To all the Immortal Gods we slew a hecatomb complete.  
Behold, a mighty portent !—a snake of crimson stain,—  
Deep-stain'd with crimson down his back,—  
Rush'd, sent by Jove, a dreadful snake, from the altar to the plane.  
There crouching in the blossoms, far in the topmost shade,  
A sparrow for her callow brood her dainty nest had made.  
The young were eight in number, and ninth the parent was :  
Those eight, alas ! the monster ate, and gorged his bloody jaws.  
About her brood the mother ceased not to shriek and cling ;  
And he around her coil'd his folds, and clasp'd her fluttering wing.  
But when he all had eaten, the parent and her brood,  
Jove made a portent of the snake ; for Jove that portent show'd !  
The Seed of wily Saturn he turn'd that snake to stone !  
Then paused we all, and marvell'd much at sight so strangely shown ;  
At the dreadful heavenly tokens which thus our offerings crown'd ;  
But straightway augur Calchas rose, the wonder to expound :—  
' Why stand ye stunn'd and silent, Greeks of the curling crest !  
For us great Jove the counsellor hath thus his will express'd.  
Lo ! this his latest omen, and late to be fulfill'd,  
Whose fame shall flourish ever new !—  
For as the snake those eight ones slew, and ninth the parent kill'd,  
So many years revolving here fighting shall we stay ;  
But in the tenth the broadway'd town shall fall, our fated prey.'  
Such was the rede of Calchas ; and all shall now come true :—  
Then stay ye Grecians brazen-arm'd, and bide what fates ensue ;

Till Priam's towers before ye, and mighty bulwarks fall."  
He spake; the Greeks they shouted loud, the Greeks they shouted all,  
At the story of Ulysses, approving of his speech;  
And at the shout resounding boom'd the galleys on the beach.

Join'd in the veteran Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :—

“Alack! how like to children small sit ye and babble here;—  
To witless brats, that never concerns of war have known!  
Where now your compacts and your oaths,—ha! whither are they flown?  
Away with rede and counsel, away with plighted hand,  
And wine-cup pledged, whereon we stood, whereby ye will not stand!  
In vain ye chide and chaffer with bootless words away;  
Nor find an issue of debate how long soe'er ye stay!  
But thou, as erst, Atrides, in purpose ever true,  
Still rule the Greeks, still lead the way the storms of battle through;  
And let the few among us, their several schemes who speed,  
All perish, be they one or two;—their plot shall ne'er succeed!  
But sail not we for Argos till we the promise prove,  
The promise, be it false or sooth, of ægis-bearing Jove.  
For then, be sure, Saturnius assented to our vow,  
Then when each Argive captain climb'd high on his sea-borne prow,  
Death bearing to the Trojans; for then aloft in air  
Flash'd on the right the lord of might, and show'd us tokens fair.  
Then let none homeward hurry, till from some Trojan's bed  
A comely matron he hath pluck'd, and Helen's rape repaid,  
That deed of shame and sorrow! but if one long so much  
To slink it home, and seaward roam,—ha! let him go and touch  
His ship to launch it!—surely, first, before all the rest,

Shall death and fate that man o’ertake,—a recreant he confess’d !  
Then take thyself good counsel, and others still persuade ;  
And let my word be duly heard and my advice obey’d.  
Do thou by race and kindred the Achaian powers array ;  
That tribe to tribe, and clan to clan, may succour lend this day.  
For so shalt thou discover, of people and of chief,  
Which is the laggard, which the brave, who gives, who needs relief :  
And whether of God’s purpose we fail, if fail we do ;  
Or lack of skill, and impotence of man constrain us so.”  
To him king Agamemnon rejoin’d and answer made :—  
“ Ha ! none, old man, can vie with thee in parley to persuade !  
Wouldst thou, O Jove the Father, Pallas, Apollo thou,  
Ten such advisers yield as this amongst the Grecians now,  
Then soon should royal Priam’s hold beneath our prowess bow,  
Captured and cast in ruins ! but me the Olympian king  
Torments with sorrows, and on me doth feud disastrous fling.  
For I with great Achilles all for a girl have striven  
With violent words, and first by me the rude offence was given.  
Could we but join together in counsel and in power,  
Then should no respite be to ‘Troy from ruin for an hour !  
Now hie we all to supper, and muster for the fray :—  
Let each one whet his spearhead well, and mail and shield array ;  
And each his swiftfoot coursers feed high with generous fare ;  
And shrewdly sound his chariot round, and all the war prepare ;  
That we may fight to-morrow throughout the livelong day !—  
No breathing then, however brief, till night the warriors stay  
Descending darkly o’er the land, and intercept the fray !  
For then both horse and driver shall labour without rest ;

The collar on the shoulder sweat, the belt upon the breast ;  
The hand on hilt shall weary ; but if one slack or flee,  
Or linger by the crested prow,  
Him I devote to kites and crows and dogs a prey to be !”

He spake, and roar'd the Argives, as roars the mighty surge.  
Against a rocky promontory when rushing south winds urge ;  
A promontory rocky which every wave assails ;  
Which way soever drive the floods, whatever storm prevails.  
They rose, and off they scurried to the galleys on the strand,  
And lit their camp-fires at the tents, and cook'd their meal offhand :  
To the Immortals, one and other, pour'd wine, or dainties laid ;  
And each one, in the morrow's moil, for life and safety pray'd.  
But king of men Atrides to Jove Almighty slew  
An ox full-fed and five years old, and call'd the chiefs thereto :  
The chiefest and the bravest of all the Grecian name :—  
First Nestor, and Idomeneus, and either Ajax came ;  
Next Diomede Tydides ; and sixth Ulysses was,  
In counsel peer to Jove ; and came unbidden Menelas ;  
For well he knew his brother full sore was vex'd and spent :—  
And so the captains, seven in all, at Atreïde's summons went.  
Then round about the victim stood these on either side,  
And o'er his forehead waved the meal ; and thus Atrides cried :—  
“ Jove greatest, Jove most glorious, sky-dweller, cloud-bedight !  
Set not the sun, nor darkness fall, and wrap the world in night.  
Till Priam's stately palace I cast in ruin low,  
And burn the gates with rampant fire, and set the towers aglow !  
Till Hector's mail my falchion off from his bosom rip,



And all his comrades falling clutch the dust with bloody grip !”  
He spake ; but Jove received not, nor ratified the vow ;  
But snuff'd the steam of sacrifice, and bade his labours grow.

Now when upon the victim the meal with prayer was laid,  
First by the neck they drew him back, and slit his throat, and flay'd ;  
Cut steaks from off the buttock ; and these with fat they coil'd ;  
And o'er them all raw collops strow'd, and on sere splinters broil'd.  
The heart too and the liver on glowing coals they placed ;  
And when the steaks were burnt, and of the inwards given to taste,  
The rest they carv'd in portions ; and these they truss'd on spits ;  
And cook'd them all with care and skill, and last drew off the bits.  
Then, when the toil was over, the banquet well prepared,  
The Grecian chiefs sate down and dined, till all the feast was shared.  
And when their thirst and hunger were sated with the cheer,  
Began old Nestor thus to speak, Gerenian cavalier :—  
“ Most glorious Agamemnon Atrides, king of men,  
Now hold we no more converse here, nor from the work refrain,  
The which God sets before us :—but come and let the cryers  
Proclaim a muster of the Greeks, and call them, chiefs and squires.  
Then will we rush together through all their ranks forthright ;  
And so the swifter shall we rouse the furious lust of fight !”

He spake ; nor Agamemnon disdain'd the word to hear ;  
But bade the cryers with shrill proclaim his stout commandment bear,  
And call the hosts to battle : they call'd, and gather'd fast  
The succours of the Grecian name ;  
The chiefs review'd them as they came,

And waved them to the lists of fame, and ranged them first and last.  
Nor ceased the blue-eyed Goddess to urge them and uphold  
Her glorious ægis in the midst, immortal, never old,  
Whence hung an hundred tassels, all entwined with glittering gold,  
Each worth an hundred oxen :—thus shining in the throng,  
She fired their hearts with martial rage, and made them bold and strong,  
To combat without rest or truce, to combat late and long :  
And to them were straightway sweeter the struggle and the strife,  
Than in their hollow ships to sail, and seek dear home with life !  
And as fierce fire consuming doth through the forest ride,  
High o'er the kindling mountain tops, and flashes far and wide ;  
So as advanced the Grecians, from their brazen bravery  
A flaming lustre through the air shot up into the sky.  
And as the many nations of the wingèd fowls of air,  
Wildgoose or crane or longneck'd swan,  
Joyous aloft their pinions fan, far-fluttering here and there,  
O'er all the Asian meadow, by smooth Caÿster's flood ;  
And screaming light the first in flight, and clangs the meadow loud ; --  
So of many Grecian nations, from every ship and tent,  
Pour'd forth on the Scamandrian plain a mighty armament ;  
And the flowery plain resounded with the heavy footfall's ring  
Of men and horses, numberless as leaves and flowers in spring.  
As flit the busy legions of flies about the stalls,  
In spring-time, when the milk-pails foam ; so toward the Trojan walls  
Swarm'd o'er the plain the Grecians, eager to tear them down :  
And as, when on the goat-runs wide  
The browsing flocks commingled bide, each goatherd marks his own ;  
So mark'd them, and array'd them each chief in order due ;

And onward to the battle led,  
King Agamemnon at their head, conspicuous in their view.  
With flashing eyes and forehead the Thunderer he express'd ;  
His belt was like the belt of Mars, like Neptune's his broad chest.  
As a bull among the heifers, more comely, strong and tall,  
O'er all the herd stands eminent, and most observ'd of all ;  
So Jove that day exalted king Agamemnon most ;  
Illustrious he the rest above, and goodliest of the host !

Now say, ye Muses, dwelling on high Olympus' brow ;—  
For ye are Goddesses, and aye present, and all things know ;  
But we ourselves know nothing, and hear but ancient fame ;—  
Say ye what chiefs the Grecians led, and all their kings proclaim !  
I could not count their numbers, I could not name the men,  
Not though ten tongues were given to me, not though my mouths were  
ten ;

Though my voice were never broken, my lungs of brazen mould ;—  
Did not the Olympian quire above,  
Seed of the ægis-bearing Jove, the glorious tale unfold  
Of all that up to Ilium came, in the glorious days of old !

The leaders' names I'll now recite,  
And all their vessels number right.

I. Peneleüs first and Leitus led the Boeotian host,  
And Clonius and Arcesilas,  
And Prothoënor with them was,  
Who brought the men of Hyria's and Aulis' rocky coast.

Came they that dwelt in Schœnus, Scolus and Eteon  
 With all her vales, and Thespia's side,  
 Græa and Mycalessus wide, Harmè, Ilesion ;  
 And they who held Erythræ, Hylè and Peneon ;  
 Ocalea, castle fair and strong,  
 And Thisbe, famed for ringdoves' song, Copè and Medeon.  
 From grass-grown Haliartus and Glisas others join ;  
 Some from Plataea broad repair,  
 And Hypothebæ, castle fair,  
 Onchestus, Neptune's sacred grove,  
 And Arnè, where rich vineyards throve, and Nisa's holy shrine ;  
 From Midea and Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost shore :—  
 Of these were fifty ships, and each twice sixty warriors bore.

- II. Orchomenus and Aspledon their thirty galleys sent ;  
 And these the brave Ascalaphus  
 Conducted, and Ialmenus,  
 Twin-children of Astyoche,  
 Of Azeïde Actor daughter she :—  
 These in her father's bower she bore ;  
 The lusty War-god sued so sore :  
 She climb'd the stair, that lady fair ;  
 Came he by stealth and met her there, nor parted ill-content.
- III. Epistrophus and Schedius led on the Phocians bold,  
 Who dwelt on Cyparissus steep,  
 And Pytho with her rocky keep,  
 Crissa divine and Panopè,

And Daulis and Hyampoli, and Anemoria's hold ;  
And those that had Lilæa, by fair Cephissus' head :  
These all with barks twice twenty sail'd ; these leaders they  
obey'd ;—  
And next to the Bœotian ranks their battle was array'd.

IV. Oïlean Ajax swiftfoot the Locrian armies led ;  
A lesser, nor so stout a man  
As Ajax Telamonian :  
Much lesser ;—short was he ; his breast  
Was mail'd with quilted linen vest :  
In spearthrust none so handy seen,  
Achaian none or Panhellene : with him the warriors sped  
Who shared the fields of Cynus, and fair Opuntian land ;  
Who dwelt at large in Calliarus,  
In Bessa, Scarphè, Thronius,  
Augè and Tarphe, thick with wood,  
Along the great Boagrian flood.  
On sable barks twice twenty mount  
The Locrian aids, the clans that front Eubœa's holy strand.

V. And came the bold Abantes, who hold Eubœa's isle,  
And Chalcis and Eretria,  
Cerinthus seated by the sea,  
And Histiaëa clad with vines,  
And Dius with his castled lines, and Styra's rocky pile.  
These, seed of Mars, Elpenor Chalcodontiades,  
Chief of the bold Abantes led ;

With him the swift Abantes sped,  
Who train behind their wealth of hair,  
And thrust forthright with ashen spear,  
On foeman's breast the mail to tear ; in ships twice twenty these.

VI. Came warriors stout from Athens, Erechtheus' castle strong :

Him, child of Jove, Athene bred,—

Him born of earth on fertile bed ;—

To Athens' town the child she bare,

And laid him in her temple fair :

With beeves and lambs they serve him there,

The Athenian lordlings, every year : led Mnestheus these along :—

These Mnestheus son of Peteus led boldly from afar,

Whom equall'd none of mortal mould in driving steeds and car,

Or marshalling the steel-clad host of heroes for the war :

Him none but Nestor rivall'd, that ancient veteran skill'd,

Elder in years, and arts and arms ;—and fifty holds they fill'd.

VII. From Salamis twelve galleys bore Ajax o'er the tide ;

And ranged his battle with the Athenian battle side by side.

VIII. But those that dwelt in Argos, and Tiryns cased in stone,

Hermionè, and Asinè,

Gulf-cities of the inland sea, Troezen and Eion ;

And who from Mases' haven still,

And Epidaurus' vine-clad hill ;

And who from fair Ægina came ;

Those lordlings of the Achaian name stout Diomede led on ;



And Sthenelus Capaneïdes,  
And third Euryalus with these, royal Mecisteus' son :  
But Diomedè was chief of all ;  
With him swam eighty galleys tall.

IX. They too that held Mycenæ, that fortress strong and fair,  
And wealthy Corinth, and well-built Cleonæ's sons were there :  
And they that dwelt in Ornea,  
And pleasant Aræthyria, and lofty Hyperesia :  
They too that kept Pellene's nest,  
And haughty Gonoessa's crest ;  
And they that roam'd broad shores upon,  
Ægialus all, and Ægion,  
And Helicè and Sicyon, where first Adrastus reign'd :  
Of these an hundred galleys stout  
Atrides Agamemnon brought, and chiefest rule obtain'd.  
And sail'd with him the bravest of the Grecians, and the most ;  
He stood conspicuous, sheath'd in brass,  
And leapt exulting on the grass ;  
For he of all the bravest was, and his the amplest host.

X. And they that had the valley of Lacedæmon deep,  
Brysea, Pharis, Sparta strong,  
Messenè, famed for ringdoves' song, and Augè's pleasant keep :  
And they that held Amyclæ and Helos' sea-girt fort ;  
And fields of Cætylus and Lās :  
Their chief loud-cheerer Menelas,  
That Agamemnon's brother was : to him did these resort.

Sail'd these in sixty galleys ; but here they camp'd apart :  
And Menelaus with them came, and stirr'd them, hand and heart :  
Much long'd he Paris to requite, and soothe his ancient smart.

- XI. And they that shared Arenè, and Pylos' pleasant land ;  
And Thryon at the Alphean ford,  
And rock-built Æpy lofty-tower'd ;  
And Cyparissus, Pteleon,  
Amphigenia, Dorion, and Helos' marshy strand.  
'Twas there, they say, the Muses assail'd, as once it fell,  
The Thracian Thamyris, and stopp'd the songs he sang so well ;  
Once as he came from Cæchalus,  
Realm of Cæchalian Eurytus,  
Boasting the best in song to prove,  
Though even the Muses 'gainst him strove,  
Seed of the ægis-bearing Jove !  
But they indignant smote him, and made the master blind ;  
His song divine they took from him, and maim'd the tuneful mind.  
These led to Troy old Nestor, Gerenian cavalier ;  
And these in order o'er the sea smooth galleys ninety bare.

- XII. And who beneath Cyllenè possess the Arcadian land,  
Around the tomb of Æpytus, where fight they hand to hand :  
Who share the glebe of Pheneüs,  
And flock-bedeck'd Orchomenus ;  
Mantineia, Rhipè, Stratia,  
Wind-blown Enispè, Tegea,  
Stymphalus and Parrhasia.

Of these were sixty ships' crews led,  
King Agapenor at their head ;  
And each Arcadian warriors bore,  
Well skill'd in fighting, many a score :  
The ships king Agamemnon lent ;  
For boast they no such armament,  
Untrain'd at sea, with land content.

XIII. And they that held Buprasium, and Elis' noble land,  
Far as remote Hyrminè round  
And Myrsinus, their utmost bound,  
The Olenian cliff, the Alesian mound ; these princes four command :  
And half a score of galleys doth each bold captain lead ;  
Nor warriors few, each gallant crew, the stout Epeans speed.  
With these sail'd prince Antimachus,  
And sail'd with those prince Thalpius,  
The sons, the first of Cteatus,  
The other son of Eurytus ;  
The third led stout Diores Amarynceïdes ;  
Follow'd the fourth Polyxenus,  
Brave offspring of the Augeïan house ; his sire Agasthenes.

XIV. They too who from Dulichium, and the holy islands came  
Off Elis' shore, across the sea, Echinades their name ;  
Whom Meges led to battle, Meges, the War-god's peer,  
Who sprang from Phyleus, dear to Jove, that godlike cavalier ;  
But to Dulichium flitted, his father's ire to shun :  
With him twice twenty galleys came, brave vessels every one.

XV. The valiant Cephallenians godlike Ulysses brought,

From Ithakè girt round with seas,

And Neritus with waving trees,

And Crocylea's pleasant leas ;

From mainland those, from island these :

And those that held the Samian crest,

And far Zacynthus in the west,

And the rough rock of Ægilips,

Terror to seamen and to ships, to ships and seamen stout.

Dwelt these in plain and pasture, dwelt those on bays and creeks ;

Of all was sage Ulysses king ;

With these did sage Ulysses bring twelve ships with vermeil cheeks.

XVI. And Thoas led the Ætolians, Andraemon's warlike son ;

From Olenus and Pleuron he,

Pylenè, Chalcis by the sea, and rock-bound Calydon.

For now of gallant Ceneus the sons survived no more ;

And Ceneus' self was long since dead,

And Meleager ruddy red :

Wherefore of all was Thoas king ;

The Ætolian aids did Thoas bring, with galleys twice a score.

XVII. The Cretan hosts spear-famous Idomeneus array'd :

From Gortys with its massy wall,

And Cnossus came they at his call ;

From Lyctus sped they to the fight,

And from Lycastus gleaming white, their godlike chief to aid :

Miletus, Rhytius, cities fair,

And Phæstus sent his warriors there,  
And all the rest the realms that share of hundred-citied Crete.  
Spear-famed Idomeneus led these,  
And, bold as Mars, led Meriones ; of eighty barks their fleet.

XVIII. Tlepolemus Heraclides,—brave man and tall was he,—  
Of Rhodians brave from Rhodos led nine ships' crews o'er the  
sea :

Dwelt these in Rhodos tripartite,  
Lindus, Jalyssus, Camers white :  
Spear-famed Tlepolemus led these,  
Whom erst to forceful Hercules bore fair Astyoche :  
From Ephyrê he brought her, by Selle's stream, to wed,  
When many a city he had strown of youths divinely bred.  
Now when at home the hero to prime of manhood grew,  
His father's uncle, warrior bold,  
Licymnius, feeble now and old, one day in wrath he slew.  
Then swiftly built he vessels, and men he took, and fled,—  
Fled o'er the sea,—for many an one,  
Grandchild of Hercules or son, vow'd vengeance on his head.  
To Rhodos came the exile, to Rhodos tripartite ;  
Rhodos, whose tribes are dear to Jove,  
Father of men and Gods above ;  
They taste his love, his mercies prove ; on them his blessings  
light.

XIX. Came Nireus too from Symè ; three shapely ships he led ;—  
Nireus, whom "Grace" to "Beauty" bore, when "Grace"  
and "Beauty" wed ;

Nireus, the comeliest of the Greeks, all that to Ilium sped ;  
Next to Pelides, flower of all,  
But slight his force, his following small.

XX. And who from many islands, Nisyros, Crapathus,  
Calydnæ, Casus came, and Cos, where ruled Eurypylus :  
These led the sons of Thessalus,  
Phidippus these, and Antiphus,  
Who sprang from Hercules divine :  
Of these lay thirty ships in line.

XXI. And now record we further the men from Thessaly,  
They who Pelasgian Argos hold, Alos and Alopè ;  
Who Trachin rude, and Phthia share,  
And Hellas, famed for women fair :  
The names they bear, from sire to son,  
Achaian, Hellene, Myrmidon.  
Of these came fifty galleys tall ;  
Achilles led them, lord of all.  
But these now sate unmindful of the tumult and the jar ;  
For none there was to set their ranks, and lead them to the war.  
For now divine Achilles lay at his ships apart ;  
And chafed he for Briseïs there,  
Briseïs with the golden hair, and nursed his angry smart.  
Her chose he from Lyrnessus, when sack and storm were o'er ;  
When he Lyrnessus had destroy'd, and Thebè smitten sore ;  
When Mynes he had overthrown,  
And bold Epistrophus had strown,



Evenus' sons, Selepiade king ;  
For her still lay he sorrowing, but soon should rise once more.

XXII. And from the glebe of Ceres, wheat-wealthy Pyrasus,  
Came some, from Iton, nurse of flocks, and grassy Pteleüs ;  
Some from the keep of Phylakè,  
And Antron level with the sea ;  
Whom bold Protesilaüs led,  
While living ; now among the dead  
Lay he, black earth upon his head.  
In Phylakè he left his bride  
To tear her cheeks on either side,  
And cease her crownless bower to build :  
For him the Dardan foeman kill'd,  
Then when of all the Achaian host  
He leapt far foremost on the coast.  
His men were not without a lord ;—  
Ha ! much they miss'd his staff and sword !—  
Another hero took their lead,  
Podarces, of like warlike breed,  
Son of Ìphiclus, good at need ;—  
But younger he in years ; the other  
The elder and the braver brother.  
Yet did he well supply their lack ;  
With him upon the Grecians' track  
Follow'd twice twenty galleys black.

XXIII. And came the men of Pheræ, by the Bœbeïan lake,

From Boëbe, hollow Glaphyræ,  
And old Iolcos fair to see :  
In ships eleven to seek the war  
Follow'd these warriors from afar, for prince Eumelus' sake,  
Son of Admetus, and of rare  
Alcestis, flower of women fair ;  
Of Pelias' daughters, comely race,  
The comeliest she in form and face.

XXIV. Those too that held Methonè, and rugged Olizon ;  
From Melibœa too, and from Thaumacia came they on :  
Seven ships, no more, these warriors hold ;  
In each sit fifty bowmen bold.  
Their king was Philoctetes ; but he in Lemnos stay'd,  
Theauteous isle, much vex'd with pain, where him the Greeks  
    had laid :  
For him the deadly hydra stung,  
And on the ground in transports flung.  
His comrades should not long forego  
The archer of the unerring bow.  
Nor were they now without relief,  
Though much they miss'd their gallant chief :  
Medon, Oïleus' bastard son,  
Whom Rhenè bore him, led them on.

XXV. And they that dwelt in Tricca, and Ithomè mountainous,  
And in Œchalia, fortress of Œchalian Eurytus :  
These led Asclepius' children twain,—

The skilful healers,—o'er the main ;  
Machaon, Podalirius hight :  
In thirty barks they sought the fight.

XXVI. And they that had Ormenium, and Hyperea's fount ;  
Asterium, and the chalky crest of the Titanian mount :  
Commands them brave Eurypylus, and two score ships they count.

XXVII. And they that held Gyrtona, and shared Argissa bright ;  
That Orthè and Elonè kept, and Oloösson white.  
Now these led Polypœtes from the Thessalian shore ;  
Whom to Pirithoüs, son of Jove,  
Great offspring of immortal love, Hippodamia bore ;  
Then when the shaggy Pheres in his wrath he flouted well,  
And drove them far from Pelion, with barbarians wild to dwell.  
Not he alone ; but with him Leonteus, sprout of Mars,  
Son of Coronus Cæneïdes :  
And now in barks twice twenty these were marshall'd for the wars.

XXVIII. And Guneus next from Cyphus led twenty barks and two ;  
The Enianes with him came,  
And the Perrhæbians, known to fame, valiant to dare and do.  
And they who perch their dwellings on hoar Dodona's hill ;  
And who by Titaesus' banks their pleasant acres till.  
Loves Titaesus ever his rushing waves to fling  
Into Peneüs, but in vain assails his silver spring.  
Peneüs' stream he may not soil,  
But on his surface floats like oil ;

For he deriveth from the floods  
Of Styx, the dreadful Oath of Gods.

XXIX. And Prothoüs, fleetfoot warrior, last the Magnes led,  
Dwellers from smooth Peneüs' vale to Pelion's leafy head :  
And these in forty galleys dark their course to Ilium sped.

Now these of all the Grecians the chiefs and leaders were ;  
But which of these was first and best, do thou, O Muse, declare :  
Which best and noblest of the men, and which of horse and mare !  
The mares of prince Eumelus were best, like birds in flight ;  
They match'd in colour and in age, and mark'd of equal height :  
Which silver-bow'd Apollo erst in Perea bred,  
Mares both, and bore they through the war pale Rout and panic Dread.  
And Ajax Telamonius of the men was bravest far ;  
For chafed Achilles, best of all, surceasing from the war :—  
The first of men Achilles ;—his steeds of steeds the first :—  
Now chafed he at his crested ships, and Agamemnon curs'd.  
On the beach his people playing the quoit or javelin cast,  
Or shot the shaft ; and by their cars the coursers tether'd fast  
Munch'd flowery stalks of clover, and marsh-grown parsley chew'd ;  
And closely cover'd in their tents the warriors' chariots stood.  
Themselves their valiant leader with vain regret deplore,  
Roam all the camp from tent to tent, and join the fight no more.

So these advanced, like fire devouring all the land ;  
And groan'd the earth as when the Thunder-wielder shakes his hand,  
And in his anger lashes the plains of Arima,

Around Typhoëus; there the giant lies, as stories say :—  
So 'neath their feet advancing the broad earth groan'd again  
Loudly, and swift they held their course, and strode across the plain.

Now to the Trojans Iris, fleet windfoot harbinger,  
From Jove the ægis-bearer came with message sore to hear.  
In full assembly met they at Priam's palace-gate,  
A parliament of young and old for counsel and debate.  
And close beside them standing fleet Iris thus begun,  
Herself the voice assuming of Polites, Priam's son ;  
Who perch'd upon the summit of Æsyetes' tomb,  
Of speed of foot right confident kept watch for Ilium,  
To spy when from the Achaian ships the dire attack should come.  
So liken'd she address'd them, swift Iris, sent of Jove :—  
“ Discourse, O venerable king, rambling discourse you love ;  
As idle peace beseemeth : now is the hour of war !  
War unremitting, terrible, affronts us from afar !  
Oft in the strife of warriors companion have I been ;  
But ne'er before such warriors, nor such mighty hosts have seen :  
Many as the leaves in greenwood they scour across the plain ;  
Many as the sands on Ocean's shore they speed our walls to gain !  
Then take this counsel, Hector ;—for many are our allies,  
And each their proper tongue they speak, nor other will agnise ;—  
Appoint each chief to signal the men that each commands ;  
Set each his clan at post assign'd, and order well his bands.”  
She spake ; nor fail'd prince Hector the Goddess' speech to ken :  
He gave the word; the assembly broke, and straightway arm'd the  
men :

And all the gates stood open, and forth the warriors pour'd,  
That stride on foot, that speed the car ; and loud the tumult roar'd.

There stands affronting Ilium a far conspicuous mound ;  
In the plain it stands apart, and such as men may run all round ;  
Which men call Batiéa ; but by the Gods 'tis known  
As the tomb of Myrsinè the nimble-footed Amazon :  
There now the Trojans and allies were marshall'd every one.

- I. The Trojans son of Priam bright-crested Hector led ;  
And with him stood the best and most, with shield and spear  
array'd.  
Anchisiades Æneas advanced the Dardan power,  
Whom, with Anchises join'd in love,  
Venus divine in Ida's grove, Goddess to mortal bore.  
Not he alone, but with him Antenor's children twain,  
Archilochus and Acamas, the glorious charge sustain.  
Came they who in Zeléa, 'neath Ida's sloping side,  
Dwelt 'mid their stores of wealth, and drank of dark Æsepus'  
tide ;  
Troës by name, whom Pandar, Lycaon's valiant son,—  
To whom gave Phœbus' self his bow,—led to the battle on.  
And they of Adrastéa, and of Apæsus' rill ;  
The men of Pityéa, and Teréa's lofty hill :—  
Adrastus led, and onward press'd  
Amphius, deck'd in linen vest :  
Merops their sire, of prophets best.  
Most excellent in augury



Above all mortal men was he ;  
Nor brook'd he that his sons should go  
To war that lays the bravest low :  
They heeded not, nor deign'd to stay ;  
The fates of death must have their way !

- II. They too, who shared Percotè, and the Practian champain till'd,  
Who Sestus and Abydus kept, and fair Arisbè's field :—  
And Asius Hyrtacides,  
Ruler of men, he marshall'd these,  
Brave Asius Hyrtacides ;  
Whom from Arisbè coursers bore,  
Bright bays so big, by Selle's shore.  
Next the Pelasgians spear-renown'd their nations to the battle  
    sped ;  
Whom from Larissa's fertile ground Hippothoüs and Pylæus led.  
With Acamas the Thracians, and with brave Piroüs hied ;  
The nations which broad Hellespont bounds with his mighty  
    tide.  
Euphemus was the leader of the warlike Cicones,  
The son of the Trœzenian Jove-descended Ceades.

- III. Next the Pæonian bowmen by brave Pyræchmes led ,  
Came these afar from Amydon, and Axios' ample bed ;  
Axios the fairest, sweetest stream that e'er on earth is shed !  
Pylæmenes rough-hearted led the Paphlagones ;  
For he the land Henetian rules,  
Famed for her breed of savage mules ;

Cytorus too, and Sesamus,  
 And Cromne and Ægialus,  
 And Erythini perch'd on high,  
 And where Parthenius gliding by slopes to the northern seas.  
 Epistrophus and Hodus the Halizonians led  
 From Alybè, where silver ores teem in their glittering bed.  
 And Chromis ruled the Mysians, and Ennomus, seer renown'd :  
 In vain the flight of birds he watch'd ;  
 Black Fate his soul to Hades snatch'd :  
 By swift Achilles overpress'd  
 In Simoïs plunged he with the rest, in Simoïs' stream was  
 drown'd.

- IV. Next Phoreys brought the Phrygians, and from Ascania far  
 Ascanius, prince of form divine, impatient all for war.  
 And Antiphus and Mesthles Mæonian succours led :  
 Twin-children of Talæmenes,  
 Of lake Gygæa born, were these ;  
 They ruled the gallant Mæones, 'neath Tmolus, highland-bred.  
 And Nastes led the Carians, men of an uncouth tongue,  
 Who had Miletus, and the glade  
 Of Phthires, with her breadth of shade,  
 And smooth Mæander, fair to see,  
 And lofty tops of Mycale ; these Nastes led along :  
 Led Nastes and Amphimachus,  
 Nomion's sons vainglorious,  
 Who sought the battle gold-befripp'd,  
 Like childish girls ; and so they died,

Whelm'd with the rest in Simoïs' tide,  
By swirt Achilles Æacide ; and he their trinkets stripp'd.

V. And last with prince Sarpedon and peerless Glaucus stood  
The Lycians from far Lycia's land, and Xanthus' eddying flood.

### BOOK III.

**B**UT when both hosts were marshall'd, with every chief and king,  
The Trojans rush'd with noise and din, like birds upon the wing;  
Such as the noise and clangour of cranes aloft in heaven,  
When they from home by wintry storms, and furious rains are driven;  
And screaming toward the rivers of utmost Ocean fly,  
To massacre the Pygmy race,—  
Proclaiming war along the space of all the misty sky.  
Not so the Greeks; but silent their resolute march they made,  
Each other purposed to defend, each other sworn to aid.  
And such fog as the South-wind sheds o'er the mountain-height,  
Unkindly to the shepherd's watch, by thieves preferr'd to night,  
When one can see no farther than he may cast a stone,—  
Such ever from their footsteps flung  
The dust-whirl to the welkin sprung, as strode they swiftly on.  
But when they clear'd the midspace, and fronted man to man,  
Paris, with pard-skin lightly clad, outstepp'd the Trojan van.  
A sword across his shoulders he hung, and bended bow,  
And javelins twain with brazen points he brandish'd to and fro:  
And so the Achaian princes he flouted, and defied  
The best and chiefest of the host the combat to decide.

Now him when Menelæus, the loved of Mars, beheld,  
Advancing brisk the ranks before, and bounding o'er the field ;  
Right glad was he, as lion half-famish'd, who hath found  
A goodly quarry, deer or goat, extended on the ground ;  
And he will sate his hunger, nor leave it, though pursue  
Swift-footed hounds with angry bark, and men with loud halloo.  
So glad was Menelaüs when spied he from afar  
Vainglorious Paris, gallant gay ;  
He vow'd he the culprit to repay ;  
So to the ground all arm'd straightway down sprang he from his car.

But him when glorious Paris saw glittering in the van,  
Struck to his inmost soul with fear  
Of dreadful death impending near, back to his friends he ran.  
As one a snake descrying deep in a mountain-glade  
Starts and retreats, with blanching cheek and quivering knee, dismay'd ;  
So when the brass-clad warrior his path impetuous cross'd,  
Did godlike Paris backward plunge amidst the Trojan host,  
Fearing the son of Atreus : him Hector stern recalls :—  
“ Ha ! recreant Paris, woman-mad ; thou gallant fair and false !  
Now would that thou hadst never been born, or never wed !  
Less damage then had fallen on us, less shame on thine own head !  
So happier had it been for all ; so Troy had better sped !  
Now laugh the Greeks exulting, Greeks of the curly crest,  
Deeming thee chiefest of our host, our bravest and our best ;—  
Thee fair, forsooth, in form and face ; in strength and courage least.  
Such wast thou when thy galleys the watery wastes bestrode,  
And thou with gallant comrades sought'st the strangers' far abode :

Such when from kith and country the beauteous Argive bride,  
The spouse and child of heroes she, was wafted at thy side !  
What sorrow to thy father ! what hurt to all our race !  
Great joy to them that wish thee ill, and to thyself disgrace !  
Durst thou not meet the husband ? durst not his mettle try ?  
So should'st thou know how stout the foe whose right thou dost defy !  
The lyre shall naught avail thee, nor Venus' gifts sustain,—  
The curling locks, the form and face,—when roll'd along the plain !  
But patient are the Trojans ; else for this evil done  
Should they have clothed thee long ago in tunic wrought of stone !”

Replied the godlike Paris :—“ Now truly hast thou said,  
Hector ;—’tis meet and just for thee my folly to upbraid.  
For as the shipwright’s weapon, wherewith he splits the wood,  
And hews it with redoubled might, and squares the timber rude,—  
Such is thy spirit, keen and stout, and cannot be withstood.  
Yet grudge me not the graces by golden Venus given ;  
’Twere ill for mortals to forsake,  
What no man for himself can take, the glorious gifts of heaven !  
But dost thou now command me my quarrel to maintain ?  
Then bid all Greeks and Trojans else recline upon the plain ;  
And me with Menelaüs set in the clear mid-space,  
For Helen and the ravish’d spoils to fight before their face !  
And he that proves the better and conquers in the fight,  
Let him the ravish’d spoil enjoy, fair Helen him requite.  
Then the rest of ye hereafter inhabit Troy in peace ;  
And let them straightway hence repair,  
Where dwell their herds and women fair, in Argos and in Greece !”



He spake : right glad was Hector at that he heard him say :  
He rush'd and stay'd the bands of Troy with javelin grasp'd midway ;  
So check'd they all and halted : while still the Grecians strung  
Their bows against the Trojan prince, and still their stones they flung.

Then cried king Agamemnon, far heard of every Greek :—

“ Hold, Argives, hold, and shoot no more ! hear gallant Hector  
speak ! ”

He spake :—cease all from shooting and prompt attention yield :—

Then Hector, standing in the midst, to either host appeal'd :—

“ Hear, Trojans ! hear me, Grecians, in glittering armour clad !

Hear both the greeting Paris sends, for whom this strife is had !

He bids ye both, ye Trojans, and Grecians all around,

Your glittering arms and armour fair lay lightly on the ground ;

Himself and Menelaüs, the valiant War-god's friend,

Alone for Helen and the spoils betwixt ye shall contend.

And he that proves the better and stronger in the fight,

Let him take Helen to his home, her treasures him requite ;

But all the rest in friendship join, and troth and honour plight ! ”

He said ; and all in silence their prompt obedience yield.

Then Menelaüs loud of voice to either host appeal'd :—

“ Me too, for me this sorrow most nearly touches, hear,—

Ye Grecians and ye Trojans both,—and either side forbear !

Now shall this strife be ended, these ills for me endured ;

These ills of old by Paris wrought shall all this day be cured :

And of us two whichever shall death and fate demand,

So let him die : but ye desist, and plight the proffer'd hand !

And now I bid ye, Trojans, two lambs for offering bring ;

One white, one black, for Earth and Sun ;  
And we the Greeks another one will slay to Jove the king.  
And lead me here king Priam, that he may plight his troth,  
Himself ;—for, well I know, his sons are proud and faithless both ;—  
That none may spurn the right, and break the heaven-attested oath !  
For youngsters, light of purpose, with pride and passion reel ;  
But where in pact are seniors join'd,  
Look these before them and behind, and guard the general weal.”  
He spake : rejoiced on both sides the Trojans and their foes ;  
For Greek and Trojan either hoped to cease from wars and woes.  
Their steeds in ranks they tether'd ; then lighted on the green,  
And doff'd their mail, and on the ground laid low the brazen sheen,  
All, face to face, with narrow strip of sundering sword between.  
Then Hector to the city despatch'd his heralds twain,  
To bring two lambs right speedily, with Priam, to the plain :  
To the hollow ships Atrides Talthybius sent away,  
To bring one lamb for sacrifice ; nor fail'd he to obey.

Meanwhile to white-arm'd Helen, descending from above,  
Came Iris, heavenly messenger, where in her bower she wove,  
The purple web embroid'ring, compact with warp and woof,  
Whereon the strifes of men she wrought, endured in her behoof,—  
The labours and the slaughters endured at her behest  
By Trojans bold that quell the steed, and Greeks with brazen vest.  
Came Iris in the semblance of fair Laodice,  
Stout Helicaon's wife ; most fair of Priam's daughters she.  
“ Come here, and mark, dear sister,”—thus Helen she address'd,—  
“ The Trojans bold that quell the steed, and Greeks with brazen vest :

Erst have they fought together, and urged distressful Mars  
Far o'er the plain, 'mid heaps of slain, impatient for the wars :  
Now sit these down in silence, and lo ! the battle bides ;  
Upon their shields they lean, their spears stand planted by their sides.  
For now with Menelaüs shall Paris strive for thee,  
With javelin thrust and javelin flight ;  
And his, who best maintains the fight, his consort shalt thou be !"  
Then Helen's heart the Goddess with tender longings moved,  
For the husband whose she once had been, for kith and country loved.  
She cast a veil around her of lustrous linen fair ;  
And issuing from her chamber forth let drop the limpid tear ;  
Nor went alone, but with her went chamber-women twain,  
Æthra and dark-eyed Clymene, the chosen of her train ;  
And so the Scæan gate she reach'd wide opening on the plain.  
King Priam there and Panthus, and Lampus, sprout of Mars,  
Ucalegon, Antenor there, in council wise and wars ;  
There Clytius and Thymoetes, and Hicetaon sate,  
From fighting long relieved by age, still eager in debate ;  
Sate Priam's ancient counsellors all at the Scæan gate.  
They sate, as sit cicalas the forest-leaves among,  
And blithely twittering on the bough their slender notes prolong.  
So sate the Trojan seniors reclining on the tower :  
And thus, when Helen they descried forth issuing from her bower,  
They whisper'd, each to other, all gently in his ear :—  
" Now little blame, nor mickle shame, to fight for dame so fair !  
Ha ! well for such a charmer may Greek and Trojan brook  
Long years of woes, so Goddess-like in figure and in look !  
Nathless, even so 'twere better the ships should waft her home ;

Nor on ourselves and children dear relentless ruin come !”  
So whisper'd they ; but Priam to Helen call'd aloud :—  
“ Come, sit by me, dear child, and see, conspicuous in the crowd,  
Thy spouse of old and kinsmen ; for thine is not the fault :  
The blame is with the mighty Gods,  
The Powers which thus our dear abodes have bade the Greeks assault.  
Come, name me, child, this hero gigantic to behold ;—  
Of Argive captains which is this, so beauteous and so bold ?  
By the head indeed some others than him may taller be ;  
But none so goodly, none so grand, so like a king as he !”  
Then, fairest she of women, sweet Helen thus replied :—  
“ O much loved sire, O much revered, would rather I had died  
Then when thy son I follow'd, and hither fleeing came,  
My kindred left, my infant girl, my maidens fair of fame.  
Then had not these things happen'd wherefore I weep and pine :—  
But this which thou inquirest of me to answer shall be mine.  
This king, I say, this hero, whose name thou bidst me speak,  
Atrides Agamemnon he, wide ruling o'er the Greek ;  
Good king and potent warrior ;—a brother erst to me,—  
To me the shamed, the brazen-faced ;—ah ! such was ever he !”

She spake ;—the old man heard her, and gazed on him, and said :—  
“ O Agamemnon, blest and great,  
Auspicious-born and loved of fate, by whom such hosts are led !  
For once came I to Phrygia, fair country, clad with vines ;  
And there the Phrygian hosts I saw, array'd in battle lines,  
That drove their swift-foot coursers on broad Sangarius' banks,  
Whom Otreus led, the godlike king, and Mygdon's various ranks ;

What time they went to battle with the bold Amazonès :  
For I was listed in their force,  
A mighty muster, man and horse ;—but fewer they than these !”  
But next he spied Ulysses ; and thus the veteran cried :—  
“ Now name me this man, who he is, who by Atrides’ side  
By the head would seem the shorter, yet broader in the chest  
And stalwart shoulders ; on the sward his mail and weapons rest :  
And so the ranks of warriors he marshals and reviews,  
As erst a ram with tufted fleece his snow-white flock of ewes.”  
Then spake and straightway answer’d fair Helen, seed divine :—  
“ The politic Ulysses this of old Laërtes’ line ;  
Erst bred in rocky fastness of sea-bound Ithakè ;  
The man of guile, and various toil, the sapient schemer he.”  
Broke in astute Antenor :—“ ’Tis truly spoken, dame ;  
For on a day Ulysses here with Menelaüs came :  
To treat for thee they came here ; with me they fed their fill :  
I mark’d the shape and size of both, of both the craft and skill.  
Now when among the Trojans I saw them stand upright,  
Did Menelaüs all outstrip by the head and shoulders quite ;  
But when they sate, majestic most was he, the least in height.  
And when their terms they offer’d, discours’d and argued each,  
Then Menelaüs blurted forth few words, but shrill of speech.  
He was no large declaimer, but made his matter plain ;  
Nor miss’d of ought he meant to say, though younger of the twain.  
But when the wise Ulysses upstart’d to his feet,  
Paused he, and fixed upon the floor  
His eyes, and paused a moment more,  
Nor waved behind him and before his staff with measured beat ;



But held it stiff beside him, as one unused to speak,  
Moody in temper, mindless all of that he came to seek.  
But when from forth his bosom his mighty voice he cast,  
And words that fell like fluttering snows in winter, soft and fast,  
Hæ! thenceforth with Ulysses none other man could vie;  
We mock'd no more the clumsy mien, the gesture rude and shy."  
Then Ajax, next in order, the ancient mark'd, and said:—  
"What other chief is this, so big, conspicuous by the head  
Above the Achaian princes?"—and long-robed Helen fair,  
The flower of women, swift replied:—"Gigantic Ajax there  
Thou seest, the Grecian bulwark:—and o'er against him see  
Idomeneus, the Cretan king; as God revered is he!  
Round him the Cretan leaders, a mighty muster, come:  
Him as a stranger Menelas oft feasted at our home.  
And all the rest behold I, the Greeks with glancing eyes:  
And well can I remember all, their names and histories.  
But two discern I cannot;—two princes have I miss'd,—  
Castor, the queller of the steed, and Pollux, stout of fist;—  
Two children of one mother, and brothers both to me:—  
What! have they not with the others sail'd from the land beyond the  
    sea?  
Or swam they in their galleys from Lacedæmon's shore;  
But now, by keen reproaches stung,  
And hate and scorn upon me flung, join they the fight no more?"  
So spake she; but those heroes there, on the Spartan strand,  
Already fruitful Earth confined in their dear native land.  
  
See now the heralds bearing the offerings divine;—



Two lambs they bring for sacrifice, and a skin of genial wine.  
Idæus bears a goblet, and cups of shining gold ;  
And stands beside, and urgent speaks, and calls on Priam old :—  
“ Rise, king Laomedontius, the warriors’ bidding hear,  
The Trojans bold that quell the steed, and Greeks with brazen gear :  
Descend, they bid thee, to the plain, that all an oath may swear !  
For now with Menelaüs will godlike Paris fight,  
Arm’d with long javelins, heroes both ;—and Jove maintain the right !  
Who wins shall have the woman and treasure for his own ;  
But let the rest in friendship join, and swear it every one !  
Thenceforth shall all the Trojans inhabit Troy in peace ;  
The Achaian hosts shall home repair,  
Where dwell their herds and women fair, in Argos and in Greece !”  
He spake ; the old man shudder’d ; then bade his squires prepare  
The steeds to drive ; they prompt obey’d ; and climb’d he on his chair,  
And drew the reins and held them ; Antenor climb’d, and sate  
Beside him, and the seniors twain,  
Descending swiftly to the plain, shot through the Scaean gate.  
They reach’d the plain, and straightway alighted from their car,  
Betwixt the Greek and Trojan ranks, all marshall’d for the war.  
Then rose king Agamemnon, and sage Ulysses rose ;  
The solemn heralds brought the lambs wherewith to pledge their vows :  
Wine in a bowl they mingled ; on their hands water pour’d ;—  
And Agamemnon drew the dirk which hung beside his sword.  
Then from each victim’s forehead a few short hairs he shear’d ;  
And while to every chief and king  
Their dole the heralds duly bring, thus pray’d with hands uprear’d :—  
“ O Father Jove, that rulest on Ida, greatest, best !

O Sun, by whom are all things seen, to whom all deeds confess'd !  
O Earth, and godlike Rivers, and ye that after death  
Avenge the crimes of men below. and scourge their broken faith !  
O, be ye all my witness, and guard my solemn vows :—  
If Paris Menelaüs slay, be his the Argive spouse,  
And his be all the treasure : then we will homeward sail :—  
But if the ruddy Menelas o'er Paris do prevail,  
Then Helen shall the Trojans restore, with all her gold,  
And thereunto a fitting fine for tribute shall be told ;  
The which our children after us shall always have and hold !  
But if Priam and his princes. when Paris falls in fight,  
Fair Helen still refuse to yield, nor thus our toils requite ;—  
Then ever undesisting will I my right defend,  
And here will stay full many a day, even to war's utmost end !"  
Thus as he spoke the gullets of the lambs he slit in twain,  
With ruthless steel, and cast them down all gasping on the plain ;  
And soon their life they yielded, so sorely smote the sword :  
Then wine from bowl in cups they drew, and due libation pour'd :  
This done, to the everlasting celestial Gods they pray'd ;  
And then of Trojans and of Greeks one with another said :—  
" O Father, noblest, greatest, and all ye Powers etern !—  
Which of the twain the pact first break, which first the promise spurn,—  
Thus, thus his brain be scatter'd,—thus, as this wine is shed ;—  
His own, his children's ;—and his wife be strown on stranger's bed !"  
They swore ; but Jove confirm'd not the vow thus fondly made.  
Then Priam, son of Dardanus, betwixt them rose and said :—  
" Hear me, ye greave-clad Grecians, and valiant Trojans, hear !  
Myself will homeward turn, and back to windy Troy repair.

Myself I shrink and shudder ; I dare not witness, I,  
My child the godlike Menelas in mortal strife defy :  
Jove knows, and know the Powers above, whose is the doom to die !"  
Thus spake the godlike hero ; nor longer durst he wait ;  
But laid the victims in the car, and took the reins, and sate ;  
Antenor mounted, and the twain,  
Ascending swiftly from the plain, regain'd the Scaean gate.

Then Hector, son of Priam, and sage Ulysses took  
A measured space ; and straight the lots in a brazen helm they shook,  
For the first to hurl the javelin ; while all the people pray'd ;  
And then, with hands uprais'd to heaven, both Greek and Trojan  
said :—

" O Father Jove, that rulest on Ida, greatest, best ;  
Whiche'er of these hath wrought the woe,—on whom the guilt doth  
rest,—

Let him be slain, and hurried to Hades' gloomy reign ;  
But Greece and Troy in friendship join, and plighted faith remain !"  
They pray'd, and high-plumed Hector with eyes averted shook :  
The lot of Paris started forth :—then all their places took,  
Each in his rank, and by them their pawing steeds were tied ;  
And there their arms and armour bright lay piled on either side.  
And lo ! about his body adjusted harness rare  
The godlike Paris, fair to view, the spouse of Helen fair.  
So first of all his armour about his shins he braced,  
The comely greaves of brazen sheen, with silver buckles graced ;  
And next upon his bosom he clapp'd the brazen shell,  
Lycaon's mail, his brother's mail, which fitted him right well :

A sword across his shoulder with silver hilt he flung,—  
A brazen sword,—and at his back a mighty buckler swung ;  
Placed on his head a helmet by dreadful horse-tail fann'd ;  
Seized the stout javelin in his grasp well balanced to his hand.  
Nor less did brave Atrides his arms about him set :—  
So both were arm'd apart, and thus betwixt the hosts they met,  
With flashing eyes : the warriors all started at the sight,  
The Trojans bold that quell the steed, and greave-clad Grecians bright.

Now in the measured war-lists they clear'd the middle space ;  
And angrily they shook their darts each in the other's face.  
First Paris hurl'd his javelin ; the long shaft lightly flew,  
And smote Atrides' rounded shield ;  
The shield the blunted brass repell'd, nor pierced the spearhead  
through.

Then in his turn Atrides advanced with brandish'd spear ;  
And thus to Jove, the sovereign Sire, address'd himself with prayer :—  
“ Grant, Jove, that godlike Paris his dread account may pay,  
Paris, who first hath done me wrong, slain by my hand this day ;—  
That no man's guest hereafter may dare the wrath of heaven,  
And ill requite the generous wight who love and cheer hath given.”  
He spake, and poised the javelin ; straight from his hand it flew ;  
It smote the Trojan's rounded shield ; it pierced it through and through.  
And through the shining cuirass fast driven the weapon went,  
And shear'd the vest his flank beside ; but haply Paris bent,  
And black death 'scaped he nearly :—thereat Atrides drew  
The glittering sword, and onset made,  
And reach'd his crest ; the shatter'd blade,

Thrice and again in fragments fray'd, away rebounding flew !  
Then groan'd great Menelaüs, and gazing heavenward cried :—  
“ Hæ ! Jove, no God so fell as thou, of all the Powers beside !  
Even now had Paris paid the debt for the spoiling of my bride,—  
But now,—when 'twixt my fingers my futile weapon broke !  
The spear flew harmless from my hand, and bore no mortal stroke !”  
So he on Paris rushing made shift his plume to seize,  
And with a wrench was haling him to the greave-clad sons of Greece ;—  
So manfully he grappled, nor loosed his horse-hair plume ;  
Beneath his chin the straiten'd band left him scant breathing room ;—  
And off he would have dragg'd him, and earn'd immortal fame ;  
But Venus saw and burst the band,—  
Stout thong of bull's-hide starkly tann'd,—  
And swiftly following to his hand the empty helmet came  
The helmet Menelaüs behind him whirl'd and flung ;  
Hurra'd his comrades in the ranks, and caught it as it swung.  
Again he leapt on Paris furious to smite and slay ;  
But Venus to the rescue ran,  
And easily, as Goddess can, snatch'd him in clouds away.

She bore him to his chamber, the sweet pavilion'd bower, •  
And hied for Helen where she sate high on the Trojan tower,  
With many a dame around her ; a mortal form she took,  
Approach'd her close, and with her hand her scented mantle shook :  
Came Venus sweet, and call'd her,—assumed her nurse's mien,  
Her ancient nurse, who erst at home her work-fellow had been,  
And wove the warp and wove the woof, and dearly loved her queen ;—  
And thus she cried :—“ Come hither,—thy Paris bids thee come !



He lies upon the fair wrought couch strown in the fragrant room,  
All shining in his beauty, in shining armour dight ;  
As one who seeks or quits the dance, not one who breathes from fight !”  
Then much was Helen troubled, nor fail'd she to agnise  
The form divine, the slender throat, fair breasts and dazzling eyes ;  
And gazed she with amazement, and call'd to her and spake :—  
“ Ha ! gracious Power, why thus be pleased fell mock of me to  
make ?

Ha ! wilt thou waft me farther ?—to another consort give  
In Phrygian or Mæonian land, where'er thy minions live ?  
Is he fallen, the godlike Paris ?—hath Menelaüs won ?  
And claims he his accursèd bride ?  
And therefore comest thou to deride, and cheat me, thus undone ?  
Nay, go and sit by Paris ;—renounce thy bright abodes,  
Nor ever with thy foot regain the threshold of the Gods !  
But moan thou with his moanings ; grant thou whate'er he crave ;  
So shall he take thee for his spouse, or haply for his slave !  
But I will not go thither ; foul scorn it were and shame,  
That I should court this recreant's bed ; so every Trojan dame  
Henceforth should flout and mock me !—ah me ! what woes betide !”—  
She spake, and sobb'd ; but Venus fair impatiently replied :—  
“ Incense me not, beshrew thee ! lest in my wrath I go,  
And leave thee, and as erst I loved, so henceforth prove thy foe !  
So will I raise against thee the hates of either host ;  
And thou with sorrow shalt repay their loves and labours lost.”  
Then trembled heaven-born Helen at that which Venus said ;  
And off she hied, her glistening robe drawn closely o'er her head,  
Without a word ;—the dames of Troy saw none ;—the Goddess led.



• So to the bower of Paris, the glorious bower, they hied ;  
And there the maidens enter'd in, and straight their tasks they plied.  
Then to the lofty chamber ascended Helen fair ;  
And lovely Venus, queen of smiles, queen Venus set her chair.  
Before the face of Paris her chair the Goddess stay'd ;  
There Helen, seed of thundering Jove, her seat obedient made,  
Askant her eyes averting ; and thus she 'gan to chide :—  
“ Ha ! so return'st thou from the fight ?—ha ! better there have died,  
Slain by mine ancient husband !—how vain a boast was this,  
Thy strength, thy skill, thy feats of arms more excellent than his !  
But go thou now, and challenge the king beloved of Mars !  
Dare him to fight thee once again !—nay, stay thou from these wars !—  
Stay thou !—'tis I that bids thee ;—from duel dire withhold ;  
Lest by the spear of Menelas thou fall, too rashly bold !”  
Rejoin'd and answer'd Paris, and amorous plea preferr'd :—  
“ Ah ! spare me, spare, my lady fair, nor with reproaches gird :  
For me hath Menelaüs worsted, by Pallas sped ;—  
Him will I worst another day,—for Gods me too bestead !  
Come now, and let us mingle endearment and caress ;  
For ne'er before did fond desire so much my soul possess ;—  
Not when from Lacedæmon I snatch'd thee o'er the sea,  
And met thee first in dear embrace at wave-girt Cranaë ;—  
Not then did so my passion glow, as now I burn for thee !”  
Leapt to his couch the lover ; follow'd his loving mate ;  
And each with other laid them down upon their bed of state.

Meanwhile the son of Atreus like a wild beast rush'd along,  
And peer'd he here, and spear'd he there, for Paris, through the throng :



But ha ! could never a Trojan, could never a prince allied  
Paris to Menelaüs show through all their battle wide.  
Nor would they have conceal'd him for any love they bore :  
For like black death they hated him, and scouted evermore.  
Then cried king Agamemnon :—" Now hear me, Trojans all,  
Hear me, ye Dardans and allies ;—on all the hosts I call !  
For valiant Menelaüs hath victory declared ;—  
To us must Helen be restored, by us her treasures shared !  
Then pay the fine appointed, and count the tribute out,  
The which our children after us shall have, that none may doubt."  
So spake the king, and all the Greeks applauded with a shout.

## BOOK IV.

NOW on their golden pavement, imperial Jove beside,  
The Immortals sate, and Hebe fair with nectar all supplied :  
Each grasp'd his golden goblet, and pledg'd the next at hand ;  
They quaff'd, a glorious company, and view'd the Trojan land.  
And lo ! the king Saturnian sought Juno to provoke :  
The words obliquely glanced at her which tauntingly he spoke :—  
“ Deem'd I for Menelaüs two Goddesses array'd :  
Him Argive Juno, him protector Pallas wont to aid !  
Now these far off reclining with indolence regard ;  
But Venus of the loving smile,  
She by her favourite stands the while, and keeps she watch and ward.  
Him, when he look'd to perish, even now from death she caught ;  
And Menelaüs, warrior bold, a barren deed hath wrought.  
But let us now consider how shall these matters end :  
Shall we fierce strife again arouse, or shall we both befriend,  
And all this deadly feud and war in common union blend ?  
Doth this content and please us ? then Priam's towers shall stand,  
And Menelaüs Helen lead back to her Argive land.”  
He spake, and Juno murmur'd, and Pallas sitting by :

For these together kept apart, brooding o'er harm to Troy.  
Sate Pallas still and silent, and scowl'd she on the God :  
But Juno stifled not her wrath, but vented it aloud :—  
“ Most reverend Seed of Saturn, what words be these of thine ?  
What ! wilt thou baffle all my cares, and baulk my deep design ?  
What boots my toil and trouble, with steeds and thundering car  
'Gainst Priam erst, and Priam's sons to rouse the Grecian war ?  
But work thy will :—yet know thou, not all the Gods assent ! ”  
Then spake the Cloud-amasser Jove to Juno, ill-content :—  
“ Mistress ! what deed so heinous hath Priam done to thee,—  
Or what his sons, that 'gainst them thou such mischief shouldst decree ?  
Thus wilt thou ever threaten to trample down the power  
Of Ilium, and her towers accurst ?—  
Wouldst scale the walls ?—the portals burst ?—and, like raw flesh, devour  
King Priam and his children, and people, one and all ?—  
Then would thy fury be appeas'd ? ha ! do thy will, so brawl  
And wrangling cease betwixt us twain, nor discord thence befall :  
But this again I warn thee,—and thou perpend it well !—  
When I some city would o'erthrow,  
And burn to lay its glories low, wherein thy minions dwell,—  
Then stay not thou mine anger, but give it issue still ;—  
So Troy will I now yield to thee ;—I will, against my will.  
For of all the noble cities 'twixt starry sky and sun,  
Wherever mortal men do dwell,  
None have I liked and loved so well as sacred Ilion,  
And Priam with his people, prince of the ashen spear :  
Mine altar there ne'er lacks for meat to grace our common cheer ;  
Nor wine, nor steam of collop sweet, the boons we hold so dear.”

To whom thus answer'd Juno, queen of the darkbrown eye :—

“To me three cities dearest far,

Sparte, Mycenæ, Argos are ; now all these three destroy,

If so thou hate and loathe them ! these I no more befriend ;

These I withhold not from thy rage, nor ever more defend.

For howsoe'er I loved them, and sought to guard them still,

No whit would my defence avail against thy sovereign will.

Nathless my labours also not unfulfill'd must be ;

For I too am divine, and I spring from one stock with thee :

And me the sapient Saturn 'gat first of Powers above ;

Eldest in birth and first in state,

For that with thee I wed and mate, with thee, imperial Jove !

But we these things together will settle as we may ;

And each to other shall concede ;—

The Gods will follow as we lead ;—let Pallas first obey.

Bid her go haste descending betwixt the battles both,

Trojan and over-vaunting Greek ;

And tempt the Trojans first to break their covenanted troth.”

She spake :—the mighty Father was moved at her behest ;

And thus to Pallas, brief and swift, his wingèd words address'd :—

“ Fly swiftly at my bidding between the battles both,

Trojan and over-vaunting Greek ;

And tempt the Trojans first to break their covenanted troth.”

Pallas, already eager, obey'd him with delight :

Down shot she, like a shooting star, down from Olympus' height ;

Like meteor swift and sparkling, by Jove Saturnian sent,

A sign to sailors on the deep, or marshall'd armament.

Like such shot down the Goddess, and rush'd the hosts between,—  
The Trojans bold that quell the steed, and Greeks in brazen sheen :—  
Fear fell on Greeks and Trojans all,  
Athwart the plain, behind the wall, by whom that sign was seen.  
And aye one with another his neighbour thus bespake :—  
“ Again shall feud and combat rude betwixt us ruin make ?  
Or shall the great Disposer of strife and battle, Jove,  
Maintain our compact true and firm, in friendship and in love ? ”

So then both of Greek and Trojan one to another cried :  
But Pallas took a Trojan's shape, and midst the throng she hied.  
She took the form and semblance of one Laodocus,  
Son of Antenor, sturdy chief ; and sought she Pandarus,  
Lycaon's son.—She found him, that comely prince and stout ;  
Amidst his targeteers he stood,  
Brave bands, which from Æsepus' flood their gallant chief had brought.  
Him, drawing nigh, the Goddess with wingèd words address'd :—  
“ Ha ! thou, Lycaon's valiant son, hark thou, and heed my hest !  
Durst thou at Menelaüs a wingèd shaft let fly—  
The deed shall every Trojan laud,  
And Paris more than all applaud ; nor gifts will he deny.  
Foremost and first from Paris rich guerdon shouldst thou gain,  
Could he but see by dart of thine the son of Atreus slain,  
And rear'd upon the funeral pyre, conspicuous o'er the plain.  
Then aim thou at Atrides, and to Apollo vow,—  
To Apollo great, Lycegenes, illustrious with the bow,—  
In sacrifice to offer a glorious hecatomb,  
In loved Zelea's sacred shrine, return'd in safety home.”



So Pallas him persuaded, the witless wight, to shoot :  
Straightway his polish'd bow he took,—horns of a wild he-goat :—  
Himself the goat had stricken beneath the breast one day ;—  
It started from behind a stone, while he in ambush lay ;—  
And when it fell, the branches did sixteen palms extend :  
He pared, and smooth'd them well, and tipp'd with gold at either end.  
This bow he strung and steadied, well planted on the ground :  
His friends before him held their shields, to screen him and surround ;  
Lest first the bold Achaians should on him lightly spring,  
Ere he could Menelaüs reach, Atrides, Argive king.  
The quiver-lid then lifting, an arrow swift and strong  
He chose, a piercing barb, and well adjusted to the thong :  
And when were all things ready, to Apollo made his vow,—  
To Apollo great, Lycegenes, illustrious with the bow,—  
In sacrifice to offer a glorious hecatomb,  
The firstlings of an hundred ewes, when came he safely home.  
He clutch'd the string, and drew it ; the notch he let not go ;  
Right to his breast he brought the string, the iron to the bow :  
And when the orb was rounded, deep-drawn with all his might,  
The string it sung, the lithe bow rung,  
Leapt the keen shaft the hosts among, impatient to alight !

Nor thee, O Menelaüs, did the blessèd Gods above  
Forget, and least the queen of hosts, impetuous child of Jove.  
She flung herself before thee, and stay'd the arrowy fate,  
As nearly as from sleeping child the mother wards the gnat.  
She drove it where the buckle thy belt together drew ;  
Where the breast-plates, doubly folded, fit,

Just on the belt the arrow lit, and fairly pierced it through.  
It tore the shining cuirass ; it reach'd the inner vest ;  
The vest which clothed thee next the skin, and still defended best.  
It pierced it ; but the arrow just grazed the skin, and stopp'd ;  
And from the wound it lightly made the purple moisture dropp'd.  
And as a Carian woman stains ivory with red,  
A Carian or Mæonian she, to deck a horse's head ;  
Conspicuous in her chamber, reserv'd for kings it lies,—  
Though many a suitor seeks the gift, and one with other vies,—  
For steed a proud caparison, for cavalier a prize ;  
So down thy thigh, Atrides, the stain of purple flow'd,  
Down thigh and ankle fair beneath trickled the purple blood.  
Shudder'd great Agamemnon to see the dark blood flow :  
Ha ! shudder'd then the king of men, and Menelaüs too.  
But when he mark'd the iron not buried in the wound,  
But either barb projecting still, and cord wherewith 'twas bound,  
Then the heart of Agamemnon leapt lightly in his breast :  
His brother's hand he took, and sigh'd,  
And thus amidst the host he cried ; and sigh'd they all the rest :—

“ My brother, when I set thee to fight for all the host,  
My vow, a mortal vow it was,—and dearly hath it cost ;  
So have the Trojans shot at thee, to faith and honour lost !  
Be sure, nor vow falls fruitless, nor blood is vainly shed,  
Nor wine outpour'd, nor right hands given, whereon men's faith is stay'd.  
Not yet hath Jove exacted the debt, but surely will,  
Late though it be :—the Trojans all,  
Themselves, their wives, their children, shall requite it doubly still.

For this I know full surely, and this I prophesy ;—  
A day shall come when sacred Troy shall perish utterly,  
And Priam with his people, prince of the ashen spear :—  
For lo ! the great Saturnian Jove,  
That wields the fateful scales above, enthroned in welkin clear,  
His darkling ægis o'er them shall brandish terribly,  
Wroth at their falsehood, and fulfil their evil destiny !  
But to me, O Menelaüs, great sorrow will ensue,  
If thou fulfil thy lot and die ; much blame to me accrue ;  
And home to sultry Argos disgraced should I return ;—  
For straight the Greeks will seek to flee, and for their country yearn ;  
And leave much joy to Priam and his people, to retain  
Our Argive Helen ; but thy bones  
Should rot among these sands and stones, thy deeds essay'd in vain.  
And thus some Trojan leaping on Menelaüs' tomb,—  
Some boastful Trojan thus would cry :—' May such confusion come  
Whenever Agamemnon his foes shall dare attack ;—  
As now, when home he bends his sails,  
With lighten'd bark and hurrying gales,—nor bears his brother back !'—  
Ah ! so will boast some Trojan :—may earth then yawn for me !"  
But ruddy Menelaüs then address'd him cheeringly.—  
" Courage !" he cried, " nor trouble the Greeks with vain alarm !  
The shaft hath pierced no vital part ; the archer fail'd to harm.  
My belt and brazen corslet, and quilted vest beneath,  
The steel have blunted, stay'd the shaft, and warp'd the wingèd death.  
Rejoin'd king Agamemnon, address'd him, and replied :—  
" Ha ! Menelaüs, brother dear, grant heaven it so betide :  
The mediciner shall handle, and heal thy wounded part,

With balms applied, and staunch the blood. and soothe the dolorous smart."

He said, and bade Talthybius the leech Machaon call,

The son of Æsculapius he, that Healer best of all.

"Go, call the leech," exclaim'd he : "the king his aid bespeaks

For Menelaüs, loved of Mars, the champion of the Greeks :

Even now some cunning marksman, Trojan or Lycian, shot,

And, fame to him, but grief to us, my brother shrewdly smote."—

The herald did his bidding, and went, and cast his eyes

Through all the brass-clad Argive host ; and straight the chief he spies

Amidst his shieldmen standing, who came the Greeks to aid

From Trica, famed for well-fed steeds ; and thus Talthybius said :—

"Come, son of Æsculapius,—king Agamemnon calls ;—

Attend with speed, and prove what hurt his brother chief befalls.

Even now some cunning bowman, Trojan or Lycian, shot,

And, fame to him, but grief to us, the son of Atreus smote."

Much was he moved, Machaon ; and forth he sprang, nor stay'd ;

And hastening through the ranks they fared ;

And when they came where on the sward was Menelaüs laid,

While round him all the chiefest were gather'd in a crowd,

Straightway beside him in the midst the godlike healer bow'd.

Then from the vest close-fitting the wingèd shaft he drew,—

The keen barbs following as it came ;—the belt he loosen'd too ;—

The girdle and the mailshirt framed by the brazier's craft ;

And when the wound appear'd to sight, where smote the bitter shaft,

The dark blood wash'd he from it, and sooth'd it evermore

With healing balms, which to his sire good Chiron gave of yore.

While these on Menelaüs employ'd their skill and care,  
Advanced the Trojans helm'd and plumed,  
The sons of Greece their arms resumed, and recommenced the war.  
And there nor slept nor slumber'd the godlike Argive king,  
As loath to fight, but onward press'd to the battle hastening.  
His steeds and car he quitted, his brazen-mounted car ;  
The steeds his driver kept at hand all snorting for the war ;—  
Eurymedon the driver, brave Ptolemæus' son ;—  
To whom he strait command had given to leave him not alone,  
But aye to tarry near him, lest force should fail him quite.  
While such large battle he array'd ;  
Himself on foot his progress made, and marshall'd all to fight.  
And whom he saw advancing he animated thus :—  
“ Ye Grecians, slack not from the war ; just Jove will stand for us !  
Jove will not aid the faithless, the foremost to forswear ;  
Jove will cast forth their tender flesh for vultures grim to tear :  
And we the wives they cherish will seize, and children small ;  
And bear them hence in shapely ships, when towering Troy shall fall ! ”  
But whom he saw relaxing, or shrinking from the fight,  
Them he assail'd with angry words, and chid their sloth or fright.  
“ Now shame, ye recreant Argives, so worthless standing here,  
That basely quail, or idly wail, trembling like frighten'd deer ;  
Like deer that having scamper'd far over hill and dale,  
Helpless and nerveless stand agaze, and force and courage fail ;  
So stand ye faint and feckless :—now wait ye till our foes  
Advance, and beard us at our tents, and round our leaguer close,  
There where our goodly vessels lie beach'd upon the shore ;  
To see if Jove Saturnian then will guard us as before ? ”



Thus, as a good commander, the chief his hosts reviews,  
And as he stalks from throng to throng,  
Comes, where the Cretans arm'd, along with king Idomeneus.  
Idomeneus the foremost, like wild boar stout stood there ;  
While for his leader Mériones array'd the Cretan rear.  
Beheld them Agamemnon, and all his joy confess'd ;  
And thus he bold Idomeneus with courteous speech address'd :—  
“ Idomeneus, I prize thee above our warriors all,  
For battle need, or other deed, at fight or festival ;  
When the chiefest Argives mingle in bowls their royal wine :—  
For the other crested Grecians all to measure we confine :—  
But the spirit-stirring goblet stands ever full for thee,  
As for myself, to quaff, whene'er may such our pleasure be.  
Now fight thou with the foremost,—for so thou didst of old.”  
To whom exclaim'd Idomeneus, chief of the Cretans bold :—  
“ Now surely, king Atrides, will I combat by thy side,—  
As first I pledged and promise made,—in friendship sure and tried.  
Then the other crested Grecians arouse thou to the fight ;  
And let us straight the battle join ; for ours is now the right !  
On Troy light death and ruin, and fight we nothing loath !  
For first the Trojans compact break, and spurn their plighted troth.”

He spake, and Agamemnon pass'd on, no little cheer'd ;  
And striding through the mustering ranks the two Ajaces near'd.  
They two themselves were arming, with all their footmen bold ;  
Dense as a cloud their gathering band :—  
And as a goatherd from his stand views, down the broad sea roll'd,  
A cloud by west winds driven, storm-bearing, pitchy black,



Hastes he his tender flock to save  
Trembling, and folds them in a cave, to shun the dire attack :—  
So round the two Ajaces, with bristling spear and shield  
Gather'd the dense array of warriors arming for the field.  
Beheld them Agamemnon, and all his joy confess'd ;  
And thus the bold Ajaces twain with wingèd words address'd :—  
“ Chiefs of the brass-clad Grecians, ye brave Ajaces both !—  
Small need to call ye or incite :—  
Ye rouse your warriors to the fight ; ye lead them nothing loath !  
Ha ! would to Jove the Father, Pallas, Apollo too,—  
Were all men's courage fix'd like yours, all hearts as brave and true !  
Then soon the towers of Ilium should totter to the blow ;  
Our hands should seize the hateful hold, and lay her honours low !”

So with these words he left them, and sought the princes round ;  
And Pylia Nestor, shrill of speech, amidst his bands he found :  
These was he cheering, rank by rank, and ordering on the ground.  
Stood with him huge Alastor, Chromius, and Pelagon,  
Hæmon and Bias, warriors bold, and princes every one.  
The horsemen first he marshall'd, each with his steeds and car ;  
And last the throng of footmen stout, the bulwark of the war :  
'Twixt both he set the rabble, where they must fight perforce :  
Then to the first he gave command,  
Collected, man with man, to stand, and steady, horse with horse.  
“ Let none,” quoth he, “ too nimbly before the rest press on,  
Vain of his swiftness and his strength, to tempt the foe alone ;  
Let none shrink back ; together the more shall be your strength :  
And when ye meet the foeman's car,

Then drive your javelins from afar, and stretch your full arm's length.  
Such tactic is the surest ; so fought our fathers still ;—  
And cities thus and towers they storm'd by courage join'd with skill."  
So then the veteran urged them well versed in war of old :  
And Agamemnon blithe was he such conduct to behold.  
Straightway he came, and Nestor with wingèd words address'd :—  
" Ha ! brave old man, thou weak of arm, in spirit first and best ;—  
Now would thy strength and sinew firm as thy courage stood !  
But thee the common burden wears ;  
Would God some other had thy years, and thou the youngster's blood !"  
Replied the veteran Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :—  
" O king, well might I wish also myself none other were,  
Than when I slew the hero-great Ereuthalion :  
But all things good the Gods at once give not to any one.  
'Then was I stout and valiant, now age must have his day :  
Yet still in chariot will I sit, and overlook the fray ;  
And still will counsel proffer ;—such is the senior's crown !  
And let the youths their javelins thrust,  
The latter-born, and proudly trust in vigour all their own !"

He spake : rejoiced Atrides, and gaily went his round ;  
And next Menestheus, Peteus' son, steed-spurring chief, he found  
Standing unarm'd ; beside him the Athenians, warriors good ;  
And nigh him, yet unarm'd for fight, astute Ulysses stood.  
By these the Cephallenians their stedfast squadrons halt,  
And wait, for 'twas but now the Greeks prepared to give the assault ;—  
But now the Trojans started to meet the Greeks in fray :—  
Wherefore for other first they wait,

Some other champion of the state, to rise and point the way !  
These when king Agamemnon beheld, his ire was stirr'd ;  
And Mnestheus and Ulysses thus he chid with wingèd word :—  
“ O son of Jove-sprung Peteus,—and thou, so versed in guile,—  
Thou soul of sleight and craftiness,—why stand ye here the while ?  
Why shrink and wait for others to bear the Trojans' brunt ?  
'Twere meet that ye the first should be, and all the war affront,  
And flames of burning battle :—aye first from me ye hear  
The summons, when the sons of Greece at board their princes cheer ;—  
Aye first, if then it please ye to sit at banquet high,  
'Tis yours to eat the good roast meat, and drink the full cups dry !  
Now would ye look on idly, did Grecian champions ten  
Before your face the battle chase, and charge with all their men ! ”  
Replied Ulysses frowning :—“ What words, O king, are these,  
That issue from thy parted lips, escaped the ivory frise ?  
How say'st thou that we linger, and shun the brunt of war ?  
Ha ! when the Greeks the Trojans meet,  
Startling the War-god to his feet, then learn how bold we are !  
Then,—so it please thee mark me,—see me the foremost man,—  
The father of Telemachus,—strive with the Trojan van !  
Then cease from windy babbling ! ”—When thus his anger burn'd,  
Smiled Agamemnon, well content, and answer straight return'd :—  
“ Laërtiade Jove-descended, Ulysses sage and wise,  
Be it far from me to speak thee stern, to chide thee or chastise ;  
Thy heart is right with my heart ;—and all shall yet be well :  
I know the humours mild that deep within thy bosom dwell.  
But come : these things hereafter will we adjust, if aught  
Hath ill been said ; and may the Gods bring all such ill to nought ! ”

He spake, and left Ulysses ; to others forth he hied :—  
There 'Tydeus' seed, bold Diomede, all mounted he descried :—  
His steeds were standing harness'd, to the well-wrought chariot bound ;  
And Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, beside his chief he found ;  
And both accoutred for the fight ;—yet both still kept their ground.  
Outspake king Agamemnon, and wing'd his bitter rede :—  
" O son of Tydeus brave and bold, stout queller of the steed !  
Thus quail'st thou from the combat, and eyest the brink of war ?  
Nay, such was ne'er thy father's wont ;  
Aye first would he the foe affront,  
Aye stoutest bear the battle's brunt, and drive the swiftest car !  
This said they all that knew him ;—I never saw him, I :—  
But him men count the first in arms, foremost to do and die !  
For he with Polynices to Argos came one day  
A friendly guest, with followers arm'd, impatient for the fray.  
'Gainst sacred Thebes advancing the chief his muster made ;  
And much Mycenæ's warriors all for brave allies he pray'd.  
Wish'd they to lend him succour, and cheer'd him favouring still ;  
But Jove their purpose sway'd askant with auguries of ill.  
And now, when these fared forward, and mickle way had made.  
And reach'd Asopus' rushy banks, with reeds and sedge o'erlaid,  
Thence sent the Achaians Tydeus their message forth to bring :  
He found the Thebans all at feast with Éteocles their king.  
Nor there steed-spurrer Tydeus fear'd, though a stranger guest ;  
Though single 'midst a host of foes at that Cadmean feast.  
He challenged each to wrestle, and try with him a fall :  
Such succour did Minerva give, he flung them featly all.  
Whereat provoked the Thebans, Cadmean cavaliers,

A deadly ambush laid for him, a band of fifty spears.  
Two captains led them, Mæon, brave son of Hæmon, one ;  
And Polyphontes, stout in fight, the seed of Autophon—  
Alone great Tydeus met them, and all the fifty bled ;  
One only spared the godlike chief of all that ambush laid :  
Mæon he left to tell the tale, for so Jove's omens bade.  
Such was the Ætolian Tydeus, as ancient stories teach :  
His son degenerate in arms, glib though he be in speech.”  
So spake the king, and silent look'd Tydides on the ground,  
Shamed by the gibe and keen rebuke of king with worship crown'd :  
Spake for him Sthenelus, he the son of Capaneus renown'd :—  
“ Now lie not, Agamemnon ;—the truth thou well canst say :  
Laud not our sires ; we boast ourselves far better men than they !  
'Twas we that storm'd and conquer'd Thebes with her portals seven :  
Her men were many, few were ours ;  
We trusted in no mortal powers, but omens sent from heaven !  
They sinn'd, and so they perish'd in their folly and their sin :—  
Then match not thou our sires with us ;—they fail'd ; 'twas ours to win !”  
Exclaim'd Tydides frowning :—“ Hold, sirrah ! stint thy boast !  
'Twere ill to chide the king of men, the champion of the host ;  
Who now upon the Grecians, the greave-arm'd warriors, calls,  
And urges onward to the fight, even at the Trojan walls !  
For great renown and honour shall follow on his name,  
If we the Trojans overthrow and Ilium fall in flame ;  
Nor less disgrace and sorrow, if the Greeks o'ermaster'd are :—  
Come then, and let us join the combat mindful of the war !”  
He spake, and from his chariot leapt harness'd to the ground ;  
And as he rush'd with jar and clang



The strong brass on his bosom rang ;  
Ha ! even the brave, when down he sprang, might wince to hear the  
sound !

And as an Ocean billow, on the far resounding shore,  
Driven gently by the West-wind's force moves onward evermore ;  
First swells he landward rolling, then smites the beach and breaks,  
Roaring amain, and butts the rocks,  
Crested and curl'd, with heaving shocks, and spits his briny flakes :  
So evermore the Grecians sway'd onward in their might,  
Rank after rank ; their princes led, and call'd them to the fight.  
Advanced they grimly silent ; silent their chiefs obey'd ;  
As though no voice nor speech in those ten thousand bosoms play'd :  
Glitter'd the many-colour'd arms which all their hosts array'd.  
But like to ewes the Trojans, like flocks of ewes that stand  
In the sheepfolds of a wealthy lord, and wait the milker's hand,  
And answer shrilly bleating to the bleating of their young ;—  
So far and wide the Trojans cried, and all their armies rung.  
No general speech among them, no common accents join'd ;  
Their speech was various as their race, mingled of every kind.  
And some urged Mars, some Pallas, queen of the bright blue eye ;  
Some Fear and Rout with panic shout, and Strife with eager cry.  
Of Mars the bloody manslayer the sister and ally ;  
Strife, small at the beginning, to whom such growth is given,  
She strikes her footsteps on the earth, her head is fix'd in heaven.  
Now universal discord betwixt the foes she flung,  
Right glad to mingle terribly their battling ranks among.  
So when they met together, confronted in one place,



Bull's-hides and spears with all their force thrust each in other's face,  
Those brazen-breasted warriors !—and every bossy shield  
Bang'd on his mighty opposite, and clang'd the echoing field !  
And rose there cry of anguish, and shout of triumph loud ;  
The din of slayers and of slain ; and ran the ground with blood !  
And as two mountain torrents, from ample founts that flow,  
Down rushing with their watery might clash in a gorge below ;  
And the shepherd in the sheeprun the tumult hears afar ;—  
So when they join'd were heard the rout and onset of the war.

Antilochus the Grecian was first to slay his man,  
Thalysian Echeplus hight that led the Trojan van.  
First on the helm he struck him where starts the plummy cone ;  
And pierced his brow that brazen blow, and crash'd it through the  
bone :

His eyes black death o'ersadow'd : he fell, as falls a tower,  
The mighty warrior, tall and big, o'erthrown in battle stour.  
The Abantian chief Elpenor seized him, and o'er him bent,  
And by the feet was haling him forth from the darts, intent  
Straightway to spoil his armour :—he haled ;—but short the space :—  
Agenor saw, and as he bent spied an unguarded place ;  
And on the loins he smote him, and loos'd his knees beneath :  
His spirit fled, and o'er his corse were done fell deeds of death,  
Of Trojans both and Grecians ; so like to wolves they ran  
One on another, front to front, and man o'er-master'd man.  
Then Ajax Telamonius young Simoësius struck,—  
Gallant and young, Anthemion's son ;  
Whose mother came from Ida down to Simoïs' sacred brook :

With her parents from the mountain to tend the sheep she came ;  
On Simoïs' bank she bore the child, and call'd it by his name.  
Her parents bred the infant ; he lived not to repay ;—  
So brief his date, so swift his fate, by Ajax slain that day.  
He fell among the foremost, struck full on mid right breast ;  
The spearhead through his shoulder drove ; the dusty soil he press'd.  
He fell, as falls a poplar, which erst in meadow grew,  
Smooth-stemm'd and branching at the head with honours ever new ;—  
A poplar which the wheelwright with glittering steel has plied,  
To bend the felloes for his car ;  
The branchless stem, now bleak and bare, lies by the river's side.  
So Ajax Jove-descended did Simoïsius spoil :  
But Antiphus Priamides  
Forth from the throng the slaughter sees, and darts at him the while.  
Ajax he miss'd, but Leucus, Ulysses' fere well-tried,  
Smote on the groin, as he the corse haled to his comrades' side.  
Down on the dead fell Leucus ; the corse escaped his clutch :—  
Ulysses for his fellow slain was wroth and troubled much.  
He rush'd among the foremost bright in his brazen gear ;  
Close he advanced, and peer'd around,  
Lest on himself might light a wound, then launch'd his glittering spear.  
And as he launch'd the Trojans gave way ; but not in vain  
The weapon flew ; for Priam's son,  
The bastard young Democoön, the javelin smote amain ;  
Who lately from Abydos his swiftfoot mares had driven :  
Ulysses slew him in his ire, skull struck and temples riven.  
He fell in death and darkness ; his rattling armour bray'd :  
Gave way the Trojans at the sight, nor e'en stout Hector stay'd.

Shouted aloud the Grecians, and bore away the slain ;  
Then forward rush'd, advancing far their battle on the plain :—  
Look'd down Apollo furious  
From the castled heights of Pergamus ; and thus he cried amain :—  
“ Stand, Trojans, stand, and yield not, but bear the Grecians' brunt :  
Their skin nor stone nor iron is, your piercing barbs to blunt ;  
Nor longer doth Achilles, son of fair Thetis, fight ;  
But by the galleys sits, and feeds his soul-consuming spite :”  
So from his lofty turret the terrible God he cried :—  
Tritonian Pallas, seed of Jove, rush'd to the Grecians' side ;  
And mingled with their wavering ranks, and all her force supplied.

Then the son of Amaryncus, Diores, fate o'erthrew ;  
A rugged stone his right shin smote ; from Piroüs' hand it flew,  
The Thracian chief from Ænus ; the unrelenting stone  
Descending rudely bared of flesh the sinews and the bone.  
Prone in the dust he tumbled, and spread to his allies  
Imploring hands, while life and soul came issuing with his sighs :  
But Piroüs, he that struck him, upon him rush'd to smite,  
And rent his groin ; his bowels gush'd, and closed his eyes in night.  
But lo ! the Ætolian Thoas against the victor flung ;—  
Above the nipple pierced his breast ;—the spear stood in the lung.  
He came and from the bosom the fatal weapon drew ;  
Unsheath'd his sword, the belly gash'd, and drain'd the life-blood  
through,—  
But could not spoil his armour ;—for round his comrades press'd,—  
The Thracians of the tufted hair,—to guard him, spear in rest.  
Big man and strong was Thoas, yet could not stay their thrust :

Repulsed he fell, and either foe,  
The Thracian and the Ætolian too, together bit the dust.  
Fell many more around them :—nor one who yet were sound,  
And through the midst, unharm'd of steel, yet walk'd on guarded  
ground,—  
One whom protecting Pallas led gently by the skirt,  
And warded every stroke of death, and saved from scathe and hurt,—  
Even might not such speak lightly of the deeds he there descried ;—  
For many a Trojan that fell day,  
And many a Greek, in dust they lay, extended side by side.

## BOOK V.

AND there to Diomedès, of Tydeus' valiant line,  
Pallas Athenè vigour gave and generous heat, to shine  
Illustrious 'mid the Grecians all, and conquer fame divine.  
Flash'd from his helm and buckler a bright incessant gleam ;  
Like Summer's star, that burns afar, new-bathed in Ocean's stream.  
So from his front and shoulders the radiant lightnings flash'd :—  
And now, by martial Pallas urged, 'mid thickest ranks he dash'd.

Among the Trojan people was Dares, rich and good ;  
A priest of Vulcan ;—his two sons in the Trojan battle stood ;  
Idæus hight and Phegeus ; both skill'd in deeds of war ;—  
And lo ! they press'd before the rest, conspicuous in their car.  
Rode these against Tydides ; on foot he met the twain ;  
And when they near together closed advancing o'er the plain,  
Then his slender-shadowing javelin first Phegeus poised and flung,  
But miss'd the foe ; the wandering shaft o'er his left shoulder swung.  
Not so Tydides vainly his brazen weapon hurl'd ;  
But hit mid-breast, between the paps, and down the warrior whirl'd.  
Leapt from his car Idæus, and turn'd and fled amain ;

Nor dared he stand with lifted hand to guard his brother slain :  
Yet had not then Idæus escaped by recreant flight ;  
But lest the sire should be bereaved  
Wholly, this one in clouds received the God withdrew from fight.  
Diomedè drove forth their horses, and to his comrades gave  
To lead them to the hollow ships ; but when the Trojans brave  
Beheld the sons of Dares, one by his chariot slain,—  
The other fleeing fast from fate,—their spirits chafed with pain.  
Then turn'd to Mars Athenè, and took his hand, and spake :—  
“ O murderous Mars, blood-boulter'd Mars, that makest the bulwarks  
shake !

The Grecians and the Trojans why cheer and aid we still ?  
Nay, rather let us leave the Sire to crown them, which he will !  
Shun we his wrath, and rest apart on stream or holy hill ! ”  
So spake she, and the War-god aside from battle led ;  
And set him on Scamander's banks :—the Trojans turn'd and fled.

Now slew each Argive leader a victim in the war :—  
And first Atrides, king of men, cast Hódios from his car,—  
Hódios, the Alizonian, all vainly wheeling round ;—  
The tough spear pierced him, back and breast ; he fell with brazen  
sound.

Next Phæstus the Mæonian Idomeneus o'ertook,  
As lightly on his car he leapt,—  
The lord who Tarnè's harvests swept ;—the lance his shoulder struck.  
Down from his car he tumbled ; night o'er him spread the veil :  
The followers of Idomeneus tore off his glittering mail.  
Menelæus then Scamandrus the son of Strophius, slew,



By Dian's self a hunter train'd ;—and well the warrior knew  
To hunt and hit all creatures wild broad field and forest through.  
But neither queen Diana, rejoicing in the bow,  
Saved him, nor all the skill wherewith his darts he wont to throw ;  
But spear-famed Menelaüs o'ertook him wheeling round,  
And pierced him through, from back to breast ;—  
He fell ; his armour, mail and vest, rang rattling on the ground.  
And Merion slew Phereclus, son of Harmonides,  
Skill'd in the joiner's various craft, Minerva skill'd to please ;  
Who built the ships of Paris, the ships that caused the woe ;  
That wrought for all the Trojans ill, and for himself alsò :  
For the Gods' decrees he knew not :—him, as he turn'd his heel,  
Merion pursuing caught, and through his buttock drove the steel.  
And straightway forth the bladder issued the reeking blade :  
Prone on his knees he fell, and death around him cast her shade.  
And Meges slew Pedæus, Antenor's bastard son,  
Whom chaste Theano rear'd at home, and cherish'd like her own  
For the love she bore her husband :—but Meges closed, and flung ;  
And through his nape the spear-head pierced, and cleft him, teeth and  
tongue.

In the dust he tumbled, biting the cold steel as he lay.  
Eurypylus Hypsenor too slew as he slipp'd away ;  
Priest of divine Scamander ; by men himself revered :  
He reach'd his shoulder, as he turn'd, and by the falchion shear'd  
Dropt down the mighty forearm, and smear'd the field with blood,  
And black death seal'd his eyes, and fate that cannot be withstood.

So through the ranks of battle the furious work they plied :

Nor of Tydides could you say  
Whether sustain'd he in the fray the Greek or Trojan side ;  
O'er all the field so raged he, like river swoln with rain,—  
Torrent, which swirling fierce along bursts bridge and dyke amain :  
For neither dyke nor causey rear'd high to fence the field,  
Nor barn-floor mound, with rampart crown'd, but to his power must  
yield ;

When down he rolls tremendous, and all Jove's waters pour ;  
And fair works many of lusty hinds sweeps he his surge before.  
So now the routed 'Trojans quail'd at Tydides' stroke :  
They shrank, though many, from his arm, and all their battle broke.

Now him thus fiercely raging when Pandarus descried,—  
Routing all Troy before his face,—a trusty shaft he tried,  
And aim'd he at Tydides ; and drew his buxom bow  
Quickly, and as he rush'd to smite,  
Hit he his shoulder on the right, the bulging breastplate through.  
With blood the mail was spatter'd :—then with exulting cry  
Exclaim'd Lycaon's glorious son :—" On ! gallant sons of Troy !—  
Ye bold steed-spurring Trojans !—the bravest Greek alive  
Is smitten by my mortal shaft ; nor long shall he survive,—  
Not long, my friends,—believe me !—the blow thus shrewdly  
given,

If Phœbus truly sent me forth with auguries from heaven !"  
Thus spake the bowman boasting :—but him the arrow keen  
Slew not ; but back a little space he stepp'd, the ranks between ;  
And thus before the horses, and chariot-rows, he cried :—  
" Ho ! comrade, quickly quit the car, thou valiant Capanide !

So may thy hand this arrow keen draw featly from my side !”

He spake, and leapt the driver from his chariot to the ground ;

And standing close the arrow keen drew throughly from the wound.

Then forth the twisted tunic darted the purple flood,

While thus the valiant Diomede to Pallas pray'd aloud :—

“ Now hear me, Atrytone ! child of the Thunderer Jove !

If e'er of old in stress of war my sire thou did'st approve ;

Now me too crown with favour, me bring thou to the foe,

And give this cozener to my hands within my javelin throw :

Who, aiming from a distance, has won this shot of me ;

And boasts that but one moment more bright sunlight I shall see !”

Thus spake Tydides praying, and gracious Pallas heard :

His knees she suppl'd, feet and hands ;

Then swift descending near him stands, and breathes the wingèd  
word :—

“ Now courage, brave Tydides ! and fight thou without fear :

Lo ! all thy bosom I inspire

With dauntless vigour of thy sire, spear-shaking cavalier !

And lo ! this day thine eyeballs I purge from mortal cloud,

So shalt thou learn, and well discern, the hero and the God.

Then if some God should venture to mingle in the fray,

Take heed, nor with Immortals dare the encounter to essay :—

With none, save haply Venus, daughter of Jove divine :—

Comes Venus mingling in the war, to wound her shall be thine !”

Thus spake the blue-eyed Goddess, and vanish'd from his sight :

Again Tydides to the front advanced, and join'd the fight,

And, furious as he was before, fought now with threefold might.

As a lion, whom the shepherd among his flocks afield

Hath wounded, as he scaled the fold,—hath wounded, but not kill'd,—  
With greater fury rages ;—the shepherd strikes no more,  
But hugs his shed, and leaves the sheep abandon'd at the door :  
Then flee the sheep confounded, and o'er the plain disperse ;  
Leaps forth the lion from the stall,  
Pursuing ;—so the Trojans all assail'd he, following fierce.

Astynöus and Hyperon Tydides next laid low ;  
The one above the paps he struck, with levell'd javelin-throw :  
With his big sword the other on shoulder-blade he smote ;  
Sever'd the shoulder from the back, and sever'd from the throat.  
These left he, and encounter'd Polyïdus and Abàs,  
Sons of the dream-interpreter the sage Eurydamas ;  
Who for them unreturning of dreams inquired in vain ;  
For now by stalwart Diomede both gallant youths were slain.  
And Xanthus eke, and Thoön he chased along the field ;  
Children late born of Phænops both ;—he caught them both and kill'd :—  
Children of ancient Phænops ;—to whom such teen is left ;—  
His sons return not from the war ;—  
His goods shall distant kinsfolk share, heirs of the sire bereft.  
Then Chromius and Echémon, youths twain, their blood that drew  
From Priam seed of Dardanus, both in one car he slew.  
And as a lion leaping down on the bosky mead  
Breaks neck of heifer or of ox that in the pasture feed ;  
So hurl'd those brothers from their car impetuous Diomede.  
To earth they dash'd indignant ; their glittering arms he strips,  
And to his comrades gives their steeds, to drive them toward the  
ships.

Now when beheld Æneas the slaughter and the rout,  
Right through the throng of spears he ran, and Pandarus he sought  
out ;

And when he found the hero, Lycaon's godlike son,  
He stood before him, face to face, and thus with speech begun :—  
“ Where is thy bow, good bowman ? thy wingèd arrows where ?  
Where all thy fame for bowman's craft, with which may none compare.  
Nor Trojan brave, nor Lycian ? now at Tydides aim,—  
With hands uplift in prayer to Jove,—who brings us so to shame !  
Of many a best and bravest the sinews hath he bow'd ;  
Unless some God it be, concern'd

For gifts denied, or counsel spurn'd ;—dire is the wrath of God ! ”

To him the Lycian hero, illustrious, answer made :—

“ Æneas, counsel-bearer sage of the Trojans bright-array'd,—

In sooth most like Tydides in helm and shield is he ;—

I ken his horses and his car ;—yet God he well may be :

Or if, as I believe him, illustrious 'Tydeus' son,

Then surely not without a God

He rages thus, but veil'd in cloud there aids and leads him on

One of the Powers immortal, who stay'd my arrow's point

Just as it reach'd the tender limb ;

For 'twas but now I launch'd at him, and pierced his shoulder-joint.

Right through his bossy breastplate : I deem'd the man was slain ;—

Flung forth to Hades :—but not so !—

Some God forsooth has curst my bow,—he breathes and fights again :

But lo ! with steeds and chariot I came not to the war,

Whereon to mount, and scour the plain impetuous, near and far ;

While in Lycaon's halls at home eleven chariots are,

All fair and well-compacted, curtain'd from dust and damp ;  
And stand beside each horses twain, and rye and barley champ.  
Ha ! well the brave old spearman admonish'd me that day,  
When forth I fared with bow afoot, to skirmish in the fray,—  
Rather to mount the chariot, and foremost meet the war ;—  
But I his counsel scorn'd to take,—which had been better far !  
I fear'd my gallant horses, that wont to feed their fill,  
Shut in the hold of men besieged would fare for forage ill :  
So there I left them, and afoot to Troy advanced I still.  
But the weapon which I trusted stands me in little stead :—  
Even now against two Argive chiefs, Menelas and Diomed,  
Shot I my piercing arrows ;—and both I wounded sore ;—  
From both the blood I plainly drew ;—but now they rage the  
more !

Curst be the day I shifted my weapons from the peg,  
And led to Troy my Lycian aids, when Hector came to beg !  
But if to wife and country I e'er return again,  
And view once more the lofty halls which erst I left in vain,—  
Then may the lusty foeman straightway strike off my head,  
But I will break and burn my bow, that stands in little stead !”  
To him replied Æneas, prince of the Trojans he :—  
“ Now cease from murmurs vain, for thus no luckier hap shall be,—  
Not till we both together my rapid chariot mount,  
And meet Tydides, foot to foot, and all his arms affront.  
Mount then, and see how nimbly my Tros-bred steeds shall fly,  
Well-train'd to charge, and halt, and wheel, and rush the foeman by.  
And these with us together the ramparts shall regain,—  
To give the day to Diomede if haply Jove be fain :—



Come then,—seize thou the sounding scourge and shake the glittering  
rein ;

And I will mount beside thee, the brunt of arms to bear :

Or thou await him, hand to hand ; and be the steeds my care !

Rejoin'd the Lycian hero :—" Guide thou the coursers fleet ;—

Their wonted driver they will hear,

And back the limber chariot bear, if bidden to retreat ;—

Lest haply they turn restive, nor snatch us from the fray,

Waiting thy well-known cry to hear, and us Tydides slay,

Springing upon us, thee and me, and drive these steeds away !

Take thou the reins, and manage the coursers and the car ;

And I will meet him, lance in hand, and stay the rushing war."

This said, the car they mounted and 'gainst Tydides spurr'd :—

Then Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, exclaim'd with wingèd word :—

" Tydides Diomedes, whom I revere and love,—

Lo ! seek thee out two warriors stout, their prowess prompt to prove !

One Pandarus the bowman, son of Lycaon he ;

And with him rides Æneas bold, who boasts the child to be

Of the glorious prince Anchises, and Venus, queen of love.

Come then, and mount we on the car, and from the fight remove ;

Nor in the van thus rage thou, lest haply thou be slain."—

To whom rejoin'd stout Diomede, and frown'd on him again :—

" No word to me of fleeing ; think not that I will hear :

Foul shame for me to fight and flee, and shrink askant with fear.

With strength restored and spirit I scorn the car to mount ;

But all afoot with spear and shield these twain will I affront.

Lo ! Pallas fires my courage :—but of these foemen twain,

If one shall hap by grace to 'scape, shall be the other slain ;

Nor both at least their swift-foot steeds shall bear safe home again.  
And this I bid thee further ;—and do thou mind it well ;—  
If bounteous Pallas give me grace these princes both to quell,—  
Then stay thou here our horses, fast bound to chariot-ring,  
And seize Æneas' team, nor fail

These to the Greeks with brazen mail forth from the foe to bring.  
For know, the Æneïan coursers come of that generous breed  
Which Jove on Tros the sire bestow'd, the price of Ganymede.  
These were the flower of horses from morn to setting sun :—  
Now of this breed Anchises some stole from Laomedon,  
Mares to his stallions putting :—these mares six foals they bore,  
There in his stables, and of those  
First for himself Anchises chose, and bred at manger four ;  
But two he gave Æneas, wherewith his foes to daunt :—  
Now if we seize these horses twain, right bravely will we vaunt !”

Thus while they spake together the Trojans onward press'd ;  
And first Lycaon's glorious son Tydides thus address'd :—  
“ Come, son of splendid Tydeus, brave bully, draw thou near !—  
Aha ! my shaft that flies so true  
Hath fail'd the foeman to subdue !—then try we with the spear !”  
So the slender-shadowing javelin he poised and hurl'd, and struck  
Full on Tydides' buckler ; flew  
The sundering spear-head featly through, and in the cuirass stuck.  
Then roar'd the Lycian o'er him :—“ Ha ! stricken through the groin !—  
Methinks thou canst bear up no more, now glory shall be mine !”  
“ A miss ! a miss !”—undaunted exclaim'd Tydides bold :—  
“ A miss ! a miss !—now one or both, ye 'scape not from my hold,

Ere fall ye, one or other, and satiate with your blood  
The terrible Mars, dread lord of wars, the impenetrable God !—  
He hurl'd, and Pallas guided the weapon as it swung ;  
It smote the cheek, the eye beneath,  
And shivering through the pearly teeth descending cleft the tongue ;  
Below the chin impetuous issued the brazen blade :—  
The Lycian tumbled from his car, and all his armour bray'd,  
His gay and glittering armour ; the steeds of fiery breath  
Quaked at the sound, and all his soul and strength dissolv'd in death.  
Leapt from the car Æneas with outstretch'd spear and shield ;  
He fear'd the Greeks might seize and drag the dead along the field.  
And so across the body, as a lion bold, he strode ;  
He held his spear before the breast, he held his buckler broad :  
And with loud shouts defied he the foe to meet his shock.—  
Lo ! Diomede grappled on the plain the fragment of a rock ;—  
Grasp'd with full force the boulder, which not two men could raise,—  
Not two could wield, such men as live in these degenerate days ;—  
Alone he featly hurl'd it ; it struck Æneas' hip,  
There where the thighbone meets the trunk close in the socket's lip.  
The rude rock broke the socket, and either sinew broke,  
And tore the tough skin clean away, so terrible the stroke.  
Dropp'd on his knee the Trojan, and scarce with failing might  
Steadied himself against the ground, and darkness veil'd his sight.  
And so the great Æneas had perish'd, king of men,  
But all his peril and his pain escaped not Venus' ken ;—  
Venus, his heavenly mother, who erst the hero bore  
To young Anchises, as his herds he led beside the shore.  
And now around her offspring her lucent arms she threw,

And o'er his limbs the ample folds of her shining mantle drew,  
From arrowy shaft to screen him ; lest haply in the fray  
Some Grecian's dart should pierce his heart, and him the loved one  
slay :

So from the war her darling child the Goddess stole away.

Nor then did Capanides his comrade's hest neglect ;  
In mid career his rushing steeds he drew aside and check'd,  
And to the car-rings rein'd them, apart from crash and throng ;  
Then leaping on Æneas' seat  
Drove forth those Troïan coursers fleet, the Grecian ranks among.  
To Deipylus he gave them; his fellow dear, who most  
His trust deserv'd, his favour shared, of all the Achaian host.  
And toward the shapely galleys he bade him speed amain ;  
Then his own car returning climb'd, and loos'd each glittering rein.  
And swift behind Tydides his thundering steeds he drove ;  
Who still with ruthless shaft pursued fair Cypris, queen of love ;  
Knowing how weak the Goddess, nor such a Power as are  
Minerva and Bellona dread that lead the ranks of war.  
And when he reach'd her fleeing, fast following through the maze,  
With brandish'd javelin bounding on, her skin he just might graze :  
Just pierced he through her mantle the wrist above the palm,—  
The mantle which the Graces wrought, sweet with ambrosial balm.  
Well'd forth the lymph celestial, ichor, which Spirits shed ;  
Such essence rare drop Shapes of air, such blood by Gods is bled.  
For earthly bread they eat not, nor drink the wine so bright ;  
Wherefore all bloodless are the Blest, and aye Immortal hight.  
Ha ! loudly scream'd the Goddess, and off her son she shook :

But him all safely with his hands Phœbus Apollo took  
And breathed dark mist around him, lest haply in the fray  
Some Grecian's dart might pierce his heart, and snatch his life away.  
Then roar'd amain Tydides :—" Flee hence, thou child of Jove !—  
Flee thou from war and strife of blows !—enough thy power to prove  
On weak and nerveless women !—seek'st thou the warriors' game ?—  
War shalt thou learn to loathe outright, and dread his very name !"  
He spake ; but off she flitted, in dolorous pain and woe,  
Forth from the rout by Iris led,  
Smarting with pain, her skin so red all blackening from the blow.

Mars to the left was sitting, as pass'd the Goddess by,  
Apart from war ; against a cloud his lance was leaning nigh,  
And car and swiftfoot horses : to him the queen complain'd,  
And bow'd to him, and begg'd of him his coursers golden-maned :  
And cried she :—" Save me, brother ! lend me thy coursers fleet,  
That I may reach Olympus high, the Gods' august retreat.  
A wound, a wound so pains me !—a blow by mortal given,—  
By Diomedes, who would dare assault even Jove, the lord of heaven !"  
She spake ; the War-god gave her his steeds with gilded manes ;  
The car she mounted, pain'd and sad, and Iris took the reins.  
Whirl'd she the whip and lash'd them ; the steeds impetuous sped,  
And quickly reach'd the seats august, Olympus' lofty head.  
The steeds windfooted Iris forth from the chariot took ;  
Unclasp'd the reins, and in their racks ambrosial barley shook ;  
While Venus on her mother Dionè's bosom fell :  
Clasp'd she her daughter, stroked her cheek ;  
With gentle words then bade her speak, and all her sorrows tell :—



"Ah! tell me, dearest darling, what Power with reckless spleen  
Hath hurt thee thus, as though in crime detected thou hadst been?"

Replied fair Venus, queen of smiles:—" 'Twas 'Tydeus' son, I ween!

'Twas he, 'twas Diomedes that stabb'd me with the spear;

For that I stole from war away my child Æneas dear.

Now is the deadly combat of Trojan and of Greek

No more, but with immortal Gods the Greeks encounter seek."

To whom replied Dionè, the venerable queen:—

"Be patient, child, for oft before

We Gods Olympian, smitten sore, of men have suffer'd teen,

Each through another's malice: Mars suffer'd when with chain

Otus and Ephialtes strong, sons of Aloëus twain,

Constrain'd his limbs indignant in brass-bound barrel cast;

And there the God, moons twelve and one, in durance held they  
fast.

And so the valiant War-god had perish'd in despair,

But that their step-dame, hating them, Eëriboëa fair,

His hap reveal'd to Hermes; he stole away the God

Tortured, and wearied of his chain, bruise'd by that iron load.

And suffer'd sovereign Juno, when her beneath the throat

The strong child of Amphitryon with thrice-barb'd arrow smote:

Exceeding pain she suffer'd:—and suffer'd Pluto dread,

Among the rest, an arrowy wound by that same archer sped,

Seed of the ægis-bearer; who standing in the Gate

Dealt his keen shafts among the Shades:—then Pluto climb'd and sate

High on the Olympian summit, with Jove, the Blest among,

Groaning, and pierced with bitter smart;

Fix'd in his shoulders stood the dart, his shoulders broad and strong.



Thereon the king Pæonian his soothing balsams spread,  
And heal'd him ; for he may not die,—the Ruler of the dead !  
Audacious he and reckless, whoe'er with impious arm  
Hath dared with dart the Gods to reach, the Olympian Powers to  
harm !

But now forsooth 'twas Pallas this mortal match'd with thee !—  
Fool he !—nor knew he, nor confess'd how brief their date should be,  
Who combat with the Immortals, and make the Gods their foes :  
No children on their knees shall climb, when they from war repose.  
Wherefore let now Tydides, strong though he be and bold,  
Take heed, lest one more strong than he 'gainst him the war uphold ;  
And oft Ægialeæ, his chaste Adrastian spouse,  
From startling dream awake and scream, and men and maidens rouse,—  
Ah ! yearning for her lusty mate,  
The bravest of the Grecian state, the bulwark of her house ! ”  
Then with both hands the moisture from Venus' wrist she brush'd ;  
The hurt was heal'd, the throbbing sooth'd, and all her cries were  
hush'd.

But Juno saw and Pallas, and with the Father chode ;  
And thus the blue-eyed Pallas first exclaim'd, and mock'd the God :—  
“ Great Father, be not angry at that I now shall say :—  
Methinks hath Cypris charm'd forsooth some Argive dame away,  
To flit and flee with Trojans ;—for Troy affects she much ;  
And fondling there this leman fair with soft enticing touch,  
Hath happ'd her slender wrist to chafe against the golden brooch ! ”  
She spake, and lo ! the Father of Gods and men he smiled ;  
And Venus straight he call'd, and thus address'd his golden child :—

“ ’Tis not for thee, my daughter, the warriors’ works to share ;  
But thou on rites of marriage wait, thou joys of love prepare ;  
And leave to Mars and Pallas stern these feats of arms to dare ! ”

Now thus one to another the Gods their speech address’d :—  
Meanwhile loud-cheerer Diomede Æneas hotly press’d.  
He mark’d how o’er the Trojan Apollo waved his hand ;  
Yet dared in glorious hardihood the Immortal to withstand,  
Burning to slay Æneas, and spoil his arms outright :  
And thrice against the foe he rush’d, to reach him and to smite ;  
And thrice Apollo backward push’d, and bang’d his buckler bright.  
But when he rush’d the fourth time even like a God in war,  
Shouted Apollo terribly the Darter-from-afar :—

“ Be sane, sir, and refrain, sir, nor match thy strength with me !  
Nor deem, Tydides rash and vain,  
Immortal Gods and groundling men are equal in degree ! ”  
He spake, and lo ! Tydides a moment stay’d the war  
To shun the anger of the God, the Darter-from-afar.  
Apollo from the medley the Trojan caught, and bare  
Apart to sacred Pergamus, where stood his temple fair ;  
And him the huntress Dian, and Lato nursed him well,  
With healing balms and soothing hands, strown in the mighty cell.  
But conjured up a phantom Apollo Silverbow,  
Æneas-like in form and face, in shape and armour too :  
And o’er the phantom stoutly the Greeks and Trojans ’fought ;  
Smote the bright mail upon their breasts, their leathern bucklers  
smote.

And now Apollo Phœbus the War-god thus bespake :—

“ O murderous Mars, blood-boulter’d Mars, that makest the bulwarks  
quake !

Go now, and from the battle Tydides hale away ;

The man who even with Father Jove would dare engage in fray !

First has he closed with Venus, and smote her wrist, and hurt ;

And now ’gainst me with godlike soul has dared his strength assert ! ”

Then on the crest of Ilium he pinnacled his seat ;

While Mars, in form of Acamas, the Thracian leader fleet,

Inspired the Trojan warriors once more the fight to join ;

And thus address’d he Priam’s sons, princes of race divine :—

“ Ye Jove-born sons of Priam, how long will ye stand by,

And let the Greeks our brothers slay ?

Shall they pursue, and urge the fray even to the gates of Troy ?

Fallen is the friend we honour’d not less than Hector brave,—

Æneas, great Anchises’ son,—

In battle surge ;—on, brothers, on, and drag him from the wave ! ”

He spake, and roused within them the force and fire of each :

And thus Sarpedon Hector brave rebuked with bitter speech :—

“ Where is thy strength departed, O Hector, stout of old ?

Think’st thou alone, without allies, to guard the Trojan hold,—

With thine own kinsmen only ?—of whom can none be found ;—

So shrink they from the war, as from the lion shrinks the hound !

’Tis we that combat for ye, we helpers and allies,—

Such as myself, who came from far,—for far my country lies.

Far are the plains of Lycia, on Xanthus’ eddying wave :

There left I wife and child late born,

There all my cattle, wine and corn, for needy folks to crave.

Here have I no such dear ones, for the Greeks to seize or slay ;

Here no such treasures, for their hands to lift or lead away ;  
Yet none the less my Lycian hosts impel I to the fray ;—  
While thou art standing listless, nor dost thine own inflame  
With courage to withstand the shock, and guard their wives from shame !  
I fear lest ye, like fishes, swept in the narrow sein,  
To all the Greeks that round ye rage become a catch and gain ;  
And they your lordly city shall storm and spoil outright :  
Then counsel take, and watch and wake, nor rest thou day and night,  
But urge thou all the captains of all our hosts allied,  
And fight with courage stout and staunch ;—nor vainly threat and  
chide.”

Thus murmur'd bold Sarpedon : winced Hector at the sound ;  
And straightway from his car he leapt all arm'd upon the ground.  
Then two keen javelins shaking from rank to rank he tore ;  
And left and right he waked the fight, and stirr'd the strife once more.  
Wheel'd round the rallying Trojans, and 'gainst the Greeks made head :  
The Greeks array'd their onset stay'd, nor cowering turn'd and fled.  
And as about the barn-floor the light-blown flakes are borne,  
When sturdy threshers ply the flail,  
And Ceres with the driving gale winnows her chaff and corn ;  
And all the floor is whiten'd ;—so then the Grecian host  
Grew white beneath the surging dust by mingling horse-hooves tost  
Up to the brazen welkin, as wheel'd the charioteers :  
The Trojans press'd the shock direct, and thrust their throng of spears.  
But Mars around the battle a dismal darkness flung,  
The Trojans in the stress to aid, and leapt their ranks among ;—  
So bade him bright Apollo, lord of the golden brand :  
For flown was Pallas,—so he spied,—and ceas'd for Greece to stand.

Then from his shrine Apollo himself Æneas drew,  
Leader of hosts, and in his breast breathed force and vigour new.  
Lo ! 'mid the Trojans stood he !—right glad his help to claim,—  
Alive and sound, with limbs fresh-nerv'd,—they ask'd not whence he  
came :

No time to ask or answer ;—so press'd the forceful fray,  
Which Silverbow had waked to life,  
And murderous Mars, and angry Strife impatient of delay !

The Greeks meanwhile Ulysses and either Ajax led,  
And Diomede, and bade them fight, and 'gainst their foes make head.  
Despite their force and clamour :—they dauntlessly withstood ;  
Like clouds that, marshall'd rank by rank, on the mountain summits  
brood ;

When Jove the Storm-allayer commands, and sleeps the fierce  
North-wind, and every violent blast,  
Which else, with shrill voice sweeping fast, shall all their shades dis-  
perse.

So the Greeks the foeman's onset awaited, void of fear ;  
While through their ranks Atrides ran, with gallant words to cheer :—  
“ Now play the man, I charge ye ; now all your strength recall ;  
And steadfast through the combat stand, and each keep faith with all.  
Of generous men and gallant some fall, but more survive ;  
While of the recreant selfish-soul'd nor life nor honour thrive.”  
He spake, and straight his javelin against the foremost threw :  
Æneas' friend, Deïcoon, the sharp point pierced and slew ;  
Whom with the sons of Priam all Troy in worship held,  
So with the first he foremost charged ; so stout the Greeks repell'd :

But pierced him Agamemnon, through belt and buckler round ;  
Nor belt nor buckler stay'd the steel, but midwaist gaped the wound :  
To earth he fell with brazen din, and clang'd his arms around.  
And so did great Æneas smite Grecian princes twain ;  
Orsilochus and Crethon both he strow'd upon the plain ;  
Sons they of rich Diocles, who dwelt in Phera fair,  
And from Alpheüs, watery God,  
Who Pylia laves with torrent broad, derived his lineage rare.  
For 'gat divine Alpheüs Orsilochus of old,  
Of many nations king supreme ; and he Diocles bold :  
And sprang there from Diocles these twins, untimely kill'd.  
Orsilochus and Crethon hight, in various warfare skill'd.  
These, when they came to manhood, in sable galleys sail'd  
To Ilium nurse of steeds, and join'd the Grecians brazen-mail'd :  
And fought these twain at Ilium to do the Atridæ right ;  
But both the destined doom of death enwrap't in shades of night.  
And as when on the mountains, deep in a shady wood,  
Two lions of one mother whelp'd have grown, a grisly brood ;  
And now on herdsman's homestead, on beeves and sheep they fall,  
And bear away the lusty prey, and rifle crib and stall ;  
But then by well-arm'd hunters are smitten with the steel ;—  
So these beneath Æneas' hand, like two tall fir-trees, reel.

But warlike Menelaus the falling heroes mourn'd ;  
Thorough the foremost ranks he rush'd ; his brazen helmet burn'd.  
And flash'd his long spear quivering : Mars all his soul impell'd,  
Meaning that by Æneas' hand his courage should be quell'd.  
Antilochus espied him, son of the Pylian king,



And he too through the foremost push'd the needful aid to bring.  
Much fear'd he for the leader of the great Achaian host,  
Lest he should fall, and die the death, and all their pains be lost.  
And now these two together advanced in arms forthright ;  
And each before him thrust his spear, impatient for the fight ;  
Antilochus attending close by Atrides' side :  
Nor dared Æneas, valiant else, the unequal shock to bide,  
Of warriors twain 'gainst him alone in hardiment allied.  
So these the mangled bodies back to the Grecians bore,  
And cast them to their squires to spoil ; then turn'd to fight once more.  
And there the War-god's rival slew they, Pylæmenes ;  
Chief of those valiant warriors he, the bold Paphlagon.  
Him, firmly fix'd to meet them, struck full on shoulder-blade  
With spear Atrides Menelas,—and mortal wound he made.  
And next his driver Mydon Antilochus o'erthrew :  
Him as he wheel'd his chariot round. in act to flee, he slew :  
For full upon the elbow he smote him with a stone ;  
The reins all white with ivory in the dust fell loosely down :  
The Grecian then against him sprang, and his temple struck :—  
Breathless he tumbled from his car headlong, and pitch'd, and stuck  
In the deep soft sand beneath him : the coursers as they went  
Prancing, o'erturn'd him on the plain ;  
The victor lash'd them with the rein, and towards his comrades sent.  
  
These duels dire had Hector descried amid the fight :  
Shouting he strode ; behind him throng'd the Trojans in their might.  
Mars led them and Bellona ; and both their ensigns bore ;  
The one a shape of brawling strife upon her breastplate wore ;

His giant lance the other shook behind him and before !  
Now shudder'd when he saw him loud-cheerer Diomed :—  
And as a traveller, who from far o'er the broad champain led,  
Stopp'd by some mighty torrent down swirling to the sea,—  
Boiling and foaming,—helpless stands, then backward bends his knee ;  
So then gave way Tydides, and to his warriors cried :—  
“ Lo ! friends, this Hector, name of dread,—the ‘Trojans’ flower and  
pride,—

Beside this terrible Hector some God, I say, doth stand ;  
And Mars even now, in mortal shape, 'tis Mars directs his hand !  
Then yield !—yet ever facing the Trojans as ye yield ;  
Nor dare ye 'gainst opposing Gods to keep the well-fought field ! ”  
Thus spake he ;—but the Trojans press'd on as these withdrew ;  
And Hector of their warriors twain, twain in one chariot slew,  
Anchialus and Mnesthes, in feats of prowess skill'd :—  
Big Ajax son of Telamon much grieved to see them kill'd ;  
And close he drew, and brandish'd his shaft, and aim'd aright,—  
Flung, and the son of Selagus he hit, Amphius hight ;  
Who dwelt at home at Pæsus ; a wealthy man ;—but fate  
Led him, the wretch, for all his wealth, to fall for Priam's state,—  
Struck on the belt by Ajax :—the slender-shadowing spear  
Stood fix'd beneath his waist ; he fell, and clang'd his brazen gear.  
Leapt forth victorious Ajax eager his spoils to wield :  
The Trojans o'er the hero pour  
Their javelins keen, a glittering store, all buried in his shield !  
Then on the dead man trampling he pluck'd his spear away ;—  
No more ; from breast he could not tear the glittering armour gay ;  
So sore the darts assail'd him : he fear'd the encountering band

Of valiant Trojans gathering round impetuous, spear in hand :  
They quell'd him and repell'd him, stout though he was and strong :  
They thrust him back with close attack ; he yielded to the throng.

Thus strove the panting warriors in direful medley blent :—  
Meanwhile the strong resistless Fate 'gainst great Sarpedon sent  
Alcides' son Tlepol'mus, brave man of mighty mould :  
And when they close together drove,—  
The grandchild and the child of Jove,  
The storm-engendering Power above,—spake first the Grecian bold :—  
“ Sarpedon, Lycian leader, now say, what need for thee  
To drive from far and seek the war, unwarlike though thou be ;  
And blench at sight of battle, and faint, and weakly nod ?—  
Now vainly draw men thy descent from the ægis-bearing God !  
Ha ! falsely do they slander the glorious kings of yore,  
Who claim'd their birth from sovereign Jove, and his true tokens bore !  
Far other was my father, the strong man Hercules,—  
The lion-hearted !—when he came his hire withheld to seize,  
Laomedon's fair coursers,—Laomedon the cheat !  
With ships but six, and warriors few,  
Troy's lofty towers he overthrew, and widow'd every street !  
But mean thy force and courage ; and so thy people die.  
And to the Trojans now, methinks, small aid shalt thou supply,  
Thou mighty man from Lycia :—though man of might thou be,  
Ha ! by my hand subdued and slain hell-gate thou soon shalt see ! ”  
Replied divine Sarpedon, chief of the Lycian band :—  
“ Nay, laud not thou thy sire too much ;—'tis true, his valiant hand  
O'ermaster'd sacred Ilium, for the folly and the pride

Of him, who ill repaid his deeds, and promised hire denied ;  
Nor gave the glorious horses, for which he came from far :—  
But thee I promise death and doom for guerdon of this war !  
Now shalt thou yield me glory, by me to Hades hurl'd !”  
So cried Sarpedon :—but the Greek his ashen weapon whirl'd ;  
And both their darts together flew hissing through the air :  
They flew, and through the Grecian's throat shot clean Sarpedon's  
spear.

Thus wrapp'd in mortal darkness did brave Tlep'ol'mus die :—  
But he too with his length of lance had pierced Sarpedon's thigh :  
Right through the nerves and sinews the shivering steel had run.  
And in the bone impetuous stuck ;—but Jove yet saved his son !

So fell divine Sarpedon ; his comrades raise full swift,  
And bear him wounded from the place, and on their shoulders lift.  
The long shaft him pain'd him trailing ; for none perceived, nor thought  
To draw the barb forth ; so were they confounded and distraught.  
On the other side the Grecians bore off Tlep'ol'mus slain :  
Valiant Ulysses spied his fall ; and raged his soul amain,  
Impatient to avenge him : but ponder'd he at heart,  
Should he the Thunderer's son pursue,  
Or at the general Lycian crew let fly with spear and dart !  
But Fate forbade Ulysses to slay the child of Jove ;  
Wherefore Athenè on the throng bade him his prowess prove.  
Then Cœranus amongst them, Alastor, Chromius too,  
Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, Noëmon eke he slew.  
And other Lycian princes the hero's hand had fell'd ;  
But Hector of the glittering helm the dire attack beheld :

And through the foremost fighters he strode in brazen light,  
Joy bearing to the Trojan ranks, to all their foes affright :—  
And whisper'd weak the wounded man, rejoicing at the sight :—  
“ Now help me, seed of Priam, nor let me forth be cast,  
Spoil for the Greeks ! but bear me hence, in Troy to breathe my last !  
For sooth no more returning homeward shall I with joy  
My dear land see, nor gladden more my spouse, and infant boy.”  
He said ; nor bright-helm'd Hector made sign, nor aught replied ;  
But forward bent, and forward leapt impetuous from his side,  
To drive the Greeks, and smite and slay, and rout them far and  
wide !

Meanwhile divine Sarpedon his comrades bore, and strow'd  
Beneath the nobly-branching beech of the ægis-wielding God.  
And from his thigh the javelin, long ashen shaft, tugg'd out  
A trusty friend ;—was none more dear than Pelagon the stout.  
At once his senses flee him ; mists o'er his eye-balls roll ;  
But Boreas' breathings, round him flung, relieve his gasping soul.

And now while bright-helm'd Hector and Mars impell'd the fight,  
The Grecians could not hold their ground, nor fled they yet outright,  
Still face to face retreating, still answering blow with blow ;  
When Mars before them they descried, Mars marshalling the foe !  
And now whom first o'erthrew they,—whom last beneath them trod,—  
Bright-crested Hector, Priam's seed, and Mars the brazen God ?—  
They slew the godlike Teuthras, and swift Orestes too ;  
And Trechus and CEnomaus ;  
And with CEnopian Helenus Oresbius they o'erthrew :  
Oresbius, gay with ribbons, soft Hyle's wealthy lord,



Who on Cephissus' flowery banks his fruits reclining stored ;  
And with him dwelt, Bæotians all, his sleek and idle horde.

Now these when queenly Juno the white-arm'd Goddess spied  
Slaughtering the Grecians in the fray,  
To Pallas turn'd she, and straightway with wingèd words she cried :—  
“ Ha ! Atrytone, daughter of ægis-bearing Jove,  
The pledge we gave that Atreus' son  
Safe home should wend from 'Troy undone, will false and futile prove,  
If thus to slay and harry we suffer felon Mars !  
Come then, and let us too resolve to mingle in these wars ! ”  
She spake ; nor blue-eyed Pallas the queen's behest denied ;  
And Juno, venerable queen, to fetch her coursers hied,  
The coursers golden-frontleted, with manes of golden pride.  
And Hebe to the chariot the buxom wheels attach'd ;  
The brazen wheels, at either end of the iron axle match'd :  
Eight spokes they had, and round them their felloes shone with gold ;  
And brazen tires, compact and close, a wonder to behold ;  
And right and left the silver naves about the axle roll'd.  
Shone bright the pole with silver ; on gilded straps reposed  
The car secure, with rails and rings at front and flank inclosed.  
To the pole the queen adjusted the shapely golden yoke  
Furnish'd with thongs, all gilded fair ; and then her steeds she broke,  
The fiery-footed coursers, and bound them to the car ;  
Impatient for the battle cry, impatient for the war !

Meanwhile the blue-eyed daughter of Jove, high lord of all,  
Across the threshold of her sire her various robe let fall ;



The mantle she had broider'd with her own hands, and wove ;  
Then on her breast the mail she bound of cloud-amassing Jove.  
Thus arm'd for cruel battle all terrible she stood,  
The ægis o'er her shoulders slung, with tassels echoing loud ;--  
The dreadful echoing ægis, all throng'd with forms of dread :—  
For there were Strife and Force and Fear, and the monstrous Gorgon's  
head,

Grisly and grim, Jove's portent :—next on her brows she placed  
The helm four-crested, ridged around, with golden splendours graced,—  
Studded with shapes an hundred of bands array'd for fight !—  
Then on the flaming car she leapt, and waved her javelin's might ;—  
Huge javelin, strong and pond'rous, wherewith she kindles fire  
In heroes' hearts, or routs with fear ;—dread Child of dreadful Sire !  
Then Juno smote the horses,—forward the horses leapt ;—  
Roar'd wide at once the Gates etern by the Hours immortal kept ;—  
The Hours who guard Olympus ; to whom such charge is given  
The cloudy barriers to unroll, or mantle earth and heaven !  
Through these she spurr'd the horses, and reach'd the Father's  
throne,

Where on the long-ridged mountain crest topmost he sate alone.  
There white-arm'd Goddess Juno the foaming coursers stay'd ;  
And there the great Saturnian king accosted she, and said :—  
“ Avenge, avenge, O Father, the lawless deeds of Mars !  
See what a host, how great and brave, o'erturns he in the wars !  
He recks not right nor reason ; he makes my spirit smart !  
While Venus and the silver-bow'd Apollo smile apart,  
His senseless frenzy urging, and unconsider'd might :--  
Now should I strike and make him bleed,

And drive him headlong, such a deed wouldst thou with wrath  
requite?"

Replied the Cloud-amasser:—"Up now, and 'gainst him urge  
Athene, queen of hosts, who wont of yore this Power to scourge!"

He spake; nor stinted Juno the furious lash to ply;

And with a will her coursers flew 'twixt earth and starry sky.

For the horses of the Immortals such space in thunder leap,

As from a cliff the view of man

The far ærial haze may scan across the wine-dark deep.

But when Troy-town approaching they lighted on the plain,

Where Simoïs and Scamander join, there Juno drew the rein;

Loosed from the yoke the coursers, and shed a mist around;

While Simoïs bade ambrosial food spring richly from the ground.

Like doves with noiseless pinions glided the queens divine,

Eager to aid the Greeks, and with immortal forces join:

And when they came where gather'd the bravest of the host,

Round Diomed, queller of the steed, rushing and thronging most,—

Most like raw-ravening lions, or wild boars, strong and stout,—

There glorious Juno stay'd her flight, and raised the battle-shout:

In shape of sturdy Stentor, the brazen-throated, seen,—

Who shouted far as fifty men,—shouted the white-arm'd Queen:—

"Shame on ye, shame, ye Grecians! comely, but cowards all!

Erst, when divine Achilles wont

Himself the ranks of Troy affront, and press'd them to the wall,—

Go forth the Trojans dared not their Dardan gates outside;—

They fear'd, I say, his terrible lance:—

Now far from shelter they advance, and 'midst our galleys ride."

She spake, and fired the courage of the Grecians, every man :  
Meanwhile Minerva, blue-eyed Queen, swift to Tydides ran.  
She found the lordly warrior seated by horse and car,  
Tending the wound of Pandar's dart, and breathing from the war.  
The clotted sweat distress'd him, rubb'd by the buckler's band ;  
The blood and gore they chafed him sore, and droop'd his weary  
hand.

So his broad belt upholding he wiped the clots away :—  
The Goddess touch'd his chariot-yoke, and deign'd she thus to  
say :—

“ O thou, unlike, unworthy great Tydeus' son to be !  
Tydeus, forsooth, of stature small, but prompt to fight was he !  
And when I check'd and held him, nor suffer'd him to rage,—  
Then when alone to Thebes he came on peaceful ambassage,—  
Amongst the fierce Cadmeans I bade him feast and stay :  
Even then his generous spirit burn'd ; he challenged them to play  
He flung them all in wrestling ;—such was the strength I gave ;  
So stout is my auxiliar hand :  
But thou with whom I ever stand to succour and to save ;—  
Thou whom I speed in battle, and stedfastly defend ;—  
Thine arm doth it with heat relax ? thy knees with labour bend ?  
Sated art thou with battle ? or shrink'st thou with affright ?  
Then be no more among the Greeks great Tydeus' offspring hight ! ”  
And heard her, and addressed her Tydides, and replied :—  
“ I hear thee, Goddess, child of Jove ; I mark thee at my side !  
And truly will I rede thee, nor aught will I conceal :  
No listless sloth restrains me now, no recreant fears I feel :  
Nay, but I still remember, and yield to thy command ;

'Twas thou that bad'st me to retire, nor 'gainst Immortals stand :—  
'Gainst none, save haply Venus, daughter of Jove divine :—  
Should Venus mingle in the fray, to wound her should be mine.  
Wherefore I yield refraining myself, and others too  
Throughout the Grecian ranks I bid refrain, and yield also ;  
For Mars behold I in the field, Mars marshalling the foe !”  
To whom the blue-eyed Goddess :—“ Now, dearest to my heart !  
Brave son of Tydeus, Diomedes, play now the bolder part !  
This Mars dread thou no longer, nor other Power above ;  
Such force will I impart to thee, such charm auxiliar prove !  
Then on, and Mars assail thou, this Mars, all else before :  
Strike hand to hand this valiant God that rageth evermore.  
Nor thou this made-up mischief regard, this cozeners vile ;  
Who with myself and Juno swore, and covenant made erewhile,  
For Troy to fight no longer, but now for Greece to stand ;  
Yet with the Trojans joins in arms, nor reckes his plighted hand !”  
She spake, and from his chariot the driver down she threw,  
Pulling him backward : off rush'd he, when he the assailant knew.  
And lo ! the glorious Goddess, she bounded to the car,  
Athenè by Tydides' side, impatient for the war !  
And groan'd the beechen axle by the mighty burden press'd ;  
The Goddess huge and terrible, the man of heroes best !  
She whirl'd the lash resounding, and swift the coursers strode ;  
And straightway sprang the dire allies against the warrior-God.

Blood-boulter'd Mars was spoiling gigantic Periphas,  
The Ætolian chief, Ochesius' son ;—a glorious spoil he was !—  
And Hades' cap donn'd Pallas to screen her from his sight :

But when blood-boulter'd Mars perceived Tydides in the fight,  
Then Periphas gigantic he quitted where he lay,—  
Where he had strown him on the field,—and sought the nobler prey.  
Against Tydides rode he, stout queller of the steed ;—  
And face to face and hand to hand he came with sounding speed ;  
Then o'er the yoke and horses outstretching from the wheel,  
The God, in haste to smite and slay, impetuous launch'd the steel.  
But Pallas from her chariot the weapon wrung askance ;  
Whirr'd by the shaft with aimless speed ;—  
And next loud cheerer Diomedé flung he with brazen lance.  
And Pallas urged it onwards, and drove it shrewdly in,  
Where mid waist round the sash was wound, and tore the shining  
skin.

Again she clutch'd and drew it :—the War-god shouted sore.  
As thrice three thousand men in fight, and eke a thousand more !  
And Grecians, lo ! and Trojans quaked all with panic fear,  
The roaring of the terrible God, the brazen God to hear !

And as, by heats engender'd, a darkling mist ascends  
From forth the haze, in summer's blaze, when stormy gale impends ;—  
So 'mid the clouds ascended Mars in Tydides' sight ;  
And swiftly reach'd the seats divine on far Olympus' height.  
And there by Jove Saturnian he sate, and groan'd aloud  
In pain, and oozing from his wound he show'd the ambrosial blood.  
With wingèd words complaining to Father Jove he said :—  
“ Avenge, avenge this impious blow !—  
See how, while succouring men below, the Gods have ever bled,  
Each God by other's malice !—of thee all heaven complains ;



Far than the accursed Power begat'st, that every crime sustains.  
We quail beneath thy censure ; we bend at thy command,  
Immortals all : she reigns alone,  
Unblinded, uncheck'd by look or tone, unstay'd by sovereign hand !  
She is thine own, thy daughter ! and she may work her will,—  
The curst one !— she against the Gods may drive a mortal still !  
Even now Tydides wounded fair Venus on the wrist ;  
Again at me hath launch'd the spear,—bold as a God,—nor miss'd.  
Scarcely escap'd I fleetly fleeing ; else had I fallen beneath  
The slaughter'd heaps, and long had lain sore stunn'd and reft of  
breath ;  
Or fainting with his brazen blows had lived a living death ! ”  
Thereat the Cloud-amasser with frowns the God address'd :—  
“ Nay, sit not by, and wail and cry,—  
Thou shiftiest cozener in the sky,—of Gods the hatefullest !  
For strife and wars and tumults are ever to thy mind :  
In thee thy mother's spirit breathes, unyielding, unconfined.  
Scarcely my rebuke regards she, scarce quails at my command :  
Methinks, 'tis she hath done the hurt ; thou sufferest at her hand !—  
Nathless this ache and anguish shall trouble thee no more ;  
For thou too art my child, and thee to me thy mother bore.  
But if from ever another thou, imp accurst, hadst sprung,  
Ha ! thee long since to deepest depths of Hades had I flung ! ”  
He spake, and at his bidding the medicinale Chief,  
Poon, his soothing balsams mix'd, and spread, and gave relief :—  
For Mars was born immortal :—and as moist rennet stirr'd  
Amid the white milk fast congeals, and stiffens it to curd ;  
So fast the wound skinn'd over, and rested valiant Mars :



And Hebe wash'd him clean and fair,  
And o'er his limbs threw raiment rare ;—  
By Jove he sate, with glorious air, and overlook'd the wars !  
Meanwhile the Argive Juno, and Pallas, succouring Power,  
To Jove's abode returning rode, and sate in sacred bower ;  
For Mars had they refrain'd that day from blood and battle-stour !

## BOOK VI.

**L**O! now both Greeks and Trojans were shorn of heavenly aid :  
Rush'd the dread fight across the plain, hither and thither  
sway'd.

'Twixt Simois and Scamander they hurl'd their weapons bright ;  
And Ajax Telamonius first, Achaian bulwark hight,  
The Trojan powers asunder burst, and gave his comrades light.  
For he smote a noble chieftain, best of the Thracians all,  
Son of Eusorus, Acamas, a warrior stout and tall.  
First on his crested helmet the ponderous lance fell full ;  
The weapon in his forehead stuck, the keen point pierced his skull ;  
Darkness his eyes o'ersadow'd :—next loud-voiced Diomed  
Axylus, son of Teuthras, smote and number'd with the dead ;—  
Who dwelt in fair Arisbè, wealthy and loved of yore :  
Wide by the wayside ever stood his hospitable door.  
But of all he cheer'd and feasted with kindness at his board,  
Was none to stand before his face and bitter death to ward.  
And fell his squire Calesius by a second javelin-thrust ;  
The friend who wont his steeds to drive ;—and both were clothed in dust.  
Euryalus slew Dresus,—Opheltius eke he slew ;  
Æsepus eke and Pedasus he hasten'd to pursue ;

Whom the Naiad Abarbarea bore to Bucolion ;  
The first-born offspring he of reverend king Laomedon ;—  
A love-child stealth-begotten :—himself his sheep he kept ;  
And in the field the Nymph he met, and lay with her, and slept.  
The Nymph conceived, and bore she twin sons to mortal wight ;  
Of these the nerves and muscles all relax'd in bloody fight  
Mecistides Euryalus, and spoil'd their armour bright.  
Next warlike Polypoetes Astyalus attack'd ;  
Ulysses with his brazen blade the bold Pidytes hack'd ;  
Teucer kill'd Aretaon, brave man and generous ;  
Alerus felt the stroke of Nestor's son Antilochus ;  
And Atreïde Agamemnon the king slew Elatus,  
Who dwelt by Satnio's flowing stream in high-built Pedasus ;  
And Leïtus the hero kill'd fleeing Phylacus ;  
Eurypylus in the mortal strife struck down Melanthius.  
There haply Menelaüs alive Adrastus took ;  
Whose horses straggling o'er the plain against a tamarisk struck,  
And snapp'd the pole asunder ; then rush'd themselves away  
Far to the city, 'mid the rout, and left him where he lay,  
Prone in the dust, face downwards :—lo ! straightway at his side  
Stood, brandishing his spear to strike, Menelaüs Atreïde :  
Adrastus prostrate clasp'd his knees, and knelt to him and cried : -  
“ O spare me, Menelaüs, and ransom dear demand ;  
For in my wealthy father's house lie ample stores at hand,  
Brass, gold, and welded iron ; all these my sire would give,—  
Such ample ransom would he pay,—  
Heard he that by the ships I lay, permitted but to live ! ”  
He spake, and moved he pity in the breast of Menelas ;

And haply had he given him o'er to his own squire to pass  
Down to the Achaian galleys ; but lo ! with rapid stride  
Came Agamemnon, face to face, rebuked him loud, and cried :—  
“ Beshrew thee, Menelaüs, why stay the foeman's doom ?  
Now well firsdoth these Trojans vile have wrought for thee at home !  
Rather let none escape us, nor shun stern fate's decree ;  
Not the unborn in the mother's womb, not those that turn and flee !  
Perish the brood of Ilium all, their name forgotten be ! ”  
So spake the king commanding things meet and just, and turn'd  
His brother's mind, that Menelas thrust forth his hand, and spurn'd  
The noble-born Adrastus : then Atreus' greater son  
Transfix'd his flank with ashen spear, and cast him backward down.  
And trampling on his bosom Agamemnon Atreïde  
Drew forth the steel :—Nestor meanwhile far to the Grecians cried :—  
“ O friends, O Mars' companions, and heroes every one,—  
Let no man linger o'er the spoils, and count his prizes won !  
Men rather let us slaughter, and after strip the slain  
At ease, where'er their bodies lie, far scatter'd o'er the plain ! ”

He spake, and fired the courage and force of each and all :  
And straight the Trojans would have fled,—  
Through fear and weakness ill-bested,—and sought their sheltering  
wall ;—

But Helenus, son of Priam, came down, of augurs best,  
And Hector and Æneas nigh approach'd he, and address'd :—  
“ O Hector and Æneas, on ye I chiefly call ;  
For ye are first in tent and field ;  
To you in fight and council yield Trojans and Lycians all !

Stand here, and bid our warriors before the gateway stand,  
Nor let them flee, and fall beneath our angry women's hand,—  
Great triumph to the Grecians ! but when their souls are fired  
Through all the ranks by speech of yours,  
Then will they face the Achaian powers,—needs must,—though weak  
and tired.

But speed thou to the city, and mother mine and thine.  
Hector, direct thou to ascend to blue-eyed Pallas' shrine :—  
There with the ancient women, high in the topmost fort,  
Bid her unlock the temple doors in the Goddess' sacred court :  
And duly from her chamber her amplest mantle bring,  
Her choicest robe and handsomest,  
And that she loves herself the best, on Pallas' knees to fling ;—  
And vow to her twelve heifers, yearlings, unprick'd of goad.  
A goodly sacrifice to yield,  
So she our wives and children shield,  
And drive Tydides from the field, and guard our dear abode ;—  
Tydides, savage spearman, who strikes with terror most ;  
Tydides dire, whom I pronounce bravest of all their host !  
Not so did we Achilles, that chiefest champion, fear ;  
Though him, they say, a Goddess bore ;  
For this man rages evermore, and none can mate his spear."  
So spake he, nor did Hector his brother's speech disdain ;  
But straightway leapt he from his car all arm'd upon the plain.  
Two deadly javelins shaking he rush'd the rout to stay ;  
And cheer'd the Trojans to the fight, and urged the dire affray.  
Roused by his words they rallied, and answer'd blow with blow ;  
The Greeks relax'd, and slew no more ; but yielded to the foe.

They deem'd some Power immortal had left the starry sky  
To aid the Trojans :—so they turn'd and rallied at his cry.  
Then call'd he on the Trojans, and shouted loud and far :—  
“ Ye Trojans brave, and proud allies, be men, and mind the war !  
Nor cease ye bravely fighting, while I to Troy ascend,  
And bid our wives and graybeards wise the Gods immortal bend  
With prayer and promised victims :”— He spake, and off he strode,—  
Bright Hector of the shining crest,—and swung his buckler broad :  
And as he stalk'd tremendous, with stride and leap and bound,  
'Gainst neck and ankle smote the thong that edged his buckler round.

Now Diomedè Tydides 'twixt either battle fought,  
And Glaucus Hippolochides his dread encounter sought :  
And when they both together within a spear's throw came,  
First of the twain was Diomedè, loud-cheerer, to exclaim :—  
“ Now who art thou, brave warrior, of mortals here below ?  
For ne'er have I affronted thee in glorious battle's throe ;—  
Never before :—now foremost thou comest, advancing near,—  
Such thy high courage,—to await my slender-shadowing spear.  
Ah ! sons of luckless sires are they, my dire assault who dare !  
But beest thou some Immortal, descended from above,—  
I fight not such :—nor long lived he with heavenly Powers who strove,  
Lycurgus, son of Dryas ; who Bacchus dared affront,  
And scared, and drove his women wild o'er Nysa's holy mount.  
They cast to earth the thyrsus, struck by the drover's goad ;  
By dire Lycurgus struck they fled ;  
The God himself amazed with dread beneath the sea-wave bow'd.  
He lay in Thetis' bosom, scared by a mortal's shout ;



Moved were the blessed Gods above,  
Living their life of ease, and Jove the scorner's eyes struck out ;  
Nor lived he long, detested by all the Powers divine :  
Nor would I venture 'gainst a God, to match his strength with mine.  
But beest thou truly mortal, and draw'st thou vital breath,—  
Come on, and meet me, spear to spear, and reach the gates of Death !”

Then answer'd noble Glaucus :—“ Why seek my line to ken ?  
Such as the races of the leaves the races are of men.  
Leaves some by winds are scatter'd, and strown along the glades ;  
Others the budding greenwood bears, and Spring renews her shades ;  
And so of mortal men one race blooms, and another fades.  
But this wouldst thou discover, and all my lineage trace ;—  
Then hear,—for I will tell thee all ;—nor few men know my race !  
For inland far in Argos, at castled Ephyre,  
Dwelt Sisyphus Æolides, craftiest of mortals he.  
Now Sisyphus 'gat Glaucus ; Glaucus Bellerophon ;  
To whom the Gods all beauty gave with manhood's lovely crown.  
But Proetus wrought against him, and direful mischief plann'd,—  
The chiefest of the Argive state,—and drove him from the land :—  
For Jove made Proetus ruler there, and gave him high command.  
Whose consort, queen Antea, raged for the hero's love,  
And vainly sought to lawless joys his stedfast heart to move.  
Wroth wax'd she, and to Proetus thus treacherously she cried :—  
' Now die thyself, or slay for me the tempter of thy bride,  
Bellerophon, who seeks my love ; whom I have still denied.'  
She spake : the king was anger'd at that he heard her say :  
He fear'd to kill him, for he shunn'd the price of blood to pay ;

But sent the youth to Lycia,—with direful tokens sent,—  
A folded tablet, shrewdly graved with signs of fell intent.  
And this he bade deliver to Jobates the king,—  
To his wife's father Jobates,—his own defeat to bring.  
The Gods they kept him safely, and he to Lycia hied :  
But when to Lycia came the youth, and Xanthus' yellow tide,  
The king received him kindly, and courteously address'd ;  
Nine bulls he slew in sacrifice, nine days they shared the feast.  
When the tenth rose-finger'd morning shone forth, and not before.  
He ask'd his errand, and explored the fateful signs he bore.  
But when the mortal message he learnt, he bade him first  
Slay the prodigious, unsubdued Chimæra, brood accurst.  
Sprung from immortal Powers she own'd no earthly sire ;  
With lion's front and dragon's train,  
A shaggy goat betwixt the twain, she breathed impetuous fire !  
Bellerophon the hero this monster overthrew,  
Guided by portents from above : and next he fought and slew  
The Solymi most valiant, and men of stoutest might ;  
None such he coped with, nor before plunged in so tough a fight !  
And last he slew in combat the man-like Amazons :—  
When lo ! at his return the king his guileful treason crowns !  
For of the stoutest Lycians he set for him a snare :—  
None 'scaped returning from his arm ;—a common death they share :—  
Bellerophon, that valiant wight, slew all, and strow'd them there !  
But when at last discover'd the child of heaven he knew,  
He kept him there, nor let him go, and gave his daughter too :  
And half his kingly worship into his hand he gave ;  
And glebe the Lycians sunder'd him, corn-land and fruit-land brave.

And there his consort bore him three children in his house ;  
Laomedea, and Isander, and Hippolochus.—  
Now with Jove, high lord of counsel, Laomedea lay ;  
And she divine Sarpedon bore, who leads our hosts this day.—  
But when he too was hated by all the Gods at last,  
Ha ! roam'd he then along the plains Aleïan, lone and vast,  
Devouring his own heart, and shunn'd the paths where mortals pass'd.  
For fell Isander fighting the Solymean crew ;  
Dread Mars insatiate of blood this son in battle slew :  
While Dian golden-rein'd her dart against the daughter threw.  
But Hippolochus begat me ; from him descent I draw ;  
Who sent me forth to fight for Troy ; and this he made my law :—  
Ever to be the foremost, and all men else excel ;  
Nor shame upon my fathers bring, who fought and ruled so well  
In Ephyre and Lycia ; and there were honour'd most :—  
Such is the root from whence I spring, and such the blood I boast !”

He spake ; right gladly heard him loud-cheerer Diomed :  
His lance he planted in the ground, and courteously he said :—  
“ Hail to thee, gallant warrior ! forsooth my sire with thine  
Broke bread together, friend with friend ; and broke thy sire with mine !  
For Ceneus once, my father, made thine his household guest,  
And kept the brave Bellerophon full twenty days at feast :  
And each from other parting a keepsake dear laid up ;  
This took a belt of purple sheen, and that a golden cup.  
This cup I left behind me at home, when here I came :—  
Now of my father Tydeus none remembrance can I claim :  
For he left me still an infant, when with the Argives slain,

He fell before the Theban wall, the bravest of their train.  
Thine host then shalt thou hold me, if thou to Argos come ;  
And thou in Lycia shalt be mine, whene'er I thither roam.  
And mind we through the battle each other's spears to shun :  
For many Trojans and allies  
The Gods shall yield me for my prize, or I with speed outrun ;  
And many are the Grecians whom thou perchance mayst slay.  
Then let us make exchange of arms, that all may know and say,—  
‘ Friends were these heroes’ sires of yore, and friends are these to-day ! ’  
So spake the twain, and leaping down from their chariots both,  
Their proffer’d hands together smote, and pledged the solemn troth.  
And lo ! the wits of Glaucus away stole Jove divine,—  
Who with Tydides Diomedes made swap and barter fine :—  
For golden arms received he brass, for an hundred beeves’ worth nine !

When Hector now the beech-tree, and the Scaean gate had reach’d,  
The Trojan dames about him throng’d, their hands towards him  
stretch’d ;

Eager to know the fortunes of brother, son or friend ;  
And each in turn he bade go pray,—for woes o’er all impend !  
But when to Priam’s palace most beautiful he paced,  
Compact with hewn-stone colonnades, with fifty chambers graced,  
Set all a-row together, of hewn-stone all, where lay  
Each with his spouse, the princely sons of Priam, fifty they :—  
And chambers for his daughters, ceil’d chambers twelve of stone,  
Set all a-row right opposite within the cloister shone ;  
Where with them lay the sons-in-law of Priam, every one ;  
There him by chance encountered his mother drawing near,

The gentle queen, and follow'd her Laodicè the fair,  
Fairest of Priam's daughters : his hand the mother took,  
And gently call'd him by his name, and with these words bespoke :—  
“ Hector, my child, why comest thou, and leav'st the battle's stress ?  
Ah ! now the accursed sons of Greece our warriors sorely press !  
Contending round the city ! but thee thy soul doth move  
To come, and from our loftiest hold lift high thy hands to Jove.  
But stay ! and I will bring thee sweet wine, a goodly store,  
Which thou to Father Jove and all the immortal Gods shalt pour.  
This first :—but drink thou after ; for wine the weary cheers :  
By wine are force and spirit given :  
And thou too for thy friends hast striven, and thee the battle wears ! ”  
Then answer'd bright-helm'd Hector :—“ Bring me no pleasant wine,  
My reverend mother, lest e'en so  
My nerves I bend, my knees I bow, and all the fight resign.  
Neither with hands unwashen dare I pour wine to Jove :  
’Twere sin with dust and blood besmear'd to greet the Powers above.  
But bring thou fragrant incense, and lead the matrons all,  
And mount to Pallas' shrine, and on the Queen of battles call :  
And the mantle in thy palace most fair of all to see,  
Amplest, and grateful most to her, whose suppliants sad we be,  
That mantle bring, and lay it on the fair-hair'd Goddess' knee.  
And vow to her twelve heifers, yearlings, unprick'd of goad ;  
So she our loved ones pitying shield,  
And scare Tydides from the field, and guard our dear abode !  
But thou unto the temple of conquering Pallas go ;  
And I will Paris urge to fight, unless he say me no :—  
The wretch !—yawn earth and take him !—so dire a curse to Troy,



To Priam, and to Priam's sons, the Gods have bred that boy !  
Ah ! could I see him perish, and down to Hades fall,  
Then should my grief forsooth be stay'd, my pains forgotten all !"

He spake, and at his bidding she to the palace went,  
And all her maidens through the streets to fetch the matrons sent.  
Next to her fragrant chamber alone she took her way,  
The chamber where her mantles fair with various colours lay,  
Wrought by Sidonian women ; the which from Sidon's shore  
When sail'd he o'er the broad-waved brine,  
And wafted Helen, seed divine, the godlike Paris bore.  
The venerable mother of these one mantle chose,  
Amplest and fairest, and the most of colour various :  
And like a star it glisten'd, laid lowest of the heap :—  
With this, by many matrons throng'd, she climb'd the Trojan steep.  
And when they reach'd the temple, high in the topmost ward.  
To them Theano, dame august, the sacred doors unbarr'd :—  
Theano, child of Cisseus, the prince Antenor's spouse,  
Who offer'd at Minerva's shrine the people's prayers and vows.  
Then chanting all together to heaven their hands they raise :  
From them Theano, dame august, the mantle takes and lays  
Across the knees of Pallas, the bright-hair'd Goddess fair ;  
And to the seed of mighty Jove thus makes her vows with prayer :—  
" O reverend Realm-defender, Athenè, Goddess great !  
Knap thou the spear of Tydeus' son,  
Straightway, and cast him headlong down, before the Scæan gate !  
Then slay we thee twelve heifers, yearlings, unprick'd of goad ;—  
So thou our dames and children shield, and guard our dear abode !"



So spake Theano praying :—but Pallas waved her head !—  
Now thus before the 'Thunderer's Child the queen and matrons sped.

Meanwhile to the house of Paris had Hector ta'en the road ;  
Which he, with craftsmen best in Troy, had rear'd for his abode.  
They fashion'd him a chamber, a pillar'd hall and court,  
By Priam's and by Hector's house, within the lofty fort.  
Came Hector Jove-protected ; and in his hand he sway'd  
A lance of cubit-lengths eleven,  
With head in golden socket driven ; and flash'd its brazen blade.  
Sate Paris in his chamber, his armour at his side ;  
His shield he polish'd, scour'd his mail, his springing bow he plied ;  
And with her serving women sate Argive Helen by,  
Commanding tasks of web and woof, and rare embroidery.  
Then Hector frown'd on Paris, and utter'd stern reproof :—  
“ Shame, brother, on this wayward mood, which bids thee stand  
aloof,  
While the valiant Trojan people for thy sake fighting fall ;  
While flames the war, and roars the rout, around the Trojan wall !  
And so wouldst thou rebuke one, shouldst thou thy fellow spy  
Thus slackening from the accursed war : then up ! lest soon on Troy  
The flames wide-ravening fasten, and all our city smoke ! ”  
Then god-like Paris quick rejoin'd, and Hector thus bespoke :—  
“ Just is thy blame, my brother ; I bow to thy reproof :—  
Yet hear me, for no sullen mood thus bids me stand aloof.  
Not anger with the Trojans restrains me from the field ;  
I crouch not here from moody hate ; to shame and grief I yield.  
Even now my Love persuades me, and urges to the fray :

And so, methinks, 'twere best ; with none doth Victory bide away !  
Come then, rest here an instant, while I my armour brace ;  
Or on, and I will follow fast,—nay, cope thee in the chase !”  
He spake ; but bright-helm'd Hector deign'd not to make reply :  
But thus her brother Helen fair address'd with tender sigh :—  
“ Wretch that I am, and shameless,—accursed cause of war !  
Ah ! would some rushing whirl of wind had caught, and swept me far,—  
Whirl'd to some mountain desert,—far on the billows strown,—  
That day my mother bore me first, or e'er these deeds were done !  
But since the Gods determine this mischief and decree,  
Would I some other's spouse had been, some better man than he ;—  
Some other, who regarded men's witness, praise and blame :  
But this man's soul, inconstant, light, shall ever be the same !  
Wherefore misfortune shall requite his deeds with utter shame !  
But enter thou, my brother, and take thy sister's stool ;  
For thou art wearied and distress'd  
For me, the vilest, shamelessest, and him, the stricken fool !  
Alas ! the doom decreed us,—that melancholy doom,—  
Shall be the burden of men's song for ages yet to come !”

Replied bright-crested Hector :—“ Nay, bid me not to stay ;  
Not though thou love me, Helen dear ; I may not brook delay ;  
For now my courage pricks me, and urges to assist  
The Trojan host, who need me most, and for my coming list.  
But urge thou this man ;—rather come he himself right fast ;  
And join me, while I still remain, nor yet the gates have pass'd !—  
For now must I go visit my servants and my wife  
At home, and see my infant child, while serve me breath and life.

Who knows if yet returning once more I home shall come,  
Or slain by Grecian hands straightway shall meet my destined doom?"

This said, bright-crested Hector departed swift, and came  
Unto his comely house ; but there found not his noble dame.  
For she, with nurse and infant, Andromache the fair,  
Watch'd on the tower of Pergamus, and sigh'd and sorrow'd there.  
Whom when the hero found not, upon the threshold stay'd  
With lifted foot, he turn'd aside, and to her maidens said :—

" How now ! my dainty maidens, your lady is she gone  
Forth from her bower, your lady fair, nor waits for me alone ?  
Sits she with Priam's daughters ? or at Minerva's feet  
Bends, where the other dames of Troy the awful Power entreat ?"  
Replied the faithful housewife :—" Now let the truth be known :  
My lady keeps not here to-day, expecting thee, alone ;  
Nor with her sisters sits she ; nor at Minerva's feet  
Bends, where the other dames of Troy the awful Power entreat :  
But to the loftiest turret of Ilion makes her way :

E'en now, she heard, the Trojans faint,  
Their force o'ermatch'd, their vigour spent ; the Grecians win the day.  
She goes like one distracted ; the nurse with babe attends."

So spake the housewife :—Starts away  
Hector, impatient of delay, and back his footsteps bends.  
He speeds through all the city the Scæan gate to gain ;  
For thence the gallant prince design'd to issue on the plain.  
And lo ! his noble consort, Andromache discreet,  
Daughter of old Eëtion, came down her spouse to meet.—  
Of Thebè-under-Placus, was erst Eëtion lord ;

And stout Cilician tribes he ruled with royal staff and sword :—  
She came ; her maiden, babe in arm, attending at her word :  
The babe, the child of Hector, bright as a star to see ;  
And Hector of Scamander named his godlike progeny.  
But him the Trojans ever Astyanax would call,—  
“ Lord of the city,”—for his sire stood first and fought for all !

Now smiled the sire in silence, the infant when he spied :  
Beside him wept Andromache, and press'd his hand, and cried :—  
“ Good husband, thy great courage will surely cost thee life ;  
But spare, ah ! spare thy tender child, and spare thy hapless wife,  
Too soon to be a widow ! for soon the Grecian foe,  
Closing and rushing all at once, will slay thee at a blow !  
Alas ! for me 'twere better to sink into the grave,  
Bereft of thee :—what pleasure then, what comfort can I have ?  
Nay, only grief !—for father, nor mother dear have I :—  
Godlike Achilles slew my sire,  
What time our city sank in fire, Thebè with portals high.  
In proud Cilician Thebè Eëtion he o'ercame ;  
Yet spared to spoil him as he lay ; for this he counted shame.  
With all his arms he burn'd him, and o'er him piled a mound :  
The Nymphs that on the mountains rove,  
Seed of the ægis-bearing Jove, fair elm-trees planted round.  
There in my father's homestead seven brethren with me grew ;  
All in one day to Hades sank ; for all Achilles slew,  
Amidst their splay-foot oxen, and flocks of glistening sheep :  
My mother, erst who reign'd a queen 'neath Placus' leafy steep,  
Brought hither with the plunder, for ransom let they go ;

But her at home hath Dian shot, queen of the sounding bow.  
But thou to me art father, Hector, and mother dear ;  
Brother art thou, and husband ;—then in mercy bide thou here :  
Bide here upon the rampart aloft, nor join the strife,  
Lest sireless thou thy infant make, and husbandless thy wife.  
Meanwhile by yon wild fig-tree thy brave battalions form ;  
Where Troy is easiest of access, the wall most weak to storm.  
For there I thrice already have seen the Grecians rush ;  
There Ajax and Idomeneus still mingle in the crush ;  
The Atridæ and Tydides have there their prowess shown,  
Whether by auguries impell'd, or courage all their own."

To her again replying bright-crested Hector spake :—

✕ " All this, dear wife, is still my care ; for this concern I take :  
But much I fear the Trojans, both men and matrons much,—  
The dames that long the mantle trail,—  
If here behind the walls I quail, and still from battle crouch :  
Nor suffers me my courage, which ever bids me fight  
First of the foremost on the plain,  
My father's glories to maintain, and keep my honour bright.  
Now this I know full surely, and this I prophesy ;—  
A day shall come when sacred Troy shall perish utterly,  
And Priam with his people, prince of the ashen spear ;—  
Yet none so moves my soul to grief,—for none I hold so dear,—  
Not Hecuba my mother, not Priam, chief of all,  
Nor yet my many brethren brave, all doom'd in dust to fall ;—  
Ah ! none so stirs my sorrow, as thou, whom that fell day,  
Of freedom spoil'd, in sorrow sad,  
Some Grecian victor, brazen-clad, shall force and hale away.



And thou far off at Argos another's loom shalt dress ;  
Or from Messeis' sacred spring.  
Or Hyperea, water bring by dire compulsion's stress.  
And there shall some one mutter, who shall thy tears espy ;—  
' Lo ! Hector's wife,—the bravest he  
Of all the Dardan chivalry, when raged the wars of Troy !"—  
So shall he say, and deal thee another, fresher stroke,  
Regretful for so brave a spouse, indignant at the yoke.  
But me may earth heap'd o'er me deep in her bosom bear,  
Ere I of this thy wailing aught, or this thy haling hear !"  
This said, bright-crested Hector reach'd forth to take his child :  
The infant view'd him with affright,  
And shrilly screaming at the sight in his nurse's arms recoil'd,  
Scared by the brazen armour, and the helmet's horse-hair plume,  
Nodding above the lofty crest, and waving all its gloom.  
Smiled sire and reverend mother ; but Hector from his head  
The helmet loos'd, and on the ground the shining trophy laid :  
Then kiss'd the child and toss'd him, and to his bosom press'd ;  
And thus almighty Jove in prayer, and all the Gods address'd :—  
" O Jove, and Gods immortal, grant me that this my boy  
Stand first, like me, in feats of arms, and rule, like me, in Troy !  
And some day, when triumphant from war he shall retire,  
May men say : ' lo ! a better man and braver than his sire ; '  
And gladden thus his mother's heart, and crown her fond desire !"  
He spake, and to his consort gave back the tender child :  
She laid it on her fragrant breast, and tearfully she smiled.  
He glanced at her with pity, and lent her hand to take,  
And call'd her gently by her name, and with these words bespake :—



“Andromache, my dearest, now grieve not evermore ;  
For none shall cast me forth to death appointed doom before.  
His destiny hath no man escaped, or good or ill ;—  
Nor ever shall man ;—from our birth our fates attend us still.  
But thou returning homeward thy proper cares resume,  
And set thy maidens to their tasks, to the distaff and the loom ;  
The fight shall men encounter, all they,—and most of all  
Myself,—that spring from Trojan seed, on whom their kindred call.” X  
He spake, and seized his helmet with shadowy horsetail fann’d :  
Hied home his spouse,—yet turn’d she oft,—obedient to command,  
Shedding warm tears : so reach’d she the palace fair and wide,  
Hector the manslayer’s stately home :—sate there, and round her plied  
Their tasks the duteous maidens ; and all she set to cry,  
And bade them answer groan for groan, and with her sighing sigh.  
And Hector thus, yet living, in his own house they mourn’d ;  
For ne’er again expected they to greet him safe return’d,  
Escaped the fury of the Greeks, and all the war that burn’d.

Nor long in his high chamber did gallant Paris stay :—  
Lo ! through the streets in brazen arms he makes what speed he may.  
And as the stall-bred jennet at manger barley-fed,  
His halter snapp’d, the champain smites prancing with tilted head ;—  
Wont in the abounding river his glossy limbs to lave ;—  
While all the honours of his crest about his shoulders wave ;—  
Exulting in his beauty he scuds on nimble knee,  
Where graze the mares in pastures sweet, with whom he loves to be :  
So Paris, son of Priam, from Ilion’s topmost height  
Sped like the bright sun gloriously flaunting in armour bright.

His swift feet lightly bore him ; nor was he slow to reach  
Hector, where turn'd he from his spouse, and ceased their loving  
speech :

And thus he first address'd him :—" Lo ! brother, I am here :  
Much hath my slowness marr'd thy haste, and slack'd thy swift career."  
To him bright-crested Hector rejoin'd, and answer made :—

" Nay, brother, none that fairly speak thy deeds of war upbraid ;  
For stout art thou and valiant ; thy prowess none disdain :  
But wilfully thou stand'st aloof, and wouldst from fight refrain.

For this I mourn indignant ; this pricks me to the heart,  
To hear all Troy bespeak thee ill,  
Brave warriors they, who guard thee still, and bear thy quarrel's smart.  
But march we, and these matters hereafter will we smooth :—  
So grant us Jove one day with wine the Immortal Powers to soothe,  
Crowning the bowl of freedom in Priam's halls once more ;  
When we have driven the greave-arm'd Greeks far from the Trojan  
shore ! "

## BOOK VII.

**H**E said, and flared his armour as through the gates he rush'd ;  
Rush'd Hector bold, and by his side his brother Paris push'd.  
Both for the fight were eager ; both thirsted for the broil :  
And as to sailors yearning sore,  
Long wearied with the straining oar, their knees relax'd with toil,  
Far on the deep sea moiling, Jove sends a favouring breeze,—  
So to the Trojans yearning sore appear'd auspicious these !

Then Paris slew Menestheus,—of Arnè was his race ;  
Whom queenly-brow'd Philomeduse  
Bore to king Areïthoüs, stout wielder of the mace.  
And Hector with keen javelin, the helmet's rim beneath,  
Smote Eioneus, and pierced his throat, and loos'd his knees in death.  
And Glaucus, chief of Lycians, with fateful dart o'ertook  
Iphinoüs son of Dexius ; the mighty javelin-stroke  
Reach'd him, as on his chariot he mounted with a bound,  
And pierced his shoulder ; prone he fell, and sprawling bit the ground.

Now when the blue-eyed Goddess Minerva these beheld  
Slaying the Argives in the fight, with deadly force impell'd,—

Down from the Olympian summit to Ilium flew she fleet :—  
From Pergamus Apollo spied, and sprang the Queen to meet :  
To him the Trojan chiefs were dear, the Trojan triumphs sweet.  
Thus met they one the other, beside the spreading beech :  
And first Apollo, seed of Jove, the Queen address'd in speech :—  
“ Ah ! why from high Olympus, by generous heart impell'd,  
Descends the Child of sovereign Jove impetuous to the field ?  
Designs she to the Grecians the doubtful palm to give ?  
For Trojans' tears and Trojans' blood her soul doth little grieve.  
But wouldst thou deign to hear me,—the which were better far,—  
Then should we stay these furious hands awhile, and calm the war  
This day ; hereafter fight they till Ilium's doom they find !  
For well, ye Goddesses, I know,  
Troy's utter loss and overthrow are dearest to your mind.”  
Replied august Athene, the blue-eyed Power divine :  
“ Be it so, thou Far-accomplisher ; none other plan was mine ;—  
For this midst Greeks and Trojans I lighted from afar :—  
Then come ; thy counsel all unfold ;—how wilt thou stay the war ? ”  
To her replied Apollo the king, the Thunderer's seed :—  
“ Now Hector brave will we incite, stout queller of the steed ;  
And prick his noble courage some Argive to defy  
Singly to cope him, face to face, and mortal duel try.  
And so, perchance, indignant the brass-clad Grecians bright  
Some champion of their host shall bid go forth, and singly fight.  
He said, and blue-eyed Pallas her head assenting nods ;—  
And Helenus, that augur good,  
King Priam's seed, he understood the purpose of the Gods.  
He came, and stood by Hector, and thus his speech begun :—

“ O thou, in counsel peer of Jove, illustrious Priam’s son !  
Now wilt thou hear me, Hector ?—behold ! thy brother speaks :  
Then bid the others all recline, the Trojans and the Greeks ;  
And thou alone the bravest of the Argive host defy  
To meet thy prowess, spear to spear, and singly battle try !  
For to die the death and perish, such is not yet thy fate ;  
If well I read the sentence of the Immortals uncreate.”

He said : rejoiced bold Hector at that he heard him say ;  
He ran, and stay’d the Trojan ranks with javelin grasp’d midway.  
Stood back the Trojan battle :—Atrides at the sight  
The bright-greav’d Argives bade recline, refraining from the fight.  
And Silverbow Apollo reclined, and Pallas, each  
Perch’d like a vulture, fresh from flight, high on Jove’s sacred beech.  
Rejoiced they in the warriors who strown around them lay,  
Bristling with shields and helms and spears, set all in close array.  
And as a bristling horror o’er ocean’s face is cast  
When the West-wind freshens, and the deep lies blackening in his  
    blast ;—  
So lay the Greeks and Trojans in ranks along the plain :  
While Hector standing ’twixt their hosts address’d them once again :—

“ Now hear me, all, ye Trojans, and greave-arm’d Grecians, hear !  
That I my heart may open, and to both my message bear.  
Lo ! Jove the Scale-suspender hath frustrated our vow ;  
And means he harm to you and us, till ye lay Ilium low,  
Or you, beside your sea-borne barks, we conquer and o’erthrow !  
But with ye now the chiefest of all the Grecians are :—

Let one then, whosoe'er demands  
The fight, forth issue from your bands, and Hector's duel dare !  
For this I say and promise ;—great Jove my witness be !  
If me he slay with trenchant steel, then shall he seize from me,  
And bear away my armour, in the hollow ships to store ;  
Only my corse shall he return,  
For Trojan chiefs and dames to burn, and with due rites deplore.  
But if, by grace of Phœbus, I conquer him, and slay,  
Then will I spoil his arms, and home to Ilium bear away :  
And there will I suspend them in bright Apollo's fane ;  
But yet the corse will I restore to the benchful ships again.  
There shall the crested Grecians embalm it,—such their wont,—  
And o'er it pile a monument by the broadwaved Hellespont.  
And then of men hereafter shall some one say some day,—  
Some sailor, borne in ship compact across the wine-dark way ;—  
' Yon heap entombs a hero, the bravest of his host,  
Whom on a time great Hector slew : '—  
' Thus shall he mark my glory too, and everlasting boast."

Thus spake he, and the princes unwilling silence kept,  
Ashamed the challenge to refuse, nor daring to accept.  
At last rose Menelaüs, and thus in parley spake,  
Reproving them ; and much he griev'd reproof so stern to make :—  
" O wives, no longer warriors ! Achaians, bold of tongue !  
Now sorrow shall it be and shame,  
If none the fight with Hector claim our Argive hosts among !  
Well might ye all dissolving to water turn and earth,  
That pusillanimous linger here,—O ye of little worth !



Then bring me straight my armour, to fight as fate demands !  
The issues of victorious war hang from the Immortals' hands !”  
He spake, and bright in armour his gallant limbs he clad :  
And then of Menelaüs' life brief ending had been had,  
'Neath Hector's hands ;—for stouter was he, and abler far ;—  
But leapt the Grecian princes forth, and held him from the war ;  
And Atreïde Agamemnon himself, above the rest,  
Grasp'd his right hand, and spake to him, and thus by name address'd :—  
“ Mad art thou, Menelaüs !—refrain, nor tempt thou fate !—  
But bear the check, and brook distress,  
Nor seek through vain contentiousness a better man to mate,—  
Priamidean Hector !—whom all our princes shun ;  
Achilles self, thy better far,  
Even great Achilles in the war has quail'd to meet this one !  
But thou apart withdrawing amid thy followers sit ;  
For Hector shall the Grecians choose some other foeman fit.  
And though the man be fearless, insatiate he of toil,  
Yet he, methinks, will bend the knee,  
And gladly turn, if he may flee, escaping from the broil.”  
The hero thus advising his brother's spirit sway'd ;  
Discreet and meet the counsel was, and duly he obey'd :  
Well pleas'd his squires their master took, and promptly disarray'd.  
  
Then rose Gerenian Nestor, and thus the host bespake :—  
“ Alack ! what mighty sorrow this, that doth the Greeks o'ertake !  
Ah ! much would brave old Peleus, the Myrmidon, lament ;—  
In council ever sage was he, in parley eloquent.  
Of all the Achaian heroes at home he ask'd me once,

Right glad to learn their birth and race, their fathers and their sons.  
Ah! much would Peleus murmur, to hear even now that all  
From Hector shrink;—much would he raise his hands to heaven, and call  
On hell to gape, and from his limbs his sprite to disenthral!  
Would Jove, Apollo, Pallas! young were I now, as when  
By loud-resounding Celadon we fought, the flower of men:  
When by the walls of Phea, and the stream Iardanus,  
The Pylians muster'd all to strike  
The Arcadians, wielders of the pike, in combat glorious!  
Of the Arcades was leader great Ereuthalion:  
A godlike wight was he;—he wore  
The arms king Areithoüs bore, his shoulders broad upon;—  
Areithoüs the Macer of men and women hight;  
For that he shot not with the bow, nor hurl'd the javelin's might;  
But evermore with iron mace broke down the ranks of fight!  
Him slew by craft Lycurgus; with craft, not strength, assail'd;  
Met in a narrow way, where him his mace no whit avail'd.  
There on him unregarding Lycurgus fell, and thrust,  
And pierced him midwaist with the spear, and prone he bit the dust.  
Then of all his arms he spoil'd him, the trophies given by Mars;  
And these henceforth he bore himself, when he sallied to the wars.  
But when at home Lycurgus wax'd feebler, year by year,  
To Ereuthalion these he gave, his trusty squire, to wear.  
The best this hero challenged his onset to withstand;  
But quail'd men all with mortal fear, nor dared affront his hand.  
But me my pride of venture inspired, and with me wrought  
To fight,—the youngest there of all,—and so I featly fought;  
And Pallas gave me valour that mighty man to slay,

So big, so strong ; on either side  
Stretch'd at his limbs'-length, long and wide, the monster sprawling lay !  
Ah ! would I now so young were, so supple, stout and fleet !  
Then some one Hector brazen-helm'd in combat soon would meet !  
But of you, the first and chiefest of all the Grecian host,  
Will none, the chiefest and the first, go quell this vaunter's boast !”

The veteran thus rebuked them :—upsprang they, nine in all :—  
For first Atrides, king of men, made answer to his call :  
Tydides Diomedes sprang next, and strong of thews  
The twain Ajaces ; follow'd them Cretan Idomeneus ;  
And Mars the manslayer's fellow, his comrade Merion :—  
Eurypylus came next to these,  
And Thoas Andræmonides ; and last Laërtes' son.  
Now these all claim'd impatient to cope with Hector's spear :  
Addressed them Nestor thus again, Gerenian cavalier :—  
“ Your ballots cast ye duly for whose the prize shall be ;  
For much the greave-arm'd Grecians he shall glad with victory ;  
And to himself great gain accrue, if death and doom he flee.”  
Then each man mark'd his ballot, and in the helmet laid  
Of Agamemnon Atræides ; and all the people pray'd,  
To the Gods their hands uplifting ; and gazing on the skies,—  
“ Grant, Father Jove !”—they mutter'd all,—“ that Ajax gain the  
prize ;—

Or Ajax or Tydides, or he, the king of men  
Himself, who in Mycenæ gold-abounding keeps his reign !”

So pray'd they all, and Nestor, Gerenian cavalier,

The helmet shakes, and lo ! leaps forth the lot which all prefer,—  
Ajaxes !—and the herald through all the circle went,  
To each, advancing from the right, the token to present.  
But of all the Grecian princes might none the token claim,  
Till, as he bore it through the midst, to Ajax stout he came ;—  
To Ajax, who had mark'd it, and in the helmet thrown :—  
The hero reach'd his hand, and took, and gladly knew his own.  
Down to the ground he cast it before his feet, and cried :—  
“ Ha ! friends, the lot, I say, is mine ; my gladness and my pride !  
With Hector will I combat, and trust the best to prove :—  
Then, while my arms I buckle on,  
Make ye your vows with prayer each one to great Saturnian Jove ;—  
Each one apart in silence, lest now the Trojans hear ;—  
Or, if ye will, aloud, that all  
May hear ye on the Sovereign call ; for surely none I fear.  
And none perforce shall drive me reluctant from my post ;  
And none by skill in arms, for I am train'd and practised most ;  
For I was born at Salamis, and bred there, as I boast !”  
He cried, and all the people to Jove Saturnian pray'd,  
And gazing on the welkin wide their voices rais'd and said :—  
“ Jove, father Jove, that rulest on Ida, greatest, best ;—  
To Ajax grant thou victory, and fame above the rest !  
But if no less doth Hector thy love and favour claim,—  
Then crown them both with equal share of valour and of fame !”  
  
So spake the men ; but Ajax girt on his harness bright ;  
And now, when all his limbs were clad, and arms adjusted right,  
Forth rode he to the battle, as stalks tremendous Mars,

When midst the throng of men he goes,  
Whom Jove confounds with strife and blows, and soul-consuming wars,  
So rush'd tremendous Ajax, the bulwark of the host,  
Smiling with visage grim, and march'd with bounding steps, and tost  
His slender-shadowing javelin : the Greeks rejoiced to see ;  
While on the Trojans terror fell, and quiver'd every knee.  
Nor fail'd even Hector's spirit deep in his breast to quake ;  
Yet quail he might not, nor retreat 'midst his own warriors make ;  
For his own had been the challenge : and now drew Ajax nigh,  
Wielding aloft his buckler stout, like a tower so broad and high ;  
Brass-plated, sevenfold bull's-hide ; the which had Tychius made,  
Tychius of armourers cunning most, who dwelt in Hylè's shade.  
He wrought for him the buckler ; of hide a sevenfold mass ;  
Seven folds of hide of bull full-grown ; the eighth he forged of brass.  
This shield before his bosom Telamonian Ajax bore ;  
And so toward Hector he advanced, and dared him evermore :—  
“ Now, prince, shalt thou discover, thou singly and apart,  
What heroes 'mongst the Grecians are,  
Beside Achilles Rout-the-war, Achilles Lion-heart !  
Now he beside his crested sea-faring galleys stays ;  
'Gainst Agamemnon, king of men, nursing his spite always.  
Yet we too, we may match thee in fight ; nor few are we :  
Strike first, I bid thee, and begin the war, and cope with me ! ”  
Replied bright-crested Hector :—“ O Ajax, lord of men,  
Thou godlike seed of Telamon, truce now to mockery vain,  
As though a woman weak were I, or stripling easy slain !  
Well am I skill'd in fighting and slaughtering ; well I know  
To thrust my shield to right, to left ;—my shield bears many a blow !



And well the ranks of warriors on chariot-wheel I thread ;  
Nor less to Mars in standing fight a measure meet I tread.  
Nor will I deign assail thee,—a champion such as thou,—  
Aiming by stealth, but openly,—as I would reach thee now ! ”  
He spake, and shook, and whirling his shadowing shaft impell'd ;  
And on the outmost disk of brass which all together held,  
And lay the eighth o'er all, he smote the dreadful sevenfold shield ;  
And through six folds the weapon impetuous shearing swung ;  
But in the seventh bull's-hide was stay'd :—then Jove-born Ajax flung  
In turn his shadowing javelin ; and Hector's buckler round  
Smote he, and through the shining shield his steel a passage found.  
Right through the broider'd cuirass fast driven the javelin went,  
And slit the vest across his loins ; but haply Hector bent,  
And black death scarcely 'scaped he : then both at once pluck'd out  
Their javelins long, and both at once they closed in battle rout,  
Like lions, which raw ravin gorge, or wild-boars bold and stout.  
Then Hector, son of Priam, struck Ajax on mid-shield :  
Unpierced, unrent, the disk of brass his blunted shaft repell'd :  
And Ajax forward leaping the targe of Hector struck ;  
And pierced it through, and stay'd his rush, his strength and courage  
shook,  
And reach'd his throat, and grazed it : he saw his dark blood spout :—  
But bright-helm'd Hector none the more from battle fierce gave out.  
But stepping back he grappled a stone with brawny hand ;  
A fragment swarthy, big and rough, that lay along the land.  
With this he smote tremendous the shield of seven-fold hide,  
Right on the boss ; the brazen disk resounded far and wide.  
And next a bigger boulder did Ajax seize and throw



Whirling, with all his force flung in, and, as with millstone's blow,  
Burst through the targe of Hector, and struck him on his knee :  
Crouching beneath the brazen round prone on the dust fell he ;  
But soon Apollo rais'd him :—now had they striven again  
With swords, encountering hand to hand,  
But came the heralds, sacred band, that speed 'twixt Gods and men ;—  
Talthybius and Idæus, discreet above the rest ;—  
This from the Trojans came, and that from the Greeks with brazen  
vest.

They thrust their staves between them ; and thus Idæus spake,—  
Grave herald, fill'd with counsel sage :—

“ My children, war no longer wage, nor more contention make :  
For both the Cloud-amasser regards with favouring eye ;  
Both warriors good, as all men know ;—  
But night impends ; depart ye now ; with night must all comply ! ”  
Cried Ajax Telamonian :—“ Do thou on Hector call  
To hear, consider and advise : 'twas he defied us all :—  
Let him begin ; whatever doth he, the same will I.”

Whereat bright-crested Hector paused, and thus he made reply :—

“ Ajax, since God hath given thee bigness and vigour too,  
And prudence, and of all the Greeks can none so dare and do ;—  
Now let us pause from combat, and hostile strife this day :—  
To-morrow will we fight again, till heaven decide the fray,  
And grant to one or other the meed of victory ;  
For night impends : depart we now ; with night must all comply.  
The Grecians at their galleys so thou with joy shalt crown,  
Thine own brave friends and comrades most ; myself king Priam's  
town.

And Trojan men, and Trojan dames, that sweep the trailing gown ;  
Who for my safety praying before their patrons bow :  
Then let us pause, and make exchange of glorious presents now :  
That Grecians all and Trojans may say :—" these bravely fought  
Erewhile, and when they ceas'd from fight,  
Sunder'd by darkness of the night, each other's love they sought ! "  
This said, his sword he offer'd, set in the silver hilt ;  
The sword he offered with the sheath, and baldrick chased and gilt :  
And Ajax gave his girdle, with scarlet sheen aglow :—  
And so to either martial host the heroes part and go.  
Ha ! much it cheer'd the Trojans, when Hector thus they found  
From Ajax' force and fiery hands deliver'd safe and sound.  
And him past hope returning to Ilium's towers they bore :—  
Ajax the Greeks, from fight well fought,  
To Agamemnon proudly brought, and hail'd him conqueror.

Now when the tent they enter'd of Atreïdes the king,  
For them he slew a bull full-grown  
To Jove Almighty, Saturn's Son, a solemn offering.  
They flay'd it, and they sliced it, and chopp'd, and stuck on spits ;  
And cook'd it all with care and skill, and last drew off the bits :  
And when the toil was over, the banquet well prepared,  
The Grecian chiefs sate down to dine, till all the feast was shared,  
And there king Agamemnon gave Ajax honour most,  
With ample steak of chine full-length, the prime of all the roast.  
But when their thirst and hunger were sated with the food,  
Then first of all did Nestor old propose them counsel shrewd :  
First seem'd his counsel wisest, his plans the best to take ;

And now, advising for their need, thus in the midst he spake :—  
“ Atrides,—thou and others, the remnant of the host !—  
Now many a Greek with curly crest hath fallen on Ilium's coast.  
Their sable blood lies sprinkled beside Scamander's flood ;—  
Their sprites are down to Hades hurl'd, by Mars the rampant God !  
Wherefore do thou from combat bid cease with dawn of day ;  
And we with oxen and with mules will bring the dead away,  
And pile them all together, and burn them on the beach ;  
That each man's bones we may bring home,—  
When back to native Greece we roam,—stored for the sons of each.  
And o'er the spot of burning, with soil scoop'd largely round,  
One common barrow shall be placed,  
And towards it will we draw with haste a long embattled mound,  
To form a bulwark for our ships, and fence our camping ground.  
And in this castled barrier strong portals let us pitch,  
And leave a causeway for our cars, and gird it with a ditch,  
Close drawn, and deep, to shelter warrior and steed and car ;  
Lest on us press with direful stress the weight of Trojan war ! ”  
So spake he ; and the princes approved his counsel all.—  
Meanwhile the Trojans parley held before king Priam's hall,  
In the citadel of Ilium ; and shriek'd they wild and shrill ;  
Till bland Antenor rose at last sage counsel to instil :—  
“ Hear ye my counsel, Trojans, and Dardans and allies !  
And I, as prompts my heart within, will prudently advise :—  
Come then !—and Argive Helen with all her spoils restore  
To Argos and the Atræide house ;  
For now we fight with broken vows ;—nor hope I ever more  
Our arms shall prosper, till our sins confess we and give o'er.”

He spake, and scarce was seated when godlike Paris rose ;  
And thus rejoin'd with wing'd words the fair-hair'd Helen's spouse :—  
“Antenor, ever hostile, and harsh to me in speech !  
Well know'st thou other words to say, and better things to teach :  
But if such speech thou meanest, in sooth, then this I say,—  
Of a surety, sir, the Gods themselves have stolen thy wits away !  
Now I among the Trojans will plainly speak in turn :—  
The woman to restore I utterly refuse and spurn !  
But for the spoil I wafted from Argos with my bride,—  
This I consent to yield, and add more of mine own beside.”  
He spake, and Dardan Priam thus speaking much he moved ;—  
Priam the godlike counsellor ;—for both his sons he loved.  
“Hear me,” he cried, “ye Trojans, ye Dardans and allies !  
And I what prompts my heart within will openly advise.  
Now take ye in the city your suppers, as of yore,  
And wake attentive through the night, and watch the gates before :  
Idæus on the morrow to the hollow ships shall go,  
And bear the message Paris sends to the captains of the foe,—  
’Tis for his sake we quarrel,—and be this compact made :—  
The corses till we all have burnt let war's alarms be stay'd ;  
Then will we fight together till heaven decide the day,  
And give to one or other host the glory of the fray !”  
He spake, and all assented, and bow'd to his command :  
Then took they supper through the host reclining, band by band :  
Idæus on the morrow to the hollow galleys went,  
And found the Grecians, feres of Mars, array'd at ship and tent.  
At Agamemnon's galley astern the Grecians stood,  
Assembled all ;—the heralds shrill approach'd, and cried aloud :—

“Atrides, thou and others, princes and captains all,  
Chiefs of the Panachaian host, ’tis Priam bids us call.  
Hear all, if so it please ye, the greeting Paris sends,  
With whom this quarrel erst began, with whom this quarrel ends !  
The spoil to Troy he carried ;—would he had died before ;—  
All this, and of his own beside, consents he to restore.  
But her, the noble consort of valiant Atreïde,  
Her will he keep, in our despite ;—we urged, he still denied :—  
Then list ye Priam’s bidding, and be this compact made ;  
Refrain we now from roaring fight, till we have burnt the dead ;  
Then will we fight together till heaven decide the day,  
And give to one or other host the glory of the fray !”  
Then all around kept silence till Diomede outspoke.  
“Let none,” he cried, “the spoiler’s gifts accept, nor Helen take :—  
’Tis known, I say, and no man so foolish not to know  
How o’er the Trojans’ heads the fates of death impend even now !”  
He said ; and all the Grecians with loud applause agreed,  
And prais’d the words of Diomede stout queller of the steed.  
And then king Agamemnon the heralds thus address’d :—  
“Hear for thyself, Idæus, hear the answer of the rest !  
Such greeting send they, and me too such answer pleases best.  
But, for the dead,—to burn them I stint not, nor refuse ;  
The dead their rites of soothing fire to grudge we may not choose :  
Be Jove the witness to my oath, great Juno’s thundering spouse !”  
He said, and rais’d his sceptre to all the Powers on high ;  
And sage Idæus homeward turn’d, and reach’d he sacred Troy.  
The Trojans and the Dardans there all assembled sate,  
Awaiting his return ; he came his speeding to relate,



Standing in the midst: they heard him, and straightway made their care,  
Some from the field to bring the dead, and others wood to bear :  
And from their benchful galleys no less the Grecians press'd,  
Their dead men some to bear away, and sought for wood the rest.

Again the Sun ascending struck slanting on the plain,  
New risen from out the solemn stillness of the streaming main.  
There met they one another, and hardly, as they turn'd  
The bodies, smear'd with dust and gore, each their own dead discern'd.  
They wash'd them clean with water, and warm tears o'er them shed ;  
And lifted from the reeking ground, and high on tumbrils laid.  
Nor suffer'd godlike Priam with loud laments to mourn ;  
But silently, though sad at heart, he bade the Trojans burn :  
They burnt them all, and back to Troy they hasten'd to return.  
And so the greave-arm'd Grecians their dead in sorrow burn'd ;  
High on their funeral pyres illumed ;  
And when the heap was all consumed, back to their ships return'd.  
But when not yet was morning, in the gloaming of the night,  
Around the pyre a chosen band of Grecians watch'd for light.  
And o'er the smouldering embers, with soil scoop'd largely round,  
One common barrow rear'd they high, and reach'd it with a mound,  
To form a bulwark for the ships, and fence their camping ground.  
And in this castled barrier did they wide portals pitch,  
And causeway left for chariot-road,  
And drew they deep, and long and broad, and staked the girdling ditch.

Thus toil'd the crested Grecians :—but by the Lightener Jove  
Reclined, the Gods beheld the work prodigious from above.



And lo ! earth-shaking Neptune was first of all to cry :—

“ O Father, which of mortal men beneath the spacious sky,

Shall henceforth to the Immortals his purpose care to tell ?

See how the curly-crested Greeks protect their galleys well !

A wall they build,—nor slay they a hecatomb for us,—

A wall they build, whose fame shall be,

Of all that beaming Morn shall see, most great and glorious !

Nor that will men remember, which for Laomedon

Myself and Phœbus toil'd to build round sacred Ilion.”

To him the Cloud-amasser indignant answer made :—

“ Ha ! great Earth-shaker, mighty Lord,—what is it thou hast said ?

Methinks of Gods some other this exploit should affright ;—

Some Power less stout in heart and hand

Than thou, the Shaker of the strand :—

Thy fame shall reach to every land beneath the morning's light.

Then ho !—and when the Grecians shall sail the seas again,

Up thou, and mine their mighty wall, and plunge it in the main !

Vast drifts of sand o'erwhelming shall strow the level shore,

And all the obliterated work be known of men no more ! ”

So one among another the Gods Immortal spake ;

And set the Sun ; and now the Greeks an end of labour make,

And sacrifice from tent to tent their beeves, and supper take.

And ships wine-laden many from Lemnos reach'd the shore,

Sent by Eunéus o'er the sea,

Whom queen renown'd Hypsipylè to folkherd Jason bore.

Eunéus, son of Jason, to either Argive king

A thousand measures sent besides, a royal offering.

And then the crested Grecians the wine in market bought ;  
Some barter'd brass, some iron bright,  
Or stout bull's-hides, for use in fight ; live cattle others brought ;  
Some made with slaves the purchase :—and so high feast they set ;  
And through the night the crested Greeks carousing drank and ate ;—  
And all night long the Trojans behind their city wall :—  
And through the night the Counsellor  
Jove with his terrible thunder-roar meant mischief for them all !  
Thereat pale terror seized them ; and pour'd they on the ground  
Wine from their cups ; nor any dared to pass the goblet round,  
Till to the king Saturnian libation they had made :—  
At last they took the gift of sleep along their couches laid.

## BOOK VIII.

NOW Morning saffron-mantled o'er all the earth was shed,  
And Jove the thunder-vaunting Power the Gods to parley led.  
On many-ridged Olympus, high on his topmost peak,  
They sate ;—the king Saturnian spoke ; sate they, and heard him  
speak :—

“ Now hearken, God and Goddess,—attend ye all and each ;—  
While I the motions of my heart unfold in solemn speech.  
And let not God nor Goddess of all the Powers say nay ;  
Nor dare my high commands dispute ;—but hearken and obey !  
So be my plans accomplish'd,—these deeds be soonest done !  
But whomso of the Gods I spy descending hence alone,  
To aid or Greeks or Trojans,—that God with many a blow  
Disgraced shall homeward flee to heaven, and mortals leave below.  
Else will I seize and hurl him to gloomy Tartarus,  
Beneath the deep Earth, far away, abysmal, cavernous ;  
There where the gates of iron, and brazen portals rise,  
Beyond the depths of Hades, far as earth is from the skies !  
Then shall ye know that strongest of all the Gods am I :  
Or if my prowess you would learn, then come ye all and try !—

For if a golden cable ye hung from heaven above,  
And all ye Gods and Goddesses grasp'd it, your strength to prove ;—  
Yet Jove the sovereign Ruler should ye not hale from heaven.  
Down to the earth, though much and long to hale me all had striven !  
But I,—should I determine to pull with heart and hand,—  
Could drag ye up to heaven from earth, with the sea and with the land !  
Then would I bind the cable round high Olympus' horn ;  
And ye suspended in mid-air should dangle all forlorn !  
So much am I supreme of all, of Gods and mortal born !”  
He spake, and all kept silence, aghast at that he said ;  
So vehement was his speech and keen :  
At length Minerva, blue-eyed queen, among them answer made :—  
“ O Father Jove Saturnian, O king of kings supreme !  
Well do we know thy power how great ; and such thy words beseem.  
Much mourn we for the Grecians soon destined to fulfil  
Their evil lot ; yet from the war surcease we at thy will.  
But counsel will we offer, the which may wholesome prove,  
And save a remnant from the scourge of all-afflicting Jove.”  
Thereto the Cloud-amasser replied, and blandly smiled :—  
“ Courage, Tritonia, daughter dear !  
I will no evil,—cease from fear,—soft will I be and mild !”  
He spake, and to his chariot the immortal coursers rein'd,  
The brass-shod coursers, swift of flight, high-crested, golden-maned :  
Himself in robes all golden assumed the gilded thong.  
Clean-shaped, and bounded to his seat, and urged the steeds along :—  
They leapt amain 'twixt earth and heaven, the starry spheres among.  
So sped the God to Ida full-fountain'd, dam of beasts ;  
To Gargarus, where his altar is, his glebe and spicy feasts :

And there the Almighty Father his glowing steeds unbound,  
And stay'd the thunder of his wheels, and shed a mist around :  
Himself high on the summit all-glorious view'd afar  
The Trojan walls and ships of Greece, and overlook'd the war !

And now the crested Grecians arose, and broke their fast,  
Alert through all the camp, and next their arms about them cast.  
Nor less throughout the city the Trojans 'gan prepare,  
Fewer in number, yet resolv'd the unequal fight to dare ;—  
Needs must for wives and children :—so through the gates they pour'd,  
Footmen and horsemen, steed and car, and loud the tumult roar'd.  
So when they met together, confronted in one place,  
Bulls'-hides and spears with all their force thrust each in other's face,  
Those brazen-breasted warriors ; and every bossy shield  
Bang'd on his mighty opposite, and clang'd the echoing field.  
And rose there cry of anguish, and shout of battle loud,  
The din of slayers and of slain, and ran the ground with blood.  
Now morn was high, and sacred day was advanced right well ;  
And sore the blows of either host smote, and much people fell.  
But when the Sun was riding high on his noontide peak,  
His golden scales the Father hung,  
Wherein two dooms of death he swung, of Trojan and of Greek.  
And as he poised the balance with beam no longer even,  
The Grecian fortunes earthward sank, the Trojan sprang to heaven !  
Himself from Ida mutter'd thunder, and on the Greeks  
Shot lightning beams ; they mark'd the sign,  
And trembled at the rede divine, and terror blanch'd their cheeks.  
Then turn'd and fled the bravest ; Idomeneus was fray'd,

Nor Agamemnon dared withstand, nor either Ajax stay'd.  
Stay'd only Pylia Nestor, the bulwark of the war,  
Perforce ; his steed was wounded sore, and lagg'd he with the car :  
For Paris, spouse of Helen, had struck him with his dart,  
High on the crest, whence issues full  
The forelock, rooted in the skull ;—is none more vital part.  
Upright he rear'd with anguish ; the weapon pierced his brain ;  
Started his fellows, as he writhed about the barb in pain.  
And now was Nestor hacking the traces with his sword :  
Rush'd Hector's horses onward, driven by him their valiant lord.  
Then had the veteran perish'd ; but strong-voiced Diomed  
Mark'd him, and on Ulysses call'd, and shouted loud, and said :—  
“ Ha ! Jove-born prince Laërtian, of craft and conduct proud ;—  
How now ! to turn right round, and flee like coward in the crowd !—  
Ha ! see that no man pierce thee with lance behind thy back !  
Stand ! aid the senior, and with me stay this wild man's attack ! ”  
He said ; Ulysses hark'd not, but scour'd impetuous by ;  
Nor stopp'd he till the Achaian ships he reach'd, beyond his cry.

Then all alone Tydides plunged in the thick of war ;  
And thus to old Nelides cried, planted before his car :—  
“ Ah ! veteran, vex'd and harried these lusty youths among,—  
Thy strength relax'd,—for hoary age thy limbs hath stiffen'd long !  
Weak is thy squire and worthless ; thy coursers slow of speed :—  
Come then, and mount my chariot-wheels, and mark my Troïan breed,  
Advancing or retreating how train'd to charge and flee ;—  
The steeds which from Æneas erst,  
Swift in pursuit, in onset first, I took my team to be !



So let thy trusty comrades thy pair aside convey ;  
And these against the Trojans bold,—these will we launch away ;  
That Hector's self may feel and fear my rampant shaft this day !”  
He said, and Nestor mounted, Gerenian cavalier :—  
His steeds the squires obsequious,  
Eurymedon and Sthenelus, conducted to the rear.

Now rein and scourge took Nestor, his lance Tydides swung,  
And as they drew full swiftly nigh,  
At Hector, charging passionately, ere yet they reach'd him, flung.  
Hector he miss'd, but smote he midbreast his charioteer,—  
Son of Thebæus, Eniopeus,—  
Hands for defence he could not use.—and through him drove the  
spear.

Down from the car he tumbled, his nimble coursers swerv'd ;  
And roll'd he lifeless on the plain, with all his limbs unnerv'd.  
Woe wrung the soul of Hector ; for needs the dead must lie,  
While through the field a squire he sought his service to supply.  
Nor lack'd his steeds much longer stout hand their reins to hold :  
He call'd amain, and quickly came a driver skill'd and bold.  
Leapt swiftly on the chariot the son of Iphitus ;—  
Leapt to the seat and seiz'd the reins brave Archeptolemus.  
And then had fallen disaster, and dreadful deeds been done,—  
Like folded lambs the Trojans had been shut in Ilion,—  
But Jove the Sire immortal aloft was quick to mark ;  
And thundering loud a bolt of fire launch'd from his chamber dark :  
Before Tydides' horses he dash'd it to the ground ;  
And flared the flame with lurid glare of sulphur blazing round.

Then quail'd the steeds in terror beneath the chariot roll'd ;  
The shining reins in Nestor's hand slipp'd from his feeble hold.  
"Ah !" cried the gray-beard quaking ;—"Tydides, flee away !—  
Turn the steeds quick !—Jove stands aloof, nor lends us power to-day !  
For now he grants to Hector the fortune of the fight ;  
To-morrow, haply, if he will, on us shall glory light.  
But Jove's determined purpose shall no man break or bar,—  
Brave though he be exceedingly ;—for He is mightier far !"  
To him made answer straightway loud-cheerer Diomed :—  
"All this, old man, as suits thy years, is well and wisely said :  
But ah ! the boast of Hector great grief and pain shall be :—  
'Scared by my arm Tydides spurr'd,  
And reach'd the ships, amazed, afraid ;'—  
Such vaunt hereafter shall be heard :—may Earth then yawn for me !"  
Again made answer Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :—  
"Ha ! son of Tydeus, glorious chief, what words assail mine ear !  
Durst Hector call thee coward, and as a woman weak,—  
No Trojan, nor of Dardan seed, will scorn our bravest Greek !  
Nor Trojan wives will heed him, whose spouses brave and bold  
Slain by thy hand, the lusty chiefs, deep in the dust are roll'd !"  
He spake, and turn'd the horses, and strode across the plain,  
While o'er them Hector and his host still pour'd the galling rain  
Of weapons, shrilly shouting ; and Hector thus address'd  
Tydides, mocking from afar, heard high o'er all the rest :—  
"Well did the Greeks to honour great Tydeus' son before,  
With higher seat, and ampler meat, and goodlier cups and more !  
Now will they spurn and scorn thee, now feeble woman call !  
Hie then, slight girl ! thou shalt not hurl me back, nor climb our wall

Thou shalt not seize our women, and bear them o'er the sea !  
Then hie thee, child ! and haste away, or take thy fate from me !”  
He said, and thrice Tydides consider'd,—aye or no ;—  
And thrice he thought to check the steeds, and turn to front the foe :  
But thrice from crest of Ida thunder'd the Counsellor Jove,  
And token to the Trojans gave of conquest from above.  
And Hector cried, “ Ye Trojans : ”—cried Hector heard afar :—  
“ Ye Lycians stout, auxiliar band,  
And Dardans, sparrers hand to hand, be men, and mind the war !  
I mark the glorious token, Jove's thunder, which bespeaks  
Glory to us and victory, confusion to the Greeks !  
Ah, fools ! that form'd and fashion'd this slender wall and slight,—  
This worthless hedge, which shall not stay the fury of my might :  
The ditch so deep my nimble steeds shall overleap forthright !  
And when at last arrive we at the foremost galley's stern,  
Forget we not the blazing brand, these hateful barks to burn,  
And slay the Greeks beside them, bewilder'd in the smoke !”  
He said, and thus with gallant cheer his coursers swift bespoke :—  
“ On, Xanthus and Podargus,—Æthon and Lampus, on !  
Now pay me well for all the food  
My wife hath given ye, sweet and good, child of Eëtion !  
For first for you she ever the generous barley spread,  
Well steep'd in wine,—if ye would eat,—ere me her spouse she fed.  
Then on ! and speed me swiftly old Nestor's shield to win ;—  
The shield, of fame so blazed about,  
Of gold the solid disk without, of gold the bars within !—  
And from Tydides' shoulders the glittering mail to strip,  
Which Vulcan wrought him ; for these spoils,—if but these two we grip,—

This night, I say, each Argive chief will clamber on his ship !”  
So spake the prince vain-glorious : nor could queen Juno brook  
The vaunt ; she started on her seat, and far Olympus shook.  
Then lo ! before great Neptune the Goddess stands and shrieks :—  
“ Alas ! Earth-shaker, potent Power,  
Grieves not thy soul, this luckless hour, for the slaying of the Greeks ?  
The Greeks, who erst to *Ægæ*, and *Helice* repair,  
And bring thee victims numberless, and do thee pleasure there ?  
Ere now wouldst thou befriend them, and help their arms to crown :  
Now if we all that love the Greeks would beat the Trojans down,  
And stay the broad-brow'd Father,—then he on *Ida*'s crest  
Might sit alone, and chafe at heart, abandon'd by the rest.”  
Replied the king in dudgeon, the Shaker of the Earth :—  
“ O Juno, from thy violent lips what word thus issueth forth ?  
Not I with Jove Saturnian would urge the Gods to war ;—  
Not all the Powers that side with Greece ;—for He is mightier far !”

Such converse then the Immortals one with another held :  
While 'twixt the rampart and the ships a mighty muster swell'd  
Of warriors throng'd together, and horses crowded close ;  
Where Hector, like the War-god fleet, gives chase, and hems his foes ;  
So Jove with glory crown'd him :—and now with fire and brand  
The shapely ships had he consumed, all ranged along the strand ;  
But Agamemnon's spirit queen Juno dared excite,  
To speed himself the Greeks among and rally them to fight.  
He 'midst the tents and galleys through all the leaguer sped ;  
And in his hand his scarlet cloak he flourish'd o'er his head ;  
And there upon Ulysses' black bulging bark he stood,

Drawn up midmost of all the host, whence either end he view'd ;  
Where Telamonian Ajax, and where Achilles lay,  
Who ranged their ships on either wing, stoutest and trustiest they.  
There right and left he shouted to all the Greeks aloud,  
Exclaiming :—" Shame, Achaians, shame ! pretenders, weak but proud !  
Ah ! braggarts base, vainglorious ; ye that in Lemnos' isle  
Sputter'd your empty speeches all, gorging much meat the while !—  
And boasted in your winecups each Argive clad in mail  
Against a thousand men of Troy should stand in equal scale !  
But now all ye together shall Hector match alone,  
And beat ye all, and fire the ships, and burn them every one !  
O Father Jove, what chiefest of kings before this day  
With curse so fell hast thou undone,—so shorn his fame away ?—  
For this I swear, that never,—here wending with a woe,—  
Thy glorious altars have I pass'd, nor fail'd of gift and vow ;  
But each and all with victims and incense have I graced,  
Intent thy succour to secure, and high-wall'd Troy to waste.  
But thou, O mighty Father, this prayer accord alone :—  
Grant us to 'scape with life, and flee ;  
Nor let the Greeks by Trojans be thus master'd and o'erthrown."  
Thus cried the king : the Father with pity heard him cry,  
And gave a sign the Grecian host should rally, and not die.  
Straightway he sent an eagle, that most auspicious bird,  
Which in its talons bore a fawn, the choicest of the herd.  
Lo ! by the glorious altar it casts the youngling down ;  
Where to all-omen-giving Jove the Greeks their goblet crown.  
And when they mark'd full surely the bird had flown from Jove,  
Leapt these more fiercely on the foe, more sturdily they strove.



Then of all those Grecians many before Tydides none  
Might boast his rapid steeds to drive, nor clear the ditch so soon.  
Far first the Trojan battle attack'd he, and pierced through :  
And Agelaüs, Phradmon's son, their foremost man he slew.  
The wretch had turn'd his horses ; but scarcely veer'd he round,  
When 'twixt the shoulders thrust, in front the blade free passage found :  
Plump from his car he fell, and clang'd his armour on the ground.  
And next came Agamemnon, and Menelaüs too ;  
The Ajaces next in all their might ; Idomeneus, and thou !  
And Mars the manslayer's fellow stout Mériones came on ;  
And after these Eurypylus, Euæmon's valiant son :  
The ninth of all was Teucer, who plied the sounding bow ;  
And 'neath the Telamonian shield kept ever crouching low.  
Anon his shield would Ajax uplift, and with a glance  
Would Teucer aim, and shoot, and slay the foremost in advance ;  
Then shrink again, and cower beneath the buckler round,  
As child in mother's sheltering arms ; like shelter there he found.

Whom there did gallant Teucer first of the Trojans strike ?—

Orsilochus and Ormenus,

Opheltes eke and Chromius, and Lycophontes, like

The Gods in valour ; Dætor and Melanippus too ;

And Amopaon, Polyæmon's valiant son, he slew.

One warrior after other on mother Earth he laid :

Rejoiced the king of men to see

The slaughter and the rout, which he

Through all the Trojan chivalry with his stout weapon made.

He came, and stood beside him, and thus with speech address'd :—



“ Brave Teucer, son of Telamon, thou prized above the rest !  
Brave chief, thus shoot thou ever,—if so some light may come,—  
To the Greeks light, and to Telamon, thy father, who at home  
Kept thee, his bastard, ever, and bred thee as his own ;—  
Let him, though bides he far away, gain glory by his son !  
Now this I say full surely, and this my promise plight,  
If Jove the ægisbearer, and Minerva grant me might  
The towers of Ilium to o’erthrow,  
And lay the rampired city low,—thee first will I requite,—  
Next to myself : then choose thou a golden cup, or team  
Of horses, car and all, or girl thy chamber to beseem !”  
To him the comely Teucer rejoin’d, and thus replied :—  
“ Most noble Agamemnon, why my willing spirit chide ?  
Ne’er have I ceased from shooting, and slaying of the foe,—  
Such as the skill and strength I have,—with arrow and with bow ;  
Since first we thrust the Trojans back to their Scæan gate :  
Now have I aim’d and shot forthright long-pointed arrows eight,  
And all have shrewdly planted in flesh of heroes stout :  
But this mad dog, this Hector fierce, him can I not pick out.”  
He said, and facing Hector he darted from the string  
Another shaft, with zeal to hit ; but lo ! the arrowy wing  
Glanced, and Gorgithio wounded, Priamides most fair ;—  
For him a foreign dame of Thrace,  
As Goddess beautiful in face,  
Who from Æsymne claim’d her race, Castianira bare.  
Struck on the bosom dropp’d he ; and as the poppy’s head  
Droops sidelong, by large store of seeds and spring-tide showers o’er-  
weigh’d,

So by the brazen helmet's load his head was sidelong sway'd.

Again another arrow shot Teucer from the string  
At Hector straight, intent to slay ;  
Again he miss'd him, and away the shaft went wandering :  
Aside Apollo turn'd it ; but Hector's charioteer,  
The valiant Archeptolemus, it smote in mid career,  
On the breast beside the nipple ; his nimble coursers swerv'd,  
As thundering from the car he fell, with soul and strength unnerv'd.  
Woe wrung the heart of Hector ; needs must he let him lie :  
Meanwhile his brother Cébriones he charged the reins to ply.  
Then from his shining chariot leapt Hector, with the sound  
Of hideous war-whoop, and a stone tore fiercely from the ground ;  
And rush'd direct at Teucer : he meant to smite him sore :—  
And Teucer from his quiver pluck'd one bitter arrow more ;  
Fitted the string, and clutch'd it : but as he drew it taut,  
Right on the shoulder, where the blade sunders the breast and throat,  
Where wounds are mostly mortal, did high-plumed Hector fling  
The rugged boulder, baulk'd his aim, and jarr'd and burst his string.  
At the wrist his hand was palsied ; fell Teucer on his knee ;  
From nerveless grasp he dropp'd the bow ; a helpless wight was he !  
But Ajax, not unmindful, around his brother strode ;  
Before him sway'd his mighty arm, and flung his buckler broad.  
Mecisteus and Alastor, his comrades, o'er him bent,  
And on their shoulders bore him off, much groaning, to his tent.  
Then once again the Trojans, urged by Olympian Jove,  
With Hector foremost in attack,  
Routed the Achaian hosts, and back even to their rampire drove.

As hound, wild boar or lion chasing with nimble paw,  
At haunch or hock still snaps behind, and dodges tusk and claw ;  
So Hector press'd the Grecians, and still the hindmost smote :  
Fled they :—but when behind the ditch and rampire they had got,  
And many a wight had fallen ; then by their ships they stood,  
And turn'd at last, and on their fellows call'd they, shouting loud ;  
And to all the Gods uplifted their hands and cried afar ;  
While Hector gallop'd to and fro, and rush'd with thundering car  
Furious, with eyes like Gorgon dire, or murderous God of war.

Now these the white-arm'd Goddess beheld with ruthless breast ;  
And straightway to Minerva thus her wingèd words address'd :—  
“ Alack ! thou gracious daughter of the ægisbearing king,  
Shall we no more the Grecians aid, the lost and perishing,—  
No more,—not this once only ? now all the Achaian rout,  
Storm'd by one man, shall doom fulfil,  
So madly rages Hector still,  
Intolerable,—such load of ill already hath he wrought ! ”  
To her the blue-eyed Goddess Minerva made reply :—  
“ Would God the wretch by Grecian hands might fall, and faint and  
die,  
Here in his father's country !—but lo ! my sire no less  
Rages with passions ill distraught,—that old Unrighteousness !—  
My vain endeavours baulking ; nor a whit doth recollect  
How oft his son's great labours, still  
Imposed by hard Eurystheus' will, I brought to good effect.  
When he to high Olympus his cries imploring cast,  
Me from Olympus Jove sent forth to help and hold him fast.

But had I judg'd discreetly, and deem'd of strait like this,  
Then when the tyrant bade him go  
To him that swings the gates below, inexorable Dis,—  
From Erebus and darkness to fetch grim Dis his hound,—  
Then ne'er from Styx had he escap'd, across the gulf profound !  
Now doth Jove hate and spurn me ;—now Thetis hears alone ;  
Who clasp'd his knees, and stroked his beard, and pray'd him most to  
crown

Victoriously and gloriously her fortress-storming son !  
Yet one day will he call me again his blue-eyed dear !—  
But thou for us thy coursers stout, and shining car prepare,  
That I Jove's halls may enter and arm me for the fight ;  
Then see we, when we rush from far,  
Flash'd on the bridges of the war, will Hector hail the sight !  
For now methinks some Trojan at the Argive ships shall fall,  
And glut the vultures and the dogs his carrion flesh withal !”  
She spake, nor at her bidding the white-arm'd Goddess stay'd :  
Her horses golden-frontleted  
Juno, the great Saturnian seed, august of Powers, array'd.

Meanwhile Minerva, daughter of the glorious lord of all,  
Across the threshold of her sire her various robe let fall ;  
The mantle she had broider'd with her own hands and wove ;  
Then on her breast the corslet bound of cloud-amassing Jove.  
Thus arm'd for cruel battle she stood in armour bright,  
Then on the flaming car she leapt, and waved her javelin's might ;  
Huge javelin, strong and pond'rous, wherewith she kindles fire  
In heroes' hearts, or routs with fear,—dread child of dreadful sire !

Then Juno smote the horses ; forward the horses leapt ;  
Roar'd wide at once the gates etern by the Hours immortal kept :  
The Hours that guard Olympus ; to whom such charge is given,  
The cloudy barriers to unroll, or mantle all the heaven !  
Through these she spurr'd the horses :—whom when the Father spied  
From Ida, wax'd his anger hot, and thus in wrath he cried  
To golden-pinion'd Iris, his message stern to bear :—  
“ Hie hence, fleet Iris, thrust them back, nor let them reckless dare  
Confront me : better were it we met not in the brawl :  
For this will I declare, and this shall be accomplish'd all :—  
Their horses will I hamstring beneath the chariot-yoke ;  
Themselves will tumble from the wheel, and break it, nave and spoke ;  
Nor for ten years revolving the hurts repair'd shall be  
Stamp'd on them by my bolts below ;  
That she, my blue-eyed child, may know 'twere hard to strive with me!  
With Juno less I quarrel, nor match her threats with mine ;  
For she is wont to thwart me, whatsoever I design ! ”

He spake, and stormfoot Iris his message bearing sped ;  
And down from crested Ida flew to far Olympus' head :  
There in the foremost portal of the mountain deep-recess'd  
She met, and stay'd them, and with Jove's commandment thus address'd :  
“ Whither away ?—what passion thus sways your rampant will ?  
Saturnius suffers not the Gods to help the Grecians still :  
And know, Saturnius threatens thus, and surely will fulfil :—  
‘ Your horses will I hamstring beneath the chariot-yoke ;  
Yourselves will tumble from the wheel, and break it, nave and spoke ;  
Nor for ten years revolving the hurts repair'd shall be,

Stamp'd on ye by my bolts below ;

That thou, my blue-eyed child, mayst know, 'twere hard to strive with  
me !'

With Juno less he quarrels, and less in fury glows ;

For aye she wont to thwart him, whatsoe'er he doth propose.

But reckless thou and shameless, thou curst one, if thou dare

'Gainst him, the king of Gods and men, thy giant shaft to rear !"

So spake the swift-foot Iris, and fluttering off she sped :

But Juno turn'd to Pallas, and accosted her, and said :—

"Alack ! thou Thunderer's daughter, now hear me once again :

No longer will I counsel lend 'gainst Jove to strive for men.

Let men die, one or other, or one or other live,—

As chance will have it ;—and let Him

Meet judgment, at His will and whim, 'twixt Greek and Trojan give !"

And so the sounding horses back turn'd she as she spoke ;—

The fair-maned horses ;—and the Hours releas'd them from the yoke,

And fill'd for them the mangers with food ambrosial ;

And leant the chariot in the light that shone against the wall.

'Themselves on high Olympus, their kindred Powers among,

Reclined upon their golden thrones, and chafed with sorrow stung.

Then Father Jove from Ida his steeds and rolling car

Drove to Olympus, and approach'd the seats divine from far.

And Neptune great, Earthshaker, his steeds unloos'd and fed ;

His car upon the platform placed, and o'er it curtains spread.

Lo ! Jove himself broad-fronted assumed his golden seat ;

And all the vast Olympian mountain trembled 'neath his feet.



But Juno and Minerva apart from Jove reclined ;  
Nor either speech address'd to him, nor sought to learn his mind.  
He spied their thoughts, and cried he :—" Why thus with sorrow stung ?  
What ! are ye worn and wearied quite your Trojan foes among,  
With smiting them, and slaying them, and wreaking wrath and wrong ?  
Know this,—my strength so mighty, my arm so matchless still,—  
Not all the Gods through all the heavens had turn'd me from my will !  
But ye hath fear o'er-master'd and seiz'd your limbs so light,  
Or e'er dread war and deeds of blood had flash'd upon your sight !  
Now this will I declare, and this had been accomplish'd quite ;—  
Never to high Olympus again had ye return'd  
Amid the Immortals throned above, by my bright lightnings burn'd !"

Then Juno and Minerva beside each other sate  
Murmuring, while plans of ill for Troy they nurtured in their hate.  
Still sate Minerva silent, and on the Father scowl'd ;  
For sullen wrath possess'd her quite ; but Juno uncontroll'd  
Vented her bursting anger ; and thus to Jove she cried :—  
" Ah ! direful king, what speech is this ?  
Thy strength we know how great it is, which none may override !  
Yet for the Achaian warriors must we, their favourers, mourn,  
Destined their evil end to reach, even to its utmost bourn :—  
Lo ! at thy word we cease nathless from combat, and return.  
But counsel will we offer, which yet may wholesome prove,  
And save a remnant from the scourge of all-afflicting Jove !"  
Thereat the Cloud-amasser rejoin'd, and made reply :—  
" Stay but the morrow, Juno great, queen of the dark-brown eye !—  
Then shalt thou see,—so please thee,—the strong Saturnian king

Still more and more the mighty host of Grecians slaughtering !  
For know, fierce Hector never shall cease to slay and strip,  
Till he, Pelides swift of foot, be startled at his ship ;  
Then when the Grecians, hunted even to their galley's stern,  
Shall in last strait of war's debate round fallen Patroclus turn !  
Such is the Doom appointed !—but, angry though thou be,  
Nought care I, though thou fleest away to the bounds of earth and sea ;  
Where Japetus and Saturn sit joyless of the might  
Of Hyperion Helius, unsooth'd by breezes light ;  
But o'er them ever broods afar the deep Tartarean night !  
For not, even shouldst thou wander so far, would I avow  
Concern or care ;—no thing on earth so brazen-brow'd as thou !”  
He spake, and white-arm'd Juno thereto made answer none :—  
Meanwhile in farthest ocean sank the splendour of the Sun,  
Black Night behind it dragging, all-fruit-bearing Earth upon.  
By the Trojans much regretted the lingering light gave out ;  
But on the Greeks the darksome shade fell grateful, thrice-besought.

And now by Hector summon'd the Trojan warriors came  
To parley, from the ships aloof, by Xanthus' eddying stream ;  
Where lay the plain extended, a broad space, clear of dead ;  
And there they lighted from their cars to hear what Hector said.  
Came Jove's own favourite Hector, and in his hand he bore  
A lance of cubit-lengths eleven,  
With head in golden socket driven, which flash'd a light before.  
Thereon he leant haranguing :—“ Now hear me, Trojans all, —  
Hear me, ye Dardans and allies,—on all the host I call !  
E'en now methought the galleys 'twas ours to scorch with flame,

And utterly all the Greeks destroy ;—when lo ! the darkness came,  
And saved both ships and warriors by the margin of the strand :—  
Then yield we now to mantling night, and take our meal offhand ;  
From car the crested coursers release we now, and fling  
Fodder before them where they stand, and from the city bring  
Fat sheep and bullocks quickly, and wine for pleasant cheer ;  
With grain from garner ; and collect great store of faggots sere ;  
That we all night till morning may many a balefire burn,  
And let the flames mount high to heaven ; that so we may discern,  
If haply o'er broad ocean the Greeks their flight essay ;  
Nor let them privily embark at ease, and scour away !  
Lest so their galleys climbing they shift to 'scape, and heal  
Their hurts at home, by arrow pierced, or gash'd by falchion's steel.  
That henceforth men may tremble, remembering these their scars,  
On Trojans, quellers of the steed, to bring distressful Mars !  
And hie ye to the city, and call, ye sacred cryers,  
Call ye the children tender-aged, and call our hoary sires,  
And bid them on the rampart, the God-built rampart, lie ;  
And bid the women all at home light fires, and pile them high :  
And all alert and constant keep watch along the wall,  
Lest while the men are absent here an ambush on them fall.  
Such is my counsel, Trojans, sufficient for the day !—  
To-morrow 'midst the sons of Troy more shall there be to say.  
So Jove imploring duly, him chief, and all the rest,  
I trust these dogs away to spurn,  
These fated never to return, these dogs, of Doom possess'd !  
Now for the night securely guard we ourselves from harm :  
To-morrow with the morning's blush rise, warriors all, and arm !

And rush ye toward the shapely ships, and sound the dire alarm !  
Ha ! then shall fierce 'Tydides, that valiant Diomed,  
Shall he thrust me from ship to wall, or e'er I strike him dead,  
And spoil his bloody armour ?—to-morrow will we know,  
Dare he withstand my lusty hand, and bide my javelin-throw !  
Ha ! with the best, believe me, this man shall weltering lie,  
And many round him, when the Sun first rises in the sky !—  
Now would I were immortal myself, and ever young,—  
Even as Apollo honour'd, or Pallas, the Powers among,—  
As sure this day shall mischief bring on all the Grecian throng !"  
So Hector bold harangued them : the Trojans shouted round,  
And then their reeking steeds unyoked, and by the chariots bound,  
Each with his thong ; then quickly fat sheep and beeves they brought ;  
With wine for pleasant cheer, and grain ; and wood for burning sought.  
And so to all the Immortals their hecatombs complete  
Slew they, and forth to heaven the winds wafted the savour sweet :  
But the blessed Gods nor tasted, nor cared they for the cheer ;  
For Priam's host they hated sore,  
Ilium and Priam evermore, prince of the ashen spear.  
So, stout of heart, the Trojans, even on the bridge of war,  
Bade all their balefires blaze around, and watch'd by horse and car.  
  
As when the stars in heaven burn round their shining queen  
Brilliantly, and without a breath expands the broad serene ;—  
And every cliff and valley stands out, and headland height ;  
And breaks o'er all the firmament immeasurable light ;  
The stars all sparkle, and the swain's heart gladdens at the sight :—  
So many 'twixt the galleys and Xanthus' yellow stream,

Kindled in front of Ilium the Trojan balefires gleam :  
In the plain balefires a thousand are burning, and by each  
In firelight glow full fifty men their limbs reclining stretch :  
And ranged beside their chariots, and munching pulse and corn,  
Their steeds await the fair-pavilion'd Goddess of the morn.

## BOOK IX.

SO kept their watch the Trojans ;—meanwhile the Achaian host  
Fell Panic seiz'd, that waits on Fear ;  
And lo ! with grief too sore to bear were struck the chiefest most !  
And as two winds tempestuous lash up the fishy deep,  
Boreas and Zephyrus, North and West, from Thracian hills that sweep,  
With sudden gusts alighting ;—at once the sable surge  
Uprears its crest, and much seaweed they heap on Ocean's verge ;—  
So the Greeks were vex'd and harass'd, by fears and sorrows spent :  
And now Atrides, sore bested, to the shrill-voiced heralds went,  
And bade them summon, man by man, a general parliament ;—  
Not cry aloud ;—and toil'd he himself among the first  
In pain and grief the muster met ; and from the sovereign burst  
Gush of warm tears descending ; like well-spring dark and deep,  
That pours its dusky waters' flood adown the mountain-steep.  
And thus with bitter groaning the warriors he address'd :—  
“ O friends, O captains of the host, chiefest of Greeks and best !—  
Lo ! Jove Saturnian holds me fast bound in baleful curse ;  
False Jove, who nodding to my vow,  
Badé hope proud Ilium to o'erthrow, and home my sails reverse !



Fell was the fraud he purposed !—now bids he turn again  
Inglorious to the Argive strand, so many brothers slain !  
For so, forsooth, it pleaseth the Power whom all adore,  
Jove, who hath broke full oft the crown of cities fair before,  
And yet will others break, for he is sovereign evermore !  
Then hear me, valiant Grecians, and all agreement make,  
Homeward to flee ; for broadway'd Troy be sure we ne'er shall take.”  
He spake and all were silent, in silence still remain'd,  
Sorrowing and sad, the sons of Greece, with heart and spirit pain'd ;  
At last rose loud-voiced Diomed amongst them, and complain'd :—  
“ Now first with thee, Atrides, will I in speech contend,  
And chide thy folly ;—such my right ;—then hear me to an end !  
'Twas thou didst first upbraid me, and jeer me mid the host,  
And call me weak, unvaliant all ;—no word of this was lost,  
But all the Grecians heard it, the young men and the old :—  
But know thou, Jove to thee his gracious gifts by halves hath doled :  
The sceptre hath he given thee, with worship and renown ;  
But valour hath he given thee none, which is the warrior's crown !  
Ha ! sirrah ! deem'st thou soothly our host so mean, so weak ?  
Nay,—but if so thy spirit move thee, turn, and safety seek !—  
Straight lies the way before thee !—thy ships are by the sea  
Standing, the throng of ships which from Mycenæ follow'd thee.  
But all the other Grecians, our crested warriors all,  
Here will remain, till Greece prevail, and Troy in ruin fall,  
Or if these warriors also will flee,—then, let them go,—  
And seek dear home across the seas ;—Tydides will not so !  
We, Sthenelus and Tydides, the war will still proclaim,  
Till Ilium's utmost end we reach ;—for with the God we came !”

He spake ; and all the Grecians with clamorous shouts agreed,  
And prais'd the words of Diomed, stout queller of the steed.  
Then Nestor rose, and answered : " Tydides, thou in war  
Art valiant most, and after all  
Our youths on thee the last we call, in counsel wariest far.  
No Grecian durst disparage thy sentence, nor reject :  
Yet incomplete thy judgment is, and lacks of full effect ;  
For young art thou,—well might'st thou be youngest child of mine !—  
Though sage and prudent for thy years among the kings divine.  
Now I, that am thy elder, will thoroughly advise ;  
And none, not even the king of men, my counsel will despise.  
Ah ! uncompanion'd, homeless, estranged from human right,  
The wretch who broods o'er civil feuds, whom brothers' broils delight !—  
But give we place to darkness now, and to supper fall ;  
And, band by band, choose guards to watch the ditch beyond the  
wall :—

Such post befits the youngsters :—but for the seniors then  
Deck thou the board, and rule the feast, Atrides, king of men !  
So best becomes the sovereign !—thy tents are stored with wine,  
Which daily Grecian barks from Thrace waft o'er the billowy brine :  
For thou o'er many ruler art, and all the cheer is thine.  
And when meet all together, then him who counsels best,  
Him follow thou ; the Achaian host  
Needs counsel sage and subtle most, by the Trojans straightly press'd.  
For see their blazing balefires ! who quakes not at the sight ?  
Even now our host shall be o'erthrown, or saved this present night."  
Thus spake he ; gladly heard him the Grecians, and obey'd ;  
And from the throng the warders strong stood forth in arms array'd.

With folkherd Thrasymedes Nestorides they came ;  
With Ascalaphus and Jalmenus, twin princes, known to fame ;  
With Merion and Aphareus, and with Deïpyrus,  
And Lycomedes, Creon's son :—array'd and marshall'd thus  
With the seven came forth seven hundred :—'twixt ditch and dyke  
they sate ;  
And kept they guard, long spear in hand, and lit their fires and ate.

But the elder chiefs Atrides led to his tent, and placed  
Before them store of pleasant cheer ;  
They on the dainty dishes near stretch'd forth their hands to taste.  
And when their thirst and hunger were sated with the food,  
Among them first to weave the web of counsel Nestor stood ;—  
Nestor, whose counsels all before had heard, and proved them good.  
Thus blandly he bespake them :—" Atrides, sovereign king,  
With thee will I commence my speech, with thee to issue bring :  
For thou art king of nations, and Jove hath pledg'd to thee  
Sceptre and sentence, that of all adviser thou shouldst be.  
Wherefore it most befits thee to speak, nor less to hear,  
And sanction others' speech, if wise  
The counsel other chiefs devise, and bring the best to bear.  
So now will I deliver that which I deem the best :  
Nor better counsel can I give than what I then express'd ;  
When thou from fierce Achilles didst take, and tear away  
Lady Briseïs from his tent, where he in dudgeon lay ;  
All in despite of judgment right, and words that I could say.  
So stern wert thou and eager the hero to disgrace,  
The bravest of our Grecian host,—

Whom even the Gods have honour'd most,—and spoil him to his face !  
Yet let us now consider, even now, what blandishment  
Of gracious gifts, or honey'd words, may soothe him and content."

To him king Agamemnon rejoining thus begins :—

" O friend, not falsely hast thou read the roll of all my sins.

Sinn'd have I, past denial :—ah ! worth a host is he,

The man whom Jove with favour crowns, who wins by heav'n's  
decree ;—

Such as Achilles, for whose sake our warriors turn and flee !

But since with sinful passion 'twas I that gave the offence,

Be it mine to soothe him and content with ample recompense.

And now before this council shall all my gifts be told :—

Seven tripods fair, unscathed by fire ; ten talents' weight of gold ;

And twice ten burnish'd cauldrons ; with coursers swift of pace,

Twelve coursers, bearers of the palm, all winners in the race.

His were no lack of cattle, of precious gold were none,

The man who counts such wealth for his, as my swift steeds have  
won !

And women will I give him, seven, skill'd in labours rare,

Skilful of hand and fair of look,—

Lesbians, whom when he Lesbos took, I made my royal share.

These will I give, and with them the girl I seiz'd that day,

Lady Briseïs ;—and thereto with solemn oath will say ;

Ne'er have I sought the maid in love,

Nor offer'd joy with her to prove, as man with woman may.

Now these shall his be straightway ;—but if the Gods allow

At last the hostile hold to storm, and Ilium to o'erthrow,—

Then he with us shall enter, and cram with brass and gold  
His galley, when to all the Greeks their due rewards are doled :—  
And twenty Trojan women, of all the plunder'd town  
The fairest, after Argive Helen, choose he for his own !  
And if our pleasant Argos, the prime of tilth, we gain,  
Then shall he be my son-in-law, if he to wed be fain.  
Nor less than young Orestes then will I hold him dear,—  
My youngest, whom at home I tend with softness and good cheer.  
For this I say, three daughters dwell in my palace bright,  
Chrysóthemis, Laodicè, Iphigénia hight ;  
Of these the loved and chosen home shall he freely lead,  
Bought with no guerdon ; but myself will give him gifts instead,  
Many, as ever father endow'd his child withal ;—  
And seven fair cities, full of men, shall to her portion fall ;—  
Cardamylè and Irè, and grassy Enopè ;  
Pheræ divine, and Anthea, queen of the fruitful lea ;  
Æpy, and vine-clad Pedasus, all seated by the sea.  
And they that them inhabit, all rich in flocks and herds,  
With gifts shall crown him, as a God,  
Yield wealth of tribute to his rod, and hearken to his words.  
Thus will I do, if straightway from anger he relent.  
Let him be tamed ;—untameable is Hades, and unbent :—  
Wherefore of Gods by mortals is Hades hated most.  
And let him fain acknowledge me  
More king, and elder born than he ;—for such I make my boast.”

To him made answer Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :—

“ Most glorious Atreïde, king of men, rich are thy gifts and dear ;

And no man can gainsay them :—then be there envoys sent  
Straightway to seek Peleïades Achilles in his tent.  
Come then, and let us choose them ;—let them our bidding do !  
Let Phoenix first, beloved of Jove, before the others go :  
Next Ajax and Ulysses, and following in their train,  
Eurybates and Hódios shall join them, heralds twain.  
Now water bring for washing, and bid men hold their peace ;  
And pray we Jove, the ruthless king, to save the sons of Greece.”  
He spake ; to all the hearers right welcome was his word :  
And straightway o’er the hands of each the heralds water pour’d ;  
The youngsters fill’d them goblets with foaming wine so red ;—  
Pour’d to the Gods, and gave the cups ;—took these and offering shed,  
And drank, and drain’d the draught, and forth from Atreïde’s tent they  
    sped.

But to the envoys Nestor, Gerenian cavalier,  
His last injunctions mutter’d still, and turn’d he here and there,  
And most Ulysses counsell’d how to gain the Peléïde’s ear.

So went the twain together by billowy ocean’s strand,  
And to the Earth-shaker much they pray’d, the Girdler of the land,  
To bend for them the purpose of the haughty Æacide :  
And thus the Myrmidonian tents and ships they came beside.  
The prince his spirit soothing with shrilling lyre they found,—  
The dainty lyre and delicate, with silver framed around.  
This spoil himself had chosen, when he sack’d Eëtion’s town ;  
With this he sooth’d his soul, and chanted lays of old renown.  
Before him sate Patroclus alone, and held his peace,  
Attending on Æacides, till he from song should cease.



They came, Ulysses leading ;—before him lo ! they stand :—  
Up leapt Achilles from his seat, astonish'd, lyre in hand ;  
And with him leapt Patroclus, when he the princes spied ;  
And—"Hail ye, friends, that seek my tent ;—all hail !" Achilles  
cried :—

" 'Tis need, forsooth, that brings ye ; yet friends ye are to me,  
Wroth though I am ; of all the Greeks are none so dear as ye !"  
He spoke, and led them forward, and for them chairs array'd  
With purple cloths and coverlets ;—and to Patroclus said :—  
" Now bring an ampler flagon, and mingle stronger wine,  
And set a cup for each good friend that seeks this bower of mine !"  
He said :—Patroclus hearken'd, and down he set with haste  
In firelight glow a charger big, with juicy viands graced ;  
Of sheep and goat a saddle, and chine of porker sweet :—  
Automedon the joints upheld ; Achilles carv'd the meat.  
He chopp'd it well in portions, and these he truss'd on spits ;  
And then Patroclus rais'd a flame, ere yet he cook'd the bits.  
But when the flame subsided, and the fire had smoulder'd down,  
He raked the embers in a heap, and laid the spits thereon  
Ranged in their racks, and sprinkled savour of salt divine ;  
And so the roast was dress'd, and dish'd, and set for men to dine.  
And next Patroclus lower'd fair baskets from the shelf,  
And piled the board with bread ; the meat Achilles serv'd himself.  
He sate and faced Ulysses, propp'd by the counter wall ;  
His friend cut morsels for the Gods ; himself he burnt them all :  
They on the dainties set before them eagerly let fall.

But when their thirst and hunger were sated with the food,

Ajax to Phoenix made a sign ; Ulysses understood,  
And fill'd, and pledg'd Achilles :—" Achilles, hail ! " he cried :—  
" From Agamemnon's tent we come, who well our needs supplied,—  
Not less than thou ;—so hearty the feasts our princes make ;—  
But not for feasting come we here, for cheer, or converse sake ;  
But for the dire disasters from which we shrink dismay'd ;  
So lours destruction o'er the ships, unless thou rise and aid.  
For now hard by our rampart and ships the Trojans pitch,—  
The Trojans and their stout allies,—and haste to leap the ditch ;  
And many a bale-fire burn they throughout their hosts this night :  
' No more,' say they, ' we'll stop and stay, but on the ships will  
light : '—

And Jove Saturnian cheers them on, with thunderings on the right.  
And, sure of Jove, grins Hector, and rages horribly ;  
And recks not he of men, nor Gods ;—as one possess'd is he.  
He prays for daylight quickly ;—for he will tear away  
The poop-heads from our galleys' stern, the galleys burn with day ;  
And by them smite the Achaians bewilder'd in the smoke.  
Ah ! much I fear it so shall be ;—the Gods whom we provoke  
Shall all his threats accomplish ; and our sad lot remain  
At hateful Troy to perish, far from Argos' grassy plain !  
Then up ! if yet thou meanest, though late, to come with power,  
And save the children of the Greeks, sore labouring in the stour.  
Else thine will be the sorrow hereafter :—ill once done,  
No cure remains :—then, ere it come,  
Help us to ward impending doom, the dreadful day to shun.  
'Twas thus thy father Peleus admonish'd thee, good friend,  
When he to Agamemnon's host from Phthia bade thee wend ;—

‘Now strength, my son, Minerva and Juno may bestow ;  
But cherish in thy manly breast the generous spirit thou !  
Be courteous thou, and kindly, and promptly strife give o’er ;  
For so the Grecians, young and old, shall give thee honour more.’  
The senior thus enjoin’d thee ;—but thou forget’st : then cease  
From fretful passion, and the king  
With many a noble offering thy fortunes shall increase.  
Now list to me, and duly shall all his gifts be told :—  
Seven tripods fair, unscathed by fire, ten talents’ weight of gold,  
And twice ten burnish’d cauldrons ; with horses, swift of pace,  
Twelve generous steeds that gain the palm, all winners in the race.  
His were no lack of cattle, of precious gold were none,  
The man who so much wealth has gain’d as erst these steeds have won !  
And women will he give thee, seven, skill’d in labours rare,  
Skilful of hand, and fair of look,  
Lesbians, whom, when he Lesbos took, he made his royal share.  
These will he give, and with them the girl he snatch’d that day,—  
Lady Briseïs,—and thereto with solemn oath will say,  
Ne’er hath he sought the maid in love,  
Nor offer’d joy with her to prove, as man with woman may.  
Now these shall thine be straightway :—but if the Gods allow  
At last the hostile hold to storm, and Ilium to o’erthrow,  
Then thou with us shalt enter, and cram with brass and gold  
Thy galley, when to all the Greeks their due rewards are doled :—  
And twenty Trojan women, of all the plunder’d town  
The fairest, after Argive Helen, choose thou for thine own !  
And if we pleasant Argos, the prime of tilth, regain,  
Then shalt thou be his son-in-law, if thou to wed be fain :

Nor less than young Orestes then will he hold thee dear.—  
His youngest, whom at home he keeps with softness and good cheer.  
For this he saith, three daughters dwell in his palace bright,  
Chrysóthemis, Laodicè, Iphigénia hight ;  
Of these the loved and chosen home shalt thou freely lead,  
Bought with no guerdon, but himself will give thee gifts instead ;  
Many, as ever father endow'd dear child withal ;—  
And seven fair cities, full of men, shall to her portion fall ;—  
Cardámylè and Irè, and grassy Enopè ;  
Pheræ divine and Anthea, queen of the fruitful lea ;  
Æpy and vine-clad Pedasus ; all seated by the sea.  
And they that them inhabit, all rich in flocks and herds,  
With gifts shall crown thee as a God,  
Yield wealth of tribute to thy rod, and hearken to thy words.  
Thus will he do, if straightway from anger thou relent.  
But if 'gainst Agamemnon, and his gifts thy soul is bent,  
To the other Panachaïans at least with pity nod,—  
Wearied and worsted ;—all their hosts shall hold thee as a God.  
Even Hector shalt thou conquer, if madly he draw nigh :—  
'For none,' saith he, 'of all the rout  
Whom here the Grecian barks have brought, is brave and bold as I.'

Him fleet-of-foot Achilles addressing thus replies :—  
"O Jove-born Laërtiades, Ulysses, shrewd and wise,—  
'Tis fit to answer frankly, nor my true purpose hide,  
And fix'd resolve ;—then perch ye not, and twitter side by side :  
For as hell-gates I loathe him, the man who in his breast  
One thing conceals, and other speaks ;—then hear what deem I best.

Me neither Agamemnon Atrides shall persuade,—  
No, nor the Grecians all, I ween, to lend the needful aid ;  
So little was the favour I reap'd with sword and spear :—  
Stands one aside, or freely fights, one lot attends him here :—  
Men hold in equal honour the coward and the brave ;  
And dies alike the lazy loon, and valour fails to save.  
Nor ought doth me advantage the weary moil I make ;  
Nor all the perils I affront, setting my life at stake.  
As a bird presents a mouthful to the younglings of her nest,  
As soon as caught, their maws to fill,  
While with herself it fares but ill with hunger and unrest ;  
So I full many a night-long have sleepless lain, and fought  
For husbands cozen'd of their wives the bloody day throughout.  
Now I twelve wealthy cities have sail'd and storm'd by sea ;  
And inland Troïan towns eleven have captured been by me :  
And I from all much plunder have seiz'd, and brought, and laid  
Before Atrides all, while he by the ships reclining stay'd.  
Some gifts he took ; the remnant assign'd he, lot by lot ;  
And all that to our chiefs he gave, is theirs ;—he claims it not :—  
Me only of the Achæians,—me only he deprives ;  
And bears away the spouse I love, and sports with her, and wives !  
Be it so !—but why with Trojans should Grecians join in fight ?  
Why hath Atrides hither led the musters of his might ?  
For whom but fair-hair'd Helen have all these deeds been done ?  
Think ye the Atridæ love their wives of mortal men alone ?  
Nay surely ! for the valiant and constant man, whoe'er  
He be, still loves his own, as I  
Love mine, and keeps her jealously, though captured with the spear !



But now, since he hath rifled my prize, and mock'd me so,  
Let him not court me, and cajole, who all his falsehood know ;  
But rather take good counsel with thee, Ulysses sage,  
And with the other kings, to guard his ships from Hector's rage.  
Much truly hath he labour'd, sans help of mine, and made  
A rampart, and around it drawn deep ditch and palisade ;  
Yet can he not the fury of murderous Hector stay !—  
Now while I fought the fights of Greece crouch'd Hector far away  
Behind his walls, nor ventured beyond the Scæan gate,—  
Or to the beech-tree, close beside,—our Argive powers to mate !  
There once he met me singly, and scarce escaped he quite.  
But now,—for I no more with glorious Hector join in fight,—  
The Immortals all to-morrow will I with rites appease ;  
Then load my ships,—so please ye mark,—and launch them on the  
seas :

And early shall ye see them on Hellespont stand out,  
And scudding sail with favouring gale, or drive with oarsmen stout.  
Then, if the great Earth-shaker smooth seas and streams command,  
Three days,—and Phthia shall we reach, our own abounding land !  
There left I many treasures, when hapless here I came ;  
And hence much gold I bear away,  
And ruddy brass and iron gray, and many a comely dame ;  
My share of spoil appointed, the plunder and the pelf !—  
But ah ! my choicest prize the king, who gave, hath seiz'd himself !  
Go, tell him this my bidding, aloud, that all may know ;  
And on him every Greek may scowl,  
If any he would yet cajole :  
Hound though he be, in front and soul, he dares not face me now !



With him I take no counsel, nor join with him in deed :  
Once has he mock'd and injured me ; no more shall he succeed !  
Once was enough !—yet scatheless for me the wretch may go ;  
For lord-of-counsel Jove hath pluck'd his sense away, I trow !  
I scorn his gifts, and hold them just worth a straw,—no more !  
Nor reckon I though he give the same ten times or twenty o'er.  
I spurn what now he offers,—I spurn what yet he may :—  
Not the treasures of Orchomenus shall work with me to stay !  
The wealth of Thebes Egyptian of small account I hold ;  
Thebes, full of goodly bravery, and houses cramm'd with gold :  
Thebes with its gates a hundred, and men that rush to fight  
Through each, with chariots and with steeds, two hundred men of might.  
Nay, though he gave me presents countless as sand and dust,  
Even so the king should not persuade  
My stubborn soul, till first be made requital stern and just.  
But Atreïde Agamemnon his child I will not wed ;—  
Not though all gifts of golden Venus glitter'd on her head ;—  
Not though at loom and spindle with Pallas she could vie :  
Nay, let his choice on other fall,  
Some prettier man his son to call, and more a king than I !  
For should the Gods restore me home, all these perils through,  
Then Peleus' self will marry me a wife in season due.  
Now many are in Hellas, in Phthia many are,  
High damsels, children of the kings who keep our cities fair,  
With whom to join in wedlock : and sooth I long have yearn'd  
For marriage vows with fitting spouse, for comforts, home return'd,  
In my ancient father's dwelling : nor were they worth my life,  
Even all the glorious spoils of Troy of which the fame was rife

Of old, when Ilium flourish'd, fair city throned in peace ;  
Ere strife awoke, and battle broke, and came the sons of Greece :  
Not all the guarded treasures behind the flinty bar  
Of Pytho, where Apollo dwells, the Darter-from-afar.  
Beeves men may lift in plunder, and sheep from grassy plains ;  
And purchase store of golden ore, and steeds with tawny manes :  
But life, when once it passes the barrier of the teeth,  
None may recover, none may clutch, nor stay the fleeting breath.  
For thus my mother warns me :—‘ Two diverse fates attend,’—  
So warns my mother silver-shod,—‘ and bear thee to thine end.’  
If constant here I tarry, and fight my battles through,  
Return shall be forbidden quite, but endless fame accrue :  
But if to home and country discreetly I return,  
Scant fame for me the Greeks among,  
But life forsooth shall then be long, and death a distant bourn.  
And all the other Grecians thus would I counsel now,  
Homeward to sail ;—for lofty Troy they never shall lay low.  
So Jove broad-fronted o’er her his potent hand doth hold ;  
And staunch her princes stand in fight, and wax her people bold.  
Then hie ye, and deliver,—for so ye seniors may,—  
This message to the chiefs of Greece ; this only will I say :—  
Let them some other counsel devise, some likelier plan,  
To save their shapely ships from fire, and armies, horse and man :  
For this be sure,—the counsel which now they have contrived  
To soothe my wrath, and lure me back, hath fail’d them, and not thrived.  
But Phoenix,—let him tarry, and with me rest, and sail  
To-morrow home, if so he will,—  
If kindly words may move him still, and love, not force, prevail.”

He spake : his guests around him in speechless silence stood,  
Confounded by his utterance stout, and fierce and angry mood.  
At last steed-spurrer Phoenix, the veteran, oped his lips,  
With tears astart,—so much he quaked for the peril of the ships :—

“ Now, if return thou meanest in sooth, Achilles bright,  
Nor carest at all to save our ships from fire’s consuming might,—  
So fierce and fell thine anger,—then ah ! how shall I bear  
To lose thee, darling child, and stay alone abandon’d here ?  
For old steed-spurring Peleus, he bade me go with thee,  
That day he sent thee to the host, my tender charge to be.  
Then knew’st thou nought of battle, where warriors meet and mate ;  
Nor aught of parley, where men shine conspicuous in debate.  
Wherefore he sent me with thee, to care for all thy needs ;  
To make thee speaker shrewd of speech, and doer eke of deeds.  
Then part from thee I would not, not though the Father swore  
Himself to strip me of my years, and youth and strength restore :—  
As when I fled from Hellas for the anger of my sire,  
Amyntor son of Ormenus ;—so deadly wax’d his ire,  
All for a fair handmaiden to whom did he incline,  
Preferr’d before his lawful spouse, his spouse and mother mine.  
My mother she implored me to slip before, and make  
The maid my own, that she might scorn the graybeard for my sake.  
I hearken’d, and I did it :—which when my father guess’d,  
Sore curst he me, and Furies three  
Invoked, that never on his knee child of my loins should rest ;—  
And Dis below the curse maintain’d, and Proserpine unblest.  
Him then I plann’d and purposed to slay with trenchant steel ;

But ah ! some God my wrath restrain'd, and made me shrink, and feel  
The shame of men's reproaches, and curse of parricide :  
But then no more could I endure with the angry sire to bide,  
And in his dwelling linger ; though many a kinsman dear,  
And many a friend on either side beset and chid me there ;  
And tried in vain my soul to shake, constraining me with prayer.  
High feast they made, and slaughter'd much store of sheep and kine ;  
And roasted whole on Vulcan's flame full many a fatling swine ;  
And from his pitchers, deep and full, swill'd the old warrior's wine.  
So watch by watch carousing nine nights they kept me strait ;  
Nor slack'd the fires within the house, by which the watchmen sate :  
One fire between the pillars in the central corridor ;  
Another in the entrance-hall, my chamber cill before.  
But when with dusk and darkness came night the tenth, ah ! then  
My chamber door, so fast and firm, I burst, free once again,—  
And lightly o'er the threshold leapt,  
And baulk'd them all the watch that kept, the maidens and the men !  
Then far away o'er Hellas, o'er Hellas broad I leap,  
To Phthia, with her fertile fields, abounding nurse of sheep :  
And there I sought king Peleus : he kindly took my hand,  
And loved me, as a sire his son,  
His darling child, his only one, above both house and land.  
Me with much wealth endow'd he, rich glebe to till or feed ;  
And gave me the Dolopian men, his furthest clan, to lead.  
So thee I bred, and made thee the noble prince thou art,—  
Achilles, likest to the Gods,—I loved thee from my heart !  
For with no other partner wouldst thou abide and dine,  
But I must take thee on my knee, and set thee meat and wine.

And oft-times in my bosom hast thou bespill'd my dress,  
Sputtering the cupful o'er me, in thine irksome childishness.  
Such pains for thee endured I with patience and with love ;  
For that from me no child might spring ;—such was the curse of Jove !  
And thee, divine Achilles, for mine would I adopt ;  
Thee for my stay I chose ; on thee my years declining propp'd.  
But thou, control thy rancour, nor pitiless abide :—  
Lo ! even the Gods are bent by prayer,  
For all their glory past compare, for all their power and pride !  
The Gods with wine and victims, and incense, men appease ;  
If aught be sinn'd, or aught be err'd, they make their peace with these.  
And Prayers, though halt and wrinkled, and impotent of sight,  
Are still the progeny of Jove, and dog Sin's wilful flight.  
Though strong and swift Sin ever speeds first, with cruel mind,  
O'er earth and sea, to injure men,—they healing limp behind.  
And who shall well entreat them, and heed, thus coming near,  
Such do they ever prosper much, and all his bidding hear.  
But if one thrust them from him, and stiffly say them nay ;  
To Jove they fly, to Jove they sue :—  
' Ha ! hold him Sin, and make him rue ! '—and thus his crime repay.—  
Then reverence thou Jove's daughters ;—such reverence sways the  
good,  
And ever bends their wayward will, and breaks their stubborn mood.  
For if, forsooth, Atrides no presents brought, nor named  
Presents to follow, but still nurs'd his violent hate untamed ;—  
Then leastwise would I bid thee renounce thy wrath, nor plead  
'Gainst just resentment, to assist the Greeks, for all their need.  
But now he sets before thee fair gifts, and pledges more ;

And eke his chosen chiefs he sends thy favour to implore :  
Chiefs to thyself the dearest these of all our ships before.  
Their speech thou must not blame, nor their presence bide unmoved ;  
Suffice it thus far to have raged with anger unreproved.  
And so of ancient heroes in story we have heard :—  
Their violent wrath was sooth'd by gifts ; by prayer their pity stirr'd.

“ Now this I well remember myself ;—friends, hearken all !—  
This deed which in my younger years, not lately, did befall.  
'Twas once when with the Ætolians the stout Curetes fought ;  
And these to conquer Calydon, and those to keep it sought ;  
And slew they one another, and many on earth were strown ;  
Such mischief 'mongst them Dian wrought, queen of the golden throne.  
Full wroth was she that Ceneus to her no offerings made,  
Nor vineyard fruits, nor must of wine,  
But every other Power divine with due libations paid ;  
Forgetting or despising the Goddess of the bow :—  
Infatuate he !—whereat enraged she sent a savage foe,  
A boar, white-tusk'd, tremendous, his fruits to rend and grind :  
And mischief much the monster wrought, after his savage kind.  
Full many a tall tree flung he uprooted on the plain,  
Flung trunk and roots, with flower and fruits,—till with a host of men,  
Hunters from divers cities, and dogs,—for not by few  
Such beast as he could vanquish'd be,—him Melcager slew.  
Slew him the son of Ceneus, when many he had laid  
On funeral pyre ; and dire the rout that o'er him Dian made.  
Betwixt those valiant warriors contending for the spoil,  
For that same grisly monster's head and skin of shaggy pile.



Now while did Meleager for the brave Ætolians fight,  
'Twas ill for the Curetes all ;  
Nor could they stand before the wall, for all their power and might.  
But when fell anger enter'd in Meleager's breast ;—  
Which swells the heart of others too, the wisest and the best ;—  
He 'gainst his own dear mother Althea nursed his hate,  
And kept at home, and by his spouse indignant gloom'd and sate.  
(His spouse was Cleopatra, Marpessa's daughter sweet ;  
Child of Marpessa Evenine, the maid of ankle neat,  
And Idas ;—he of mortals strongest beyond compare,  
Who 'gainst Apollo strung the bow, for maid Marpessa fair.  
Alcyone her parents surnamed her, for the moan  
Her mother erst had made, the plaint of doleful Alcyon,  
Herself when darter-far Apollo seiz'd, and made his own.)  
With her sate Meleager digesting bitter bile,  
Wroth at his mother's curse ; for she besought the Gods the while  
With many curses, grieving for the brother he had slain ;  
And with her hands all-teeming Earth she beat and beat again,  
Invoking gloomy Hades and awful Proserpine ;  
And leaning forward on her knee bedew'd her breast with brine :  
To slay her son she pray'd them ; and heard her from the abyss  
The darkly-footing Fury, brazen-hearted Nemesis.  
And now great din of battle about the gates arose ;  
Storm'd the Curetes at the wall, and bang'd with heavy blows.  
Chief priests the Ætolians sent him, his succour to implore ;  
And promise large of gifts they made, of land abounding store.  
Where lies the richest champain of lovely Calydon,  
They bade him choose the fairest piece, to plant his home thereon ;

Broad acres fifty, vineyard one half, and half to till :  
And at his chamber door old Ceneus stood, and urged him still,  
Beating the stedfast pannels, and kneeling to his child ;  
And much his sisters pray'd around, and pray'd his mother mild :  
But he the more refused them :—and much his comrades pray'd,  
The nearest and the dearest all ;—yet could they not persuade ;  
Till even his chamber smartly was pelted by the foe,  
And o'er the walls the assailants climb'd, and set the towers a-glow.  
Then lastly Cleopatra her spouse with tears attack'd ;  
And fell she suppliant on her knee,  
And all the woes recounted she of men whose town is sack'd :—  
The fighting and the slaying ;—the city sinks in flame ;—  
And some the children hale away, and some the women shame !  
But when these horrors heard he, his manly heart was wrung ;  
Off would he go ;—about his limbs his armour bright he flung.  
And so from the Ætolians he fenced the sore distress,  
With generous heat :—lo ! they the meed  
Of promised gifts no longer heed ;—he saved them none the less !  
But be not thou thus reckless, dear heart, nor nurse thine ire  
Too long, impell'd by fate ; 'twere hard to save the ships on fire !  
Go now, for gift and guerdon ; now as a God all Greece  
With store of gifts will honour thee, thy name and fame increase :  
But if thou plunge in combat these gifts and guerdon spurn'd,  
No more such reverence shalt thou have, though all the war be turn'd."

To whom Achilles swift-foot rejoyn'd, and answer gave :—

"Dad Phoenix ! no such meed, be sure, of glory need I crave.

Jove's will, I know, decrees me due honour ; and my fame

Shall flourish by the crested ships, while breathes this vital frame ;  
While flesh and blood are lusty : and this too will I say,—  
Take thou, and nurse it in thy heart,—move me not thus, I pray,  
With dire lament and moaning, Atrides' thanks to gain ;  
Love not thou him, lest love of mine be turn'd to hate again !  
'Twere well for thee to break with whoever breaks with me :  
Rule thou with me in equal state, and my co-partner be !  
Now these shall bear my answer ; but rest thou here, and lay  
Thy limbs on my soft couch ; and with to-morrow's dawning day  
Decide we whether home we sail, or here abiding stay.”  
He spake ; and to Patroclus his brow in silence bent,  
In sign to strow the fleecy couch, that these might quit the tent  
At once, and take departure :—then to his comrade said  
The god-like son of Telamon, when they so ill had sped :—  
“O Jove-born king Laertian, Ulysses, shrewd at need,  
Away ! when all is said and done no whit shall we succeed.  
Report we quick our answer to the Greeks, though ill it be,  
Where still they sit expecting us : but hard and stern is he,  
Achilles,—nor regards he the favour of our host,  
Albeit we set him first of all, and prize and honour most :—  
Merciless !—yet have others accepted price of blood,  
For brother's murder or for child's, and held it ransom good.  
So dwells the slayer securely, his tribute duly paid ;  
The kinsman yields, content with gold, and all his wrath allay'd.  
But the Gods have swoln thy bosom with fierce and endless spite,  
All for one girl !—lo ! seven we give ; one maid with seven requite,  
Our choicest and our fairest !—nor are these offerings all,  
But others more :—then be appeas'd, nor shame thou thine own hall.

We plead beneath thy roof-tree ; and none so fit to please,  
And none, we say, so claim thy love of all the Greeks as these !”  
To him Achilles swift-foot rejoin'd, and answer made :—  
“Telamonian Ajax, sprung from Jove, leader of hosts array'd,  
Well have thy words been spoken all, as ye would have them said :  
Yet swells my heart with anger, remembering all the pride  
On me he flung, the Greeks among, Agamemnon Atreïde,  
Like mean and shiftless stranger :—then go ye, and relate  
My answer :—War I will not heed, nor join the dire debate,  
Till to my tents proud Hector, and ships of mine aspire,  
Slaying the Greeks before my face, and singe these barks with fire.  
But ha ! methinks this Hector, for all his fire and force,  
Before my tent and ships of mine shall stay his thundering course !”  
He said : took each the goblet and grasp'd with either hand,  
And pour'd ; then homeward to the ships they sped along the strand ;  
Ulysses first : Patroclus bade couch for Phoenix spread,  
Soft couch, and quickly ; and the maids the couch obedient laid,  
And strow'd with woollen fleeces, and downy linen fine ;  
Thereon the veteran bent and lay, till sacred morn should shine.  
And close within the chamber divine Achilles lay ;  
And Diomedè dainty-cheek'd beside him couch'd alway,  
Fair daughter she of Phorbas, whom he from Lesbos led.  
On the other side Patroclus slept, and Iphis shared his bed ;  
The slender-waisted Iphis, whom to his friend for slave  
From Scyros high, Enipeus' hold, bounteous Achilles gave.

Now when the proud pavilion of Atreus' son they gain'd,  
The Achaians, rising one by one, to them the goblet drain'd,

And ask'd them each their message ;—and first Atrides speaks :—  
“ Say now, Ulysses, chief renown'd, great glory of the Greeks,—  
Wills he the flames consuming from our galleys to restrain ?—  
Or nills he ?—and doth rancorous hate still in his bosom reign ? ”  
Replied the much enduring Ulysses, sprung from Jove :—  
“ Most glorious Atreïde, king of men, in vain we speer'd and strove :—  
The man will not abandon his anger, but yet more  
Swells he with rage, thy gifts disdains, thyself and all thy store ;—  
And bids thee now take counsel among the Grecians all,  
Shorn of his aid the ships to save and men within the wall !  
And for himself he threatens, with dawning of the day,  
Seaward his shapely barks to hale, and launch, and speed away.  
And all the Grecian musters thus doth he counsel now,  
Homeward to sail ; for lofty Troy we never shall lay low !  
So Jove broad-fronted o'er her his potent hand doth hold ;  
And staunch her princes stand in fight, and wax her people bold.  
So cried he ; these may witness, Ajax and heralds twain,  
Sage both, who with us went along :—Phoenix to stay is fain,  
And rests he with Achilles ; for so he urged him still ;  
That he might waft him homeward so,  
To-morrow, if he choose to go,—but not against his will.”

He spake ; and all were silent stood, silent all and each,  
Much marvelling at Ulysses' words, so downright was his speech.  
So desperate kept they silence with hearts and spirits pain'd ;  
At last rose valiant Diomedé amongst them, and complain'd :—  
“ Now, great king Agamemnon, would thou hadst ne'er besought  
With prayer this valiant Peleïde,

And gifts ten thousand ;—with such pride the man was aye distraught :  
Now hast thou more inflamed him and swoln his haughty will :  
Then leave we him, to please himself, to go or bide here still,  
Fight will he when his courage impels, or Gods persuade,  
Hereafter ;—now attend ye all, and be my rede obey'd.  
Sleep we to-night, when sated with bread and generous wine :—  
For these are strength, and courage these !—but when in heaven shall  
shine

Fair morning rosy-finger'd, do thou the host array,  
Before the galleys, man and horse ; then lead thyself the way."  
He spake, and all the princes applauded and agreed,  
And prais'd the words of Diomed, stout queller of the steed ;  
And when the wine was sprinkled, hied home and bedward each :  
And so they took the gift of sleep, reclining on the beach.



## BOOK X.

NOW by their ships reclining all night the princes slept ;  
On the other Panachaian chiefs oblivious slumber crept ;  
But folkherd Agamemnon no genial sleep possess'd ;  
Much was he pondering in his heart, and planning without rest.  
And as when Jove the Light'ner, the bright-hair'd Juno's lord,  
Thunders aloft, with drift of hail, and rains impetuous pour'd ;  
Or all the ploughland whitens with powdering sleet and snow ;  
Or haply opes the dreadful jaws of war, the bitter woe ;—  
So fast and thick the groanings of Agamemnon broke  
From his heart's core, and deep within his troubled bosom shook.  
Oft as Troy-plain beheld he he marvell'd at the light  
Of many a fire before the wall,  
With flutes and panpipes shrilling all, and voices through the night.  
But when towards the galleys he look'd, and Argive host,  
Then from his head he pluck'd by the roots his hair, and handfuls  
toss'd  
To Jove in heaven abiding ; and groan'd he at his heart :—  
And this to him considering much appear'd the better part :—  
To seek Neleïan Nestor before all others still ;

If plan with him he might devise,  
Some shifty plan, with counsel wise, to guard the host from ill.  
Upstarting then his tunic he clapp'd his bosom round ;  
And next beneath his shining feet the shapely sandals bound ;  
And straightway o'er his shoulders the tawny hide he flung  
Of lion huge, adust, and last his ponderous spear he swung.

Nor less was Menelaüs with fears distraught, nor sate  
Sleep on his eyelids, lest the Greeks should suffer adverse fate ;  
Who o'er the mighty waters the way to Troy had trod,  
And rais'd for him the violent war :—now o'er his shoulder broad  
He threw a spotted pardskin, a casque with brazen band  
Set on his head aloft, and spear grasp'd stoutly in his hand ;—  
And hied to rouse his brother, the chief of all the host ;  
Who by the people was revered as God, and honour'd most.  
Him found he clad, and standing his galleys stern beside :—  
Agamemnon bade him welcome be :—  
Then Menelaüs first was he to speak, and thus he cried :—  
“ Why, brother, thus array thee ? some comrade wilt thou send  
To spy the Trojans ?—much I fear none will his succour lend,  
Alone to roam, exploring their camp at dead of night :  
Bold were the man such feat to dare, and speed our errand right.”  
Replied king Agamemnon :—“ Menelaüs, brother brave ;  
Much need we counsel, thou and I, dexterous to guard and save  
The Grecians with their galleys : Jove's soul is moved, I trow,  
And more towards Hector's gifts than ours is bent and biass'd now.  
For never have I witness'd, nor heard I ever say  
Of one man who such wondrous feats hath ventured in one day,

As Hector 'gainst the Grecians hath singly dared and done ;—  
Beloved of heaven,—yet God begat, nor Goddess bare him none !  
Deeds hath he wrought, I tell thee, deeds which the host shall rue  
Henceforth for ever ; such the ills he swore the Greeks to do !  
But go now,—call on Ajax, and course the galleys by ;  
And call thou on Idomeneus ;—to Nestor I will hie,  
And bid him start from slumber, and with us seek the band  
Select of watchers by the wall, and issue strait command.  
To him they most will hearken, for these his son commands  
With Méridones, and gives the word :  
Them to this office we preferr'd, and gave it to their hands.”  
Then straightway Menelaüs, loud cheerer, answer made :—  
“ How sayst thou ?—shall I there abide amidst the Greeks array'd,  
Waiting for thee ?—or here return, when all my words are said ? ”  
To him king Agamemnon rejoin'd, and thus replied :—  
“ Nay, but, lest each the other miss thus parting, there abide.—  
Paths through the camp are divers ; but whichsoe'er thou take,  
Cry out that all thy voice may hear, and call them each to wake  
By his own name, and his father's ; and give them each their fame ;  
Nor bear thee proudly ; for we too, though kings, must bear our blame :  
Even now for pride this mischief hath Jove against us sent.”  
He spake ; and straight his brother, charged with due commandment,  
went.

Then forth himself he wended, and Nestor sought : he found  
The veteran couch'd beside his ship, and piled his weapons round,  
Buckler, and pair of lances, and helmet bright with brass ;  
And with them lay the glittering belt, wherewith he girdled was,

When he girt himself for combat, and sought the battle's rage ;  
For still the veteran led to arms, nor bow'd to cruel age.  
But he, his head upraising, exclaim'd, on elbow stay'd :—  
“ Now who art thou, that through the camp this quest alone hast made,  
At night, when other mortals slumber, and none can see ?  
Seek'st thou some guard, or comrade dear ?  
Then speak, and what thou speerest, speer,—nor silent burst on me ! ”  
To him king Agamemnon rejoins, and answering speaks :—  
“ Ha ! Nestor old, Neleïades, great glory of the Greeks !  
Well should'st thou know Atrides, whom Jove beyond the rest  
Hath yoked with ceaseless pain and care  
Long as he breathes this vital air, and beats his labouring breast.  
Thus restless am I roaming, nor slumber seals mine eyes ;  
For me the general woes oppress, and care of war employs.  
Much surely for the Grecians I fear, nor firm-set keeps  
My shatter'd courage, and my heart forth from my bosom leaps ;  
Tremble my knees beneath me :—but thou,—for wakest thou too,—  
Come, if for common weal thou wakest, and with me briskly go ;  
And spy we now the sentries, lest they o'erwearied snatch  
Sleep by the rampart, and remit the labour of the watch.  
For near us couch the Trojans, wakeful, prepared for fight ;  
And haply yet may mischief mean, even at this dead of night.”  
To him then answer'd Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :—  
“ O Agamemnon, king of men, whom all the host revere !  
Now surely the full purpose of Hector will not Jove  
The Counsellor to issue bring, and all his vaunts approve !  
But he with no less troubles shall groan, aye, even with more,  
If e'er Achilles cease from wrath, and stubborn pride give o'er.

Then prompt will I attend thee ; and call we Diomede,  
And call we too Laërtes' son, and Ajax swift of speed,  
And Meges, son of Phyleus ; and well it were that some  
Should run, and bid Idomeneus, and the elder Ajax come :  
For see their ships at distance, the farthest in the line :—  
And Menelaüs must I blame,—though brave, and friend of mine,—  
Aye, blame him,—though thou chide me,—for slumbering now, and thee  
Bidding alone these cares affront ; for meet it were that he  
Should urge us all, and loudest call ;  
For dire the need doth now befall, and borne it scarce may be.”  
Then Atreïde Agamemnon address'd him, and replied :—  
“ Old man, ere this have I required thy voice his stay to chide :  
For oft-times would he linger, his share of labour shun,—  
Not idly, nor in wayward mood ;—  
But aye regarding me he stood, waiting till I begun.  
But this time hath he started before me long, and come  
To rouse me ;—and I sent him first to call on other some,—  
The chiefs whom thou requirest :—then go we ; at the gate  
These shall we find among the guards, for there I bade them wait.”  
Replied Gerenian Nestor :—“ Thus shall he 'scape unchid  
Of all the Greeks, and all shall haste, whome'er he call and bid.”  
He spake, and next his bosom his shapely vest put on ;  
Bound sandals to his shining feet, and clasp'd his purple gown,  
Twice folded, reaching to his feet, sprouting with fleecy down :—  
Then seiz'd his sturdy javelin, a-point with brazen tip ;  
And midst the Grecians brazen mail'd thus sped from ship to ship.

And first to sage Ulysses, in counsel Jove's own peer,

"Awake, arise!" loud Nestor cries, Gerenian cavalier.

So through his senses swiftly the voice impetuous broke:

Forth from his tent he came, and thus the Achaian chiefs bespoke:—

"Ah! why through all the leaguer thus roam ye twain alone,

From ship to ship, at dead of night? what need so great hath grown?"

Then straightway answer'd Nestor, Gerenian cavalier:—

"O Jove-born king Laërtiades, astute Ulysses, hear!

Now chide us not,—so deadly the woes that on us light;—

But come thou too, and others call,

Some other, who may prompt us all to flee, or stedfast fight."

He spake; and sage Ulysses, returning to his tent,

Bright buckler on his shoulder flung, and swift behind them went.

And Diomedes Tydides first sought they; him they found

Without his tent, his arms beside, his people slumbering round,

Their heads on shields reclining; their spears in order rais'd

Stood planted on their spikes upright, and far the spear-heads blazed,

Like Jove the Father's lightnings: and slept the hero there,

While 'neath his limbs rough bull's-hide spread

Lay; but for cushion to his head was roll'd a carpet fair.

Drew nigh Gerenian Nestor, and woke him with a kick;

And chid him bluntly to his face:—"Up, prince! and rouse thee  
quick!—

Why snooze a night-long slumber?—Know'st thou how on yon bank

The Trojans couch, and vigil keep,

Hard by our galleys,—while we sleep,—and watch us, rank by rank?"

So spake Gerenian Nestor:—but lightly from his rest

Up sprang Tydides, and the chief with wing'd words address'd:—

"Painful old man, that never from labour dost relax;



Hath Greece no other sons to send? none younger, whom to tax  
With charge to call the princes, through all the leaguer sent?—  
But thou, old man, givest never in, with labours ne'er content!"  
Once more address'd him Nestor, Gerenian cavalier:—  
"All this, my son, is truly said, and urged with reason clear:  
For mine are gallant children, and brisk my people are,  
And many, of whom we some might send to rouse ye to the war:  
But dire the need that presses, and swift decision seeks;  
And hangs, as on a razor's edge, the fortune of the Greeks,  
'Twixt life and death suspended: then go thou now, and wake  
Ajax, and seek thou Phyleus' son,—  
For younger thou, and stout to run,—if griev'st thou for my sake."  
Thereat Tydides rising flung all his limbs around  
Hide of a tawny lion huge, down trailing to the ground;  
And seiz'd his spear, and strode, and brought the chiefs, in slumber  
found.

So hied they to the watchers; nor caught their chiefs asleep:  
Lo! all are sitting, all are arm'd, and all strict vigil keep.  
As watch-dogs in the sheep-fold uneasy prick the ear,  
At cry of savage beast that comes from hill in greenwood near,  
And loud they raise their clamour,—the watchman and the hound;—  
So these too keep no wink of sleep, but wake to every sound.  
Toward Troy-plain turn'd they ever, if the Trojans they might hear  
Against them coming; Nestor saw, and spake, their hearts to cheer:—  
"Thus watch, my children, ever; let slumber none o'ertake;  
Lest mindless so to Trojan foe we mirth and gladness make."  
The ditch then cross'd he swiftly; follow'd the Grecian kings,

Call'd to the council ; and with these stout Méridones he brings,  
And his own son Thrasymedes ; both captains at the gate :  
For these the kings invited too, to join them in debate.  
Beyond the ditch assembled they took their seats, where lay  
Space clear of corses, there where first had Hector ceased to slay,  
And turn'd at fall of evening, when all was wrapp'd in shade :  
There now they sate them down, and speech each to his fellows made.  
And first began old Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :—  
“ O friends, will none adventure forth ?—doth none his courage cheer  
Far midst the warlike Trojans to scout, if haply he  
May catch some straggler from their rear,  
Some lingerer,—or approaching near some token hear or see ;  
And every plan and purpose among them may inquire,—  
Whether to bide before our ships, at distance, or retire  
Back to their hold, the city preserv'd, the Grecians slain ?—  
Now such things might he learn, and scatheless hie to us again,  
Then surely should his glory wax great beneath the sun,  
'Mongst all men, and a rich reward by such a deed be won.  
For the captains of our galleys, our chiefest, shall provide  
Each one an ewe with sable fleece, and youngling at her side ;—  
Than which no boon is better :—and ever, when we dine,  
Shall he be honour'd at the board, and quaff the goodliest wine.”

He said, and all kept silence : then Diomedé outspake :—  
“ Nestor, my heart and courage true impel me mine to make  
This venture, and to enter the lines of hostile men,  
That lie so nigh : but if there go some other with me, then  
More shall I have of comfort, more strength and courage gain ;

For two men marching step with step, one haply of the twain  
First marks the vantage ; all alone,—e'en though the view be plain,—  
Yet slower is his conclusion, his judgment slight and weak.”  
He spake, and lo ! chiefs many an one the bold adventure seek.  
Sought both the brave Ajaces, the War-god's followers stout ;  
Sought Mériones, and most of all old Nestor's offspring sought :  
Sought spear-famed Menelaüs ; and sought Ulysses too  
To pierce the Trojan lines, the boldest eye to dare and do !  
Then cried king Agamemnon amid the assembled throng :—  
“Tydides Diomedes, thou most prized our chiefs among,  
Him choose thou for thy comrade, whoe'er contents thee most,  
Of all who come the meed to claim, the goodliest of our host !  
Defer not thou to greatness, nor pass the better by ;  
Nor choose the worser, sway'd by shame,  
Regarding pride of birth, and name of kinglier dignity !”  
He fear'd for Menelaüs, when thus he said : but rose  
Amongst them next stout Diomede his counsel to propose :—  
“Now, if ye so command me, and cast the choice on me,  
Whom but Ulysses shall I claim my trusty mate to be ?  
Of prudent mind beyond the rest,  
In manly courage first and best, and loved of Pallas he !  
Surely with such a comrade, so shrewd to mark and learn,  
Even from a furnace all ablaze we both should safe return ?”  
To him the great Ulysses, sage veteran, thus replied :—  
“Tydides, prythee, praise me not o'ermuch ;—nor praise, nor chide :—  
The Greeks, who hear thee, know me well, of all men seen and  
tried.  
But lo ! the hour advances, the morn already nigh ;

Ride high the stars in heaven, the night hath more than half gone by;—  
Two parts already past, the third still lingers in the sky!"

This said, their limbs in armour terrific they array'd :  
To 'Tydeus' son gave Thrasymede a sword with two-edged blade ;  
For his own sword Tydides had left the ships among :—  
And on his head the cap he placed, the cap of leather strong,  
Without a crest or socket wherein tall plume to rear ;  
Such as men call a forage-cap, and bold young hunters wear.  
And Merion to Ulysses quiver and bow supplied,  
And sword, and on his brow he set a cap, and starkly tied,  
Stiffen'd within with bands and thongs, a cap of stout bull's-hide.  
And boar's tusks white and glistening were strung the broad rim round,  
With cunning skill, and all a-peak with tufted felt 'twas crown'd.  
This cap the crafty brigand Autolycus had gain'd  
From Amyntor son of Ormenus, who erst in Eleon reign'd :—  
He pierced the wall and stole it :—then at Scandea he  
To Amphidamas, Cytherian prince,—  
Amphidamas to Molus since,—gave it, his meed to be  
For friendly entertainment :—next Molus to his son  
Brave Mériones ;—and thence it came Ulysses' brows to crown.

Now when these twain in armour terrific were array'd,  
Right forth they went, and all the chiefs behind awaiting stay'd.  
And on their right a heron by the way-side Pallas sent ;  
They saw it not in gloom of night, but heard it as it went :  
And hail'd the bird Ulysses, and thus to Pallas cried :—  
"Child of the Ægisbearer, hear! which ever at my side

Standest in toils and dangers!—thou whom I ever heed  
In all my ventures ;—now again, now chiefliest, serve my need !  
And grant us to the galleys all glorious to return,  
Some great deed done, and which the Trojans sorely may concern !”—  
And after pray'd Tydides :—“And me too, Goddess, hear !  
Hear, Atrytonè, child of Jove ! and be thou with me near,  
As with my father Tydeus, when first to Thebes he went,  
By the brazen-coated sons of Greece before on errand sent.  
Them left he by Asopus, the Greeks of brazen vest ;  
And to the bold Cadmeans there soft speech himself address'd.  
But on his way returning dire were the deeds he wrought,  
By help of thine, thou Power divine, and by thy foresight taught.  
So now with grace attend me, and with all power uphold :—  
A heifer will I slay thee then, broad-fronted, one year old,  
Unpair'd, unyoked ;—such will I slay,—her horns betipp'd with gold.”  
So spake they, and Athenè she hearken'd, as they pray'd ;  
And when to the Seed of mighty Jove their vows were duly made,  
Then up, and through the darkness, like lions twain, they strode,  
'Mid slaughter red, and warriors dead, o'er arms and sable blood.

Nor on his part did Hector allow the Trojans bold  
To sleep, but bade their chiefest all,  
The captains and the rulers, call, a council sage to hold.  
And thus before the assembly his craft unfolded he :—  
“Now who will make me promise? who?—  
Who for great gifts this deed will do?—for great his prize shall be.  
A chariot will I give him, with stout-neck'd steeds a pair,—  
The noblest by the Grecian ships,—who this emprise shall dare :—



Nor shall he lack for glory, if at the tents he learn  
Whether, as erst, they guard their ships, or purpose swift return  
Homeward, distress'd and batter'd, and beaten flee the land ;  
Nor keep the watches of the night o'ermaster'd by our hand."  
He said, and all kept silence :—but haply one there was  
Among the Trojans, Dolon hight, with store of gold and brass,—  
His sire the sacred herald Eumedes ;—mean his face,  
But swift of foot ; one son among five sisters of his race :—  
Who now forsooth the Trojans address'd, and Hector, thus :—  
“ O prince, my spirit pricks me on, and courage venturous,  
To seek the nimble galleys, and the Grecian leaguer spy :  
But thou thy sceptre raise, and swear to give me, nor deny,  
The team and car which carry Pelides to the war ;  
The horses fleetest of their kind, the rich and burnish'd car.  
Then will I keep my promise your trusty scout to be ;  
For I will traverse all the camp, and reach, even at the sea,  
King Agamemnon's galley, and list the princes' speech ;—  
For there, methinks, to fight or flee give they their counsel each.”  
He spake ; the prince his sceptre waved in his hand, and swore :—  
“ Be Jove my witness, Juno's spouse, that bids the thunders roar ;—  
Be sure none other Trojan shall by these steeds be borne,—  
None but thyself ;—but thee, I say, this trophy shall adorn.”  
He vow'd : the oath was idle ; yet stirr'd the youth that vow ;  
And straightway to the shoulderbelt he strung his buxom bow,  
And over bow and back made shift a gray wolf's hide to throw.  
His cap was fur of weasel ; sharp spear he grasp'd in hand,  
And hurrying towards the ships of Greece left far the Trojan band.  
Nor should he from the galleys return, his tale to tell :—



Yet not the less, his comrades left, he footed fast and well.  
Him featly thus advancing Ulysses first descried ;  
And thus to godlike Diomede he whisper'd at his side :—  
“ Wends some one from the Trojans this way ; I know not yet  
Comes he our galleys to spy out, or dead men's spoils to get.  
But let him pass a little onward ;—then turn and shoot  
Swiftly upon him ;—'scapes he so by nimbleness of foot,  
Then mind we still to press him, and with our spears to drive  
Straight toward the ships, lest back he turn, and gain his walls alive.”  
This said, beside the pathway they stoop'd among the dead,  
And he with nimble foot ran by, unthinking, and had sped  
Length of a mule-team's furrow ;—for mule's is faster pace  
Than bullock's through the fallow deep ;—then turn'd they, and gave  
chace.

He heard the noise, and halted : for sooth he hoped that some,  
By Hector sent, behind him ran, to stay, and call him home.  
But when they came at spear's-throw, or less, then could he see  
The men were foes,—and bent his knees,—his supple knees,—to flee :  
They swiftly press'd and follow'd :—and as two grinning hounds  
On fawn or hare untiring strain,—  
He scuds before and shrieks amain,—and through the greenwood  
bounds ;

So after him Tydides and fell Ulysses tramp  
Incessantly, and drive him on, and dodge him from his camp.

But just as he was falling, turn'd shipward in his flight,  
Among the sentries at the wall, the watchers through the night,  
Lo ! Pallas sped Tydides his fleetness to outmatch ;

Lest other first should do the deed, and all the glory snatch.

He shook his javelin o'er him :—"Stand !" cried he, "or my spear  
Shall reach thee :—yet a moment more ;—stand, or be smitten here !"

He cried, and hurl'd the javelin, and miss'd him ;—so he meant ;—

But o'er his shoulder to the right the whizzing weapon went,

Stuck in the ground, and quiver'd :—he stopp'd in utter dread,

Struck pale and trembling, and his teeth loud chatter'd in his head.

Breathless they reach'd and seiz'd him,—each seiz'd him by a hand :—

He wept, and cried :—"Ah ! grant me life, and ransom dear demand !"

Myself will pay the ransom ; for brass I have and gold,

And iron wrought for many a use, piled in my father's hold :

And endless are the treasures my sire will freely give,

If bound ye bear me to the ships, and suffer but to live."

Then politic-soul'd Ulysses thus answered and rejoin'd :—

"Fear not, nor let dread thought of death be present to thy mind ;

But come now, tell thy purpose, and be the truth confess'd,

Why thus towards the ships of Greece alone thou makest thy quest,

Leaving the host, at dead of night, when other mortals rest ?

Wouldst spoil some dead man's armour ?—or bids thee Hector run

To spy out matters at our ships ?—or was the freak thine own ?"

And straightway answer'd Dolon, while shook his knees adread :—

"With wicked wile and guilty guile hath Hector turn'd my head !

Swore he the car to give me, Pelides' brazen car,

And horses twain, of sounding hoof, the thunder of the war :

And so he prick'd and urged me, through dark revolving night

Amidst the foe unseen to go, and learn their purpose right ;

Whether, as erst, they guard the ships, or counsel hasty flight

Homeward, distress'd and batter'd, and beaten flee the land ;—

Nor keep the watches of the night, o'ermaster'd by our hand."  
Rejoin'd Ulysses sneering :—" Ha ! glorious gifts were these,  
For which you long'd, the horses of valiant *Æacides* !  
Ha ! hard were they to manage for mortal man alive ;  
For any save *Achilles*' self, the Goddess-born, to drive !  
But come, and tell me truly, and rede me answer right ;—  
Where left you *Hector*, chief of men, reposing from the fight ?  
Where piled his arms for battle ? where stay'd his horses strong ?  
How placed the stations and the guards his Trojan lines along ?  
Say what they plan and purpose :—decide they to remain  
Here, by our ships, from *Ilium* far ?  
Or resting from their prosperous war, seek they their walls again ? "

Then once more answer'd *Dolon* :—" Sooth will I rede thee right :—  
Now *Hector* with our chiefs and kings takes counsel through the night,  
By the tomb of holy *Ilus*, apart from tumult dire ;—  
But, for our watchers, hero bold, whereof thou dost inquire,—  
The host no chosen sentries observe, nor duly guard ;  
But every Trojan feeds his fire, and wakes, the foe to ward ;  
And calls he to his fellows ;—for such their strait and need :—  
While sleep, with couch and coverlid,  
Our aids of every race, and bid the Trojans only heed :  
For neither wives nor children of theirs are slumbering by."

To whom Ulysses, prince astute, rejoin'd, and made reply :—  
" Now say,—with Trojans mingled sleep these, or lie apart ?—  
Say, race by race, that I may know, and learn the tale by heart."  
And once more answer'd *Dolon* :—" Sooth will I rede thee right :—  
Now by the sea the Carian force, and curve-bow'd *Pæons* fight ;  
The *Caucons* and the *Leleges*, and the great *Pelasgian* might.

By Thymbra pitch the Lycians, and Mysians, proud of vaunt ;  
The Phrygians and Mæonians eke, these skill'd the steed to daunt.  
Those went above their crested helms the horse-tail plume to flaunt.  
But why of me demand ye these matters, all and each ?  
For would ye pierce the Trojan lines, see where the Thracians reach  
Yonder, apart from others, furthest, and latest come ;  
And with them Rhesus Eionide, who leads them from their home.  
His steeds I saw, the fairest, tallest, and white as snow ;  
And swift of flight as winds they are ;—  
See all his chariot, wheels and car, with gold and silver glow !  
Of gold his arms gigantic,—prodigious to behold !  
Such as may scarce a mortal grace, but Gods of heavenly mould.  
Then to your ships now bring me, or leave me bound till day ;  
And onward hie my words to try, be they God's sooth or nay.”  
But, “ No ! ”—the fierce Tydides exclaim'd with awful frown :—  
“ Dream not, I say, of life and light, for all this service done.  
For, should we now release thee, and take thy ransom bright,  
Again wouldst thou our ships approach, to spy them, or to fight.  
But if o'erthrown and slaughter'd by me, thou die the death,  
Then never more our Argive hosts from thee shall suffer scathe.”  
So cried he, and the victim was fain to pluck his beard ;  
But rising o'er him, sword in hand, he slash'd his throat, and shear'd  
Both sinews through ; down roll'd the head, yet muttering, dust be-  
smear'd.  
Then off they stripp'd his wolf-skin, and fur-cap tough and strong ;  
They took from him his sounding bow, they took his javelin long :  
Ulysses to the Spoiler Athenè raised his hand  
Aloft, and thus he vow'd, and bade her hear and understand :—

“Rejoice in these, O Goddess, rejoice! for first on thee,  
Of all the Immortal Powers above, our boons bestow'd shall be!  
Now on, and 'gainst the Thracians thy suppliants speed again;  
That on their sleep we soft may creep, seize steeds, and slaughter men!”

He spake, and upward stretching the spoils he rear'd on high  
On tamarisk-shrub, and mark'd it well with reeds collected by,  
And tamarisk-twigs a handful; lest in the gloom of night  
The spot returning they should miss;—and so they went forthright,  
Through heaps of arms and carnage;—and soon the Thracian band  
Reach'd they advancing, where they slept all weary on the strand.  
And by them lay their armour well-order'd on the ground;  
In three lines lay they, and by each  
Their steeds in pairs the halter stretch, each by his driver bound.  
Midmost of all lay Rhesus, asleep, and horses twain,  
Each to the rail that crown'd the car fast tether'd by the rein.  
Him when Ulysses spied before him sleeping on the plain,  
To Diomed he show'd him:—“This is the man, I trow;—  
And these the steeds by Dolon named, the wretch we slew but now.  
Then up, my stout companion, and all thy prowess use;  
Nor sword in hand there idly stand:—do thou the steeds unloose;—  
Or thou the men attack, and I the care of steeds will choose.”  
Then all Tydides' bosom Pallas with vigour fill'd;  
He smote them left, he smote them right; and as he smote and kill'd,  
Burst forth their grisly groanings;—the earth flush'd crimson deep:  
And as a lion on the flocks untended, goats or sheep,  
With murderous purpose rushes;—so on the Thracian crew  
The son of Tydeus rush'd, and twelve forthwith around him slew.



But whomsoc'er Tydides reach'd with his sword, and smote,  
Him by the heels Ulysses shrewd drew backward from the spot,  
Considering how the horses might readily pass through,  
Nor start with dread on corse to tread, which yet were strange and new.  
But when the son of Tydeus came on the king to fall,  
Him of his honey-flavour'd life he robb'd, thirteenth of all,  
Gasping in sleep : for o'er him an evil vision leant,—  
The child of Tydeus,—all night long,—by craft of Pallas sent.  
And then the bold Ulysses the sturdy steeds unbound,  
And lash'd abreast, and bade them go  
Forth from the throng, with dint of bow ;  
The scourge unheeded, lying low within the chariot's round.  
Then whistled he for signal, and Diomedes heard ;—  
But paus'd, considering yet what deed audacious might be dared ;—  
To seize the car and armour which in it glittering lay,—  
Dragg'd by the pole, or hoist aloft ;—or Thracians more to slay.  
Lo ! while he thus consider'd, halting in dubious mood,  
Pallas appear'd, and thus she spake, beside him where she stood :—  
“Now, son of noble Tydeus, mind thou retreat to make  
To the ships, lest hence ye routed go,  
If other Power inspire the foe, and bid him rouse and wake.”  
She spake ; he well the accents of Goddess speaking knew :—  
Then featly to the team they sprung ;  
Ulysses lash'd, with bow unstrung ; off to the ships they flew.

Meanwhile look'd down regardful Apollo Silverbow,  
And saw the Queen to Tydeus' son descend on earth below ;  
And straight he plunged indignant amid the Trojan host,



To the Thracian chief Hippocoön, whom Rhesus honour'd most ;  
And roused him swift from slumber : he when the place he spied  
Vacant, whereon the steeds had stood,  
And all the warriors roll'd in blood, and gasping side by side,—  
Groan'd he,—and loud he shouted, and call'd his chief by name :  
The Trojans stout, with shriek and shout, about him rushing came :  
And gazed they with amazement at the doleful harrowing done,—  
The killing and the capturing by the Grecians come and gone.  
These, when they reach'd returning the spot where they had slain  
The spy of Hector,—there Ulysses drew the quivering rein ;—  
And to the ground Tydides leapt, and the trophies red  
Reach'd to his comrade, and again mounted, and onward sped,  
And lash'd the steeds ; and flew they careering with a will  
To the hollow ships beside the sea, for which they panted still.

But Nestor heard the clatter, and cried : “ Ha ! princes dear,  
Ha ! Argive chiefs, shall I deceive, or rede ye sooth to hear ?  
My heart, my heart impels me :—the tramp of swift-foot steeds  
Strikes on my ear,—ah ! would they were Ulysses', Diomedes',—  
Who hither from the Trojans return in rapid flight !  
Yet sore I fear lest on them there,  
Long press'd by dint of sword and spear, some baneful mischief light ! ”  
Scarce all the speech was utter'd, when, lo ! themselves appear'd,  
And swift alighted, while the rest  
With joy embraced them, and caress'd, with many a honey word.  
And first bespake them Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :—  
“ Now say, Ulysses, famed of men, to Grecian warriors dear !—  
These steeds,—how came ye by them ?—pierced ye the Trojan bands ?—

Or came some God himself, and brought, and gave them to your hands?

Ah me!—how like to sunbeams!—now I,—though old for fight,—  
Ne'er have I cower'd beside the ships, but met the Trojan might;  
Yet never I such horses have seen with them, nor found:  
Some God, methinks, hath met ye twain, and thus with favour crown'd.  
For Jove the Cloud-amasser loves both, and loves ye too  
Minerva, child of thundering Jove, with the queenly eyes of blue."

To whom astute Ulysses rejoin'd, and thus replied:—

"O Nestor old, Nelaïades, our glory and our pride!

A God, be sure,—so will'd he,—such steeds, and better yet,  
Could give with ease,—so rich the Gods, beyond all mortals great!  
But these, old man, are strangers, new come,—of whom ye speak,—  
From Thrace; their lord stout Diomedè hath slain, my brave compeer:  
And with the king twelve comrades, all Thracians bold, he slew;  
Another yet, our ships beside,

Whom Hector sent,—who came and spied,—we took, and slaughter'd  
too."

He spake, and o'er the causeway drove straight the sounding steeds,  
Huzzaing, and beside him ran the chiefs, and cheer'd his deeds.  
So the tent of bold Tydides they reach'd, and there with thong  
Bound they the team to mangers fair, his other steeds among  
Sweet-savour'd wheat devouring: and at his galley's head  
Ulysses rear'd the bloody spoils of Dolon, high dispread,  
Till time should serve, and sacrifice be to Minerva sped.  
Then in the billows plunging their sweating pores they lave,  
Their legs and neck, and haunches plump; and when the briny wave  
Hath scour'd away their foulness, and made them fresh and sweet,

Again in polish'd lavers dipp'd the blithesome bath complete.  
So they two, duly washen, and rubb'd all sleek with oil,  
Sate to the feast, and pour'd their wine to the Giver of the spoil ;  
From brimming cup to Pallas pour'd good wine that sweetens toil.

## BOOK XI.

AURORA now from slumber, august Tithonus by,  
Sprang, bringing light to mortal men, and deathless Gods on  
high :

And Jove flung angry Discord to the Grecian ships afar,  
Waving her fiery torch aloft, prodigious sign of war.  
On Ulysses' broad-bow'd galley she sate, which midmost lay,  
From whence to shout to either end along the crescent bay :—  
Where ranged the lines of Ajax, where pitch'd Æacides :—  
For these their squadrons furthest set, bravest and stoutest these.  
There stood and cried the Goddess, with loud alarum strain ;  
And every Grecian breast she fired  
With heat, and generous force inspired, to fight and smite again :  
And war she made seem sweeter than the far-returning way  
On shipboard to their native land ; and bade them bide the fray.  
Then shouted loud Atrides, and raised the dire alarm :  
His limbs he clad in dazzling brass, and bade the Achaians arm.  
And first his shins he covers with silver-ankled greaves,  
And on his breast the corslet, given by Cinyras, receives,  
Fair pledge of friendly favour : for came the glorious tale

To Cinyras erst in Cyprus, how the Greeks were stirr'd to sail  
The high seas o'er to Ilium ; wherefore the mail he sent,  
An offering to the Argive king, to soothe him and content.  
Ten stripes of steel adorn'd it, and shone there twelve of gold,  
Twice ten of tin, and six black snakes curl'd upward, fold on fold,  
Three on each side ; like rainbows, which in the cloudy height  
Saturnian Jove portentous sets, for sign to mortal wight.  
And sword about his shoulders, with golden bosses graced,  
Clasp'd in a silver scabbard, hung by golden links, he placed ;  
And rear'd all-covering buckler, fair-figured, light to wield,  
Beauteous ;—and circlets ten of brass embraced the glittering field.  
Bosses twice ten within it the disk enormous crown'd,  
Of tin,—and midmost one of steel, whereon the Gorgon frown'd  
With horrid eyeballs glaring, high on the central boss ;  
And round her Fear, and round her Rout their arms in terror toss.  
Hung thence a belt of silver ; and on this belt entwined  
A steely snake ;—three heads it bore,  
That peer'd around, that peer'd before, three in one neck combined.  
On his head a helm he planted, fourcrested, ridged around ;  
Which rose apeak, with dreadful plume of nodding horsetail crown'd.  
And two stout spears he brandish'd, brass-pointed spears and keen ;  
And from them brightness shot to heaven, and flash'd with dazzling  
sheen :—  
And thunder'd Pallas o'er the king,  
Mycenæ's champion honouring,—thunder'd the dark-eyed queen !  
Then charged each chief his driver the steeds awhile to stay  
Well order'd at the trench's brink ; themselves in bright array  
On foot strode briskly forward ; and with the rising morn

Clang'd loud the roar of marching ranks before the chariots borne.  
First reach'd the trench the footmen, and stood in front align'd ;  
The chariots with the chariotmen kept still a space behind.  
And rais'd dire din amongst them Saturnian Jove : and fast  
A bloody dew from heaven he shed,  
For sign that many a valiant head would he to Hades cast.

On their side stood the Trojans high on a sloping mound :  
There Hector, there Polydamas firm at their post were found ;  
Æneas, whom the Trojans revered as Power divine ;  
There Polybus and Acamas,  
And with them brave Agenor was, three of Antenor's line.  
And still stood Hector foremost to meet the first attack :—  
And as the dogstar, baleful flame, burst from the cloudy rack,  
Now flares abroad, now veils his fire in gloom, and plunges back,  
So valiant Hector ever his rounded buckler bore ;  
And now he urged the ranks behind, and now the ranks before,  
In brazen armour burnish'd bright ;  
And like the Ægis-bearer's light he lighten'd evermore !  
And as two rows of reapers, advancing hand to hand,  
Sweep swathes of barley or of wheat along a rich man's land ;  
And fall their armfuls thickly ;—so either angry might  
Strain'd each to each, and hew'd and strew'd, nor dream'd of baleful  
flight,  
With heads to heads still level ; and still like wolves they fought :  
While Discord dire of all the Gods alone the battle sought,  
And join'd the warriors, side by side, rejoicing in the rout.  
The rest in peace reclining refused the fight to share,



Where on Olympus deep recess'd had each his chamber fair.  
At Jove the Gods all girded, cloud-mantled, Saturn's son,  
For that the Trojan hosts he chose with palms of war to crown.  
The Father nought regarded ; but all apart from these  
Reposed he with imperial state alone in glorious ease,  
The towers of Troy regarding, the galleys and the plain :  
And all the lightning-glare of brass, the slayers and the slain.

Now while it yet was morning, and sacred day advanced,  
Sore smote the blows of either host, and many a downfall chanced :  
But when the weary woodman prepares his meal to eat ;  
When all his limbs with toil relax,  
With wielding of the ponderous axe, and rest and food are sweet :  
Then with main force the Grecians burst through the Trojan line ;  
And call'd their comrades, rank by rank, the dire assault to join.  
Amongst them Agamemnon sprang foremost, and o'erthrew  
Bianor, chief of men ; and next his fere Oïleus slew.  
Now he from chariot leaping had faced the king forthright ;  
But thus, impetuous, full in front he met the javelin's might :  
Nor stay'd his helm the javelin, nor his brazen visor stout ;  
But through the brass, and through the bone  
It crash'd, and dash'd the warrior down, and all his brains flung out.  
These two king Agamemnon left there, with glistening breast ;  
For he had stripp'd them, arms and mail, and stripp'd them, shift and  
vest.  
And off he flew to slaughter Isus and Antiphus ;  
Two in one car, of Priam good  
Two children ; one a lawful brood, the other spurious.

The bastard drove the chariot ; his brother by his side  
Fought, famed in war :—Achilles once had seiz'd the youth, and tied  
With osier bands, while keeping his sheep on Ida's hill ;—  
Again had loos'd him for a price, for Atreïde now to kill.  
For now king Agamemnon transfix'd him with the spear,  
Above the nipple, through the breast ; while on his comrade's ear  
Slanted the sword, and swept him down headlong from the car :—  
He leaps upon them, spoils their arms, and knows them, who they  
are ;—

The same whom swift Achilles to the ships from Ida brought ;  
Whom there he saw for ransom freed ; who now had turn'd and fought.  
And as a lion seizes the fleet doe's younglings twain,  
And tears them with his trenchant teeth, and grinds their limbs amain,  
Even in their lair, and snatches away their tender life ;  
Nor yet can she, though nigh she be, defend them in the strife ;—  
For she too quakes with terror ;—but quickly starts she back,  
And through the thicket leaps and scuds, scared by the brute's attack :—  
So none of all the Trojans these twain could guard from death ;  
But they too routed by the Greeks fled fast, and gasp'd for breath.  
And next he caught Pisander, and brave Hippolochus,  
Both in one chariot driving, sons of shrewd Antimachus :  
He who of all the Trojans, by Paris bribed, had most  
Forbidden Helen to restore back to the Argive host.  
Caught them king Agamemnon, and from their fingers flew  
The glistening reins ; the reinless steeds each one the other threw.  
Like a lion on the brothers Atrides sprang ; but they  
Crouch on their knees upon the car, and,—“ Grant us life !”—they pray ;  
“ Take us, O son of Atreus ;—rich ransom shall be thine ;—

For in our father's mansion lie stored up fair gifts and fine ;  
Gold, brass and welded iron ;—all these our sire will give,  
If bound thou keep us, and he learn that yet his children live.”  
Thus they implored him weeping, and coax'd with honied word :  
But all unhonied the reply the cowering suppliants heard :—  
“ Be ye indeed the sons of Antimachus the base,—  
He who the Trojans urged to slay my brother Menelas.  
Then when with great Ulysses on embassy he came ;—  
To slay him there, nor suffer him a safe return to claim ;—  
Now shall ye pay your father's wrong, the insult and the shame ! ”  
He said, and flung Pisander down from the chariot's round,  
Struck to the heart with javelin hurl'd ;—he darted to the ground.  
Off sprang the brother featly ;—but him he seiz'd and slew ;  
Chopp'd off his hands, and shear'd his head, and as a millstone threw  
Amidst the fighters rolling : and so he let them bide,  
And plunged, with many an Argive more, deep in war's fiercest tide.

Now footmen kill'd they footmen,—fleeing, for flee they must,—  
And horsemen horsemen, with the sword ; and 'neath them rose the  
dust

Flung from broad hooves of horses ; but ever through the throng  
King Agamemnon cleft his way, and urged the Greeks along.  
And as fierce fire consuming alights on shrub and shoot,  
Waved here and there by rolling wind, and shrivell'd to the root  
Yields to the blast the jungle ;—so fleeing o'er the plain  
Before the king the Trojans fell ; and steeds with crested mane  
Jingled their reins unhandled along the ranks of war ;  
And yearn'd they for their drivers brave, all hurl'd from horse and car ;

Where lie their horrid corpses all emptied of their lives ;  
To vultures sweeter far and kites, than to their loving wives !  
But Hector from the tumult Jove privily led out,  
From lances hurl'd and whirling dust, the slaughter and the rout ;  
While Agamemnon still pursued, and rais'd his stunning shout,  
And press'd the Trojans fleeing to ancient Ilus' tomb,  
Straining for Troy : there in mid plain by the fig-tree are they come ;  
Atrides driving, shouting still,  
His murderous hands invincible besmear'd with gory scum.  
But when arriv'd they fleeing at the Scæan gate and beech,  
There made they halt, and waited for his breathless brothers each ;  
While these still scour'd at random, like beeves, whom rushing on  
A lion fierce, in dark of night, hath startled every one ;  
But to one of all the number he comes with grisly death,  
And breaks his neck, and sucks his blood, and robs his life and breath.  
So Atreïde Agamemnon still rushing, shouting, sped ;  
And ever slew the last in flight, while all in terror fled ;  
And many headlong fell and prone, and roll'd among the dead.  
But when at last arriv'd they beneath Troy-city's gate,  
Then Jove, dread Sire of men and Gods,  
Descended from the bright abodes, and on the summit sate  
Of many-fountain'd Ida :—a bolt was in his hand :—  
And thus to Iris call'd, and bade her speed at his command.—  
“Go, speed !” he cried, “fleet Iris :—this word to Hector bear :—  
While folkherd Agamemnon still fights with the foremost there,  
And smites the ranks of warriors, so long shall he keep back,  
Himself ;—but urge the rest to fight, nor let the combat slack.  
But when,—or struck by javelin, the king,—or pierced by dart,

Leaps on his chariot, then to him full force will I impart  
To slay the Grecians fleeing to the galleys and the beach,  
Till sinks the Sun, and o'er the earth Night's solemn shadows reach."  
He spake, nor windfoot Iris his bidding disobey'd ;  
But down to sacred Troy she flew from Ida's steepy head.  
And the son of noble Priant, brave Hector, there found she,  
Standing, impatient for the war, on wheel and axle-tree.  
Address'd him swiftfoot Iris :—" O valiant Hector, peer  
Of Jove in counsel, now attend, and to Jove's word give ear !  
While folkherd Agamemnon still fights with the foremost there,  
And smites the ranks of warriors,—so long shalt thou keep back  
Thyself, but urge the rest to fight, nor let the combat slack.  
But when,—or struck by javelin, the king,—or pierced by dart,  
Leaps on his chariot, then to thee full force will he impart,  
To slay the Grecians fleeing to the galleys on the beach,  
Till sinks the Sun, and o'er the earth Night's solemn shadows reach."  
Thus saying swiftfoot Iris departed :—from his car  
Down to the ground in all his arms leapt Hector, and afar  
Shaking his keen-edged javelins through all the host made way ;  
And drove the Trojans still to fight, and urged the dire affray.

Then turn the rallying Trojans, and 'gainst the Grecians stand ;  
The Grecians set their battle firm, and meet them hand to hand.  
Strain'd first great Agamemnon foremost to fight of all.—  
Now say, ye Muses fair, that dwell high in Olympus' hall,  
Say who 'gainst Agamemnon strode first his force to try ;—  
Trojan was he, or stranger born, illustrious ally ?—  
Iphidamas stept foremost, Antenor's stalwart child,



Bred in fat fields of loamy Thrace, of sheep the mother mild.  
At home had Cisses bred him, for fair Theano's sake,  
His mother ;—Cisses' daughter she ;—and after bade him take  
Child of his own to wed with, and linger still at home :  
But he even from the nuptial bed sprang forth broad lands to roam.  
When the glorious rumour wrung him of the Grecians bound for Troy :  
And so with crested galleys twelve he came, the gallant boy !  
But when he reach'd Percotè these ships he left ashore,  
And all afoot to Ilium's towers his generous aids he bore :  
So now the Achaian chief to meet stept he the ranks before.  
When these came close together and thrust, Atrides' blow  
Glanced sidelong ; but Iphidamas struck full, the mail below,  
Just on the belt, and bruis'd him ; then on his spear he press'd  
With utmost force ; yet through the belt he pierced not, nor the vest :  
But driven on solid silver its point was turn'd, like lead :  
Atrides tugg'd, as lion tugs, and tore it, shaft and head,  
From the striker's hand, and smote him on the throat with sword-cut  
deep ;  
And loos'd his limbs ; and down he dropp'd, and slept the brazen  
sleep.  
Far from his destined consort the wretch for strangers fell ;  
Far from the plighted bride, whose love  
With ample gifts he sought to move, nor knew, though earn'd so well.  
First beeves he gave an hundred, and vow'd a thousand more ;  
And goats beside, and sheep he gave, of his unnumber'd store :  
But him Atrides slew, and stripp'd, and off his trophies bore !

Now him when glorious Ceön, Antenor's firstborn, spies,



Resplendent in his brother's spoils, strong grief bedims his eyes.  
With his javelin stands he flankwise, by Atreus' son unseen,—  
Smites his forearm, and lo ! the edge shears nerve and tendon clean !  
Started king Agamemnon, and shiver'd with the pang ;  
Yet ceased he not from fight and fray, but plump on Coön sprang,  
With tough shaft weather-harden'd :—now he Iphidamas,  
His own whole brother, by the heel had seiz'd, and dragging was  
With all his might, and calling for aid with all his breath :  
But while he thus was dragging forth the dead man,—lo ! beneath  
His rounded shield Atrides smote,  
With brazen spearhead, sharp and stout, and loos'd his knees in death ;  
Then lopp'd his head ; and falling on the brother's corse it fell :  
So these, by king Atrides kill'd,  
Antenor's sons, their fates fulfill'd, and reach'd the realms of Hell.  
But he, great Agamemnon, still other victims sought  
Through all the ranks ; with sword and spear, and massive stones  
still fought,  
While the blood yet warm was oozing, and bubbling from the sore :  
But when the blood wax'd cold and dry, and stiffen'd into gore,  
Then on Atrides' sense and sprite fell anguish evermore.  
As a woman in her travail, sore stung by arrows keen  
Of the cruel Pains and labouring Strains, which Juno's daughters  
been,  
So on Atrides' sense and sprite sore anguish fell and teen.  
He leapt upon his chariot, and bade the driver dart  
Impetuous to the shapely ships, so keen he felt the smart.  
And loudly cried, and shrill'd he, and bade the Grecians hear :—  
“ Ye chiefs, ye captains of the Greeks, now stand ye fast and bear

The brunt of war, and ward it ; and from our galleys stay  
 The fire ; for Jove the Counsellor,  
 Jove suffers me to fight no more, persisting through the day."  
 He spake ; the drivers started the steeds with crested mane  
 Straight to the ships ; right willingly they bounded o'er the plain :  
 Their chests with foam were whiten'd, with dust their fetlocks furr'd ;  
 And so apart from spear and dart they whirl'd their fainting lord.

But when espied great Hector the king thus slipp'd aside,  
 To the Trojans and the Lycians all he shrilly call'd, and cried :—  
 "Ye Trojans all and Lycians and Dardans close in fight.  
 Courage, my friends, and play the man, and ply your martial might !  
 Flown is their best of warriors ; and Jove hath given to me  
 Glory immense :—then drive the car  
 Straight at the foe, and win the war, that yours yet more may be !"  
 And calling thus inflamed he the force and fire of all :—  
 And as a hunter cheers his hounds whitefang'd, and bids them fall  
 On fierce wild-boar or lion ; so on the Grecian ships  
 Stout Hector, peer of murderous Mars, the impetuous Trojans slips.  
 And proudly with the Trojans stalk'd ever foremost he ;  
 And on the crowd of fighters swoop'd, like whirlwind fast and free,  
 That downward leaps, and smites and sweeps the violet-colour'd  
 sea.

Then Hector son of Priam, whom slew he first, whom last ?  
 Asæus first, Opheltius,  
 Opites and Autonoius, and Dolops, fell they fast :  
 Hipponoius eke, and Orus, and fell Æsymnus too :  
 Such leaders of the Grecian host by grace of Jove he slew :

And next a crowd of fighters :—as when a western gale  
Beats on thick vapours from the South, and bangs, with wind or hail ;—  
Big bulges many a billow, and flings the shivering spray  
By tempests long-resounding torn ;—  
So many a head was downward borne by Hector's arm that day !  
And then had fallen disaster, and doleful deeds been done ;  
And even beside their crested beaks  
O'erborne and worn, the routed Greeks had perish'd every one :—  
But lo ! on Diomedes Ulysses call'd, and cried :—  
“ How now !—forget we all our might ?—come, stand thou by my  
side !  
Shame will it be and sorrow, the ships if Hector seize.”  
To him replied stout Diomede :—“ Stand I, whoever flees !—  
Yet brief shall be our triumph, howe'er we stoutly fight ;  
For lo ! the Cloud-amasser Jove,  
Crowns he the Trojans from above, and lends them greater might !”  
He said, and dash'd Thymbræus from his chariot to the ground,  
His left breast stricken with the spear, gored with a ghastly wound.  
Ulysses slew Molion, his god-like charioteer :  
And these for aye estopp'd from fight they left unrifled there ;  
And on they rush'd with tumult ; as boars in fierce disdain  
Turn on the hounds, so on the foe turn'd these, and slew amain :  
Meanwhile the Grecians fleeing fast from Hector breathed again.  
Next caught these twain a chariot, and slew two men of might,  
Sons of Percosian Merops they, who warn'd them from the fight :  
None better knew than Merops the leaves of fate to read :  
They heeded not, nor deign'd to stay ;  
Black fates of death will have their way, if men be doom'd to bleed !

So these spear-famed Tydides bereft of life and breath ;  
Hippodamus and Hypérochus Ulysses did to death.

Now Jove look'd down from Ida, and held the scales of war  
Poised equal ; one man other slays, and slain the slayers are.  
So on the hip Tydides struck he with deadly spear  
Agastrophus Pæonides ; his chariot stood not near  
For flight ;—so fell his folly !—his driver kept apart  
While he on foot the foremost coped, till came the fatal dart.  
But Hector shrewdly mark'd it, as through the ranks he pass'd,  
And on the victors shouting rush'd, the Trojans following fast.  
Ha ! shudder'd when he saw him loud-cheerer Diomed ;  
And to Ulysses at his side cried he, and quickly said :—  
“ 'Gainst us, methinks, this mischief rolls onward in its might,—  
This terrible Hector ; then with me stand thou, and breast the fight.”  
He spake, and high uprearing his spear long-shadowing flung ;  
Aim'd at his head, and hit, nor miss'd, the crest that o'er it hung.  
But brass from brass rebounded, nor reach'd his glistening skin ;  
The visor'd helm, with triple plate, still kept him safe within,—  
The helm Apollo gave him :—but Hector far leapt he,  
And plunged amid the mingling throng ; and steadied on his knee  
Grasp'd he the earth reclining ; his eyelids closed in night :  
But while Tydides leapt amain following his javelin's flight  
Beyond the foremost fighters, where down in dust it fell ;—  
Lo ! Hector breathed again, and far  
Bounding impetuous to his car  
Amid the Trojans shunn'd the war, and 'scaped the gates of Hell.  
Then waved his spear Tydides, and cried :—“ Ah ! dog, again

'Scapest thou grim death, so near, so dread ;—even now hadst thou  
been slain,

But king Apollo saved thee,—the Power to whom, I trow,  
Aye when thou goest with mail-clad host, makest thou a pious vow !  
Yet doubt not I will end thee hereafter, when we meet ;  
If God there be that aids me too :—  
But now the rest will I pursue, and catch with flying feet !”

He said, and slew his victim, the fallen Agastrophus :—  
But mark'd and drew at him his bow Paris, fair Helen's spouse,  
Behind a pillar crouching on the tomb men rais'd sublime  
O'er Ilus, son of Dardanus, that lord of ancient time.  
Now Diomede the corslet was stripping from the breast,  
The glittering corslet, and the shield, and helm with mighty crest :—  
Mid-bow he grasp'd his weapon ; he clutch'd the string to shoot,  
And twang'd ; nor vainly sped the shaft, but smote him on the foot,  
Where part the toes asunder ; and clean the steel ran through,  
And fix'd in earth : laugh'd he and leapt from ambush at the view ;  
And cried he, loudly vaunting :—“ Ha !—hit !—nor vain the shot :  
Would I had struck beneath the belt, and slain thee on the spot !—  
So e'en the timorous Trojans had turn'd, and breathed defiance ;  
Scared now, and scatter'd by thy hand, as bleating goats by lions.”  
But undismay'd Tydides against him challenge hurls :—  
“ Ha ! bowman braggart, sharpshooter,—ha ! aimwell of the girls :—  
Come thou right forth to meet me ;—come thou with all thy gear :—  
So shall not bow, nor sheaf of shafts, protect thee from my spear.  
Aha ! in vain thou vauntest the grazing of my foot :  
Thy blow was such as woman strikes ;—thy shaft a child might shoot !

The worthless coward's weapon falls blunt ; mine doth not so ;  
But ever,—touch it but the least,—cuts sheer, and dies the foe !  
His wife,—her cheeks are scrabbled ; his children,—sireless they :  
He rots upon the gory ground,—  
And lo ! his grisly carcase round more beasts than beauties play !”  
Then came spear-famed Ulysses, and his shield before him put,  
While he behind reclining pluck'd the weapon from his foot :  
Through the skin shot bitter anguish : on car he leapt amain,  
And bade the driver swiftly drive to the ships, so sore his pain.

So all alone Ulysses was left, nor any stay'd  
Of all the Greeks,—such fear was theirs,—to guard him and to aid.  
And thus, sore vex'd, bespeaking his own high heart, said he :—  
“What shall I dare ?—’twere base in fear from common herd to flee :  
Yet to be caught and worried alone, were worser far ;—  
For all the Greeks beside hath Jove driven startled from the war.  
But why thus halt communing with mine own pensive mind ?  
For well I wot the cowards still are trembling left behind :  
But him it aye beseemeth, who claims the palm in fight,  
Firmly to stand,—to fell or fall,—to be smitten or to smite !”  
Now while he thus debated, considering in his heart,  
Came on the ranks of Trojans arm'd,  
And hemm'd him close, and round him swarm'd, for which themselves  
should smart.  
For as keen hounds and hunters to savage boar give chase ;  
He issuing from the greenwood busk  
Whets with crook'd jaws each shining tusk ; while they with equal pace  
About him hang, and snaps he, and grinds his teeth amain ;



They boldly bide his rushing stride, and rush and charge again :—  
So then about Ulysses the valiant Trojans ran ;  
And Deïopites first he slew,—  
With spear he pierced his shoulder through ;—was none a braver man.  
Then Ennomus and Thoön, and next Chersidamas :  
Him leaping startled from the wheel  
He caught midway, and made the steel right through his navel pass.  
Beneath the bossy buckler :—fell he and grasp'd the sand ;—  
Nor these Ulysses stay'd to spoil, hard press'd by all the band.  
But next with spear he wounded Charops of noble line,  
Brother to Socus, noble both ; and Socus, prince divine,  
Flew boldly to the rescue, and coming cried aloud :—  
“ O thou Ulysses, full of wiles,  
Of many schemes, and many toils,—this day shall make thee proud.  
Of two such chiefs the victor, twain sons of Hippiasus,—  
Of both their deaths, and both their spoils,—or thou shalt fall, and  
thus ! ”—  
Speaking, he hurl'd the javelin ; right on the shield it flew ;  
It smote Ulysses' rounded shield, it pierced it through and through :  
And through the shining cuirass the steel descending sank  
With forceful stress, and skin and flesh tore wholly from his flank.  
Yet would not Pallas let it find entrance to his heart,  
And knew Ulysses that the wound had miss'd the vital part.  
Back stepp'd he, and to Socus cried :—“ Now thy end is near :  
The Trojans I may fight no more, but thee, at least, my spear  
Shall reach to-day, and bring thee death and grim fate for this :—  
Great glory shalt thou render mine ;  
Thyself shalt thou to Dis resign, to chariot-driving Dis ! ”

He spake ; but Socus quickly veer'd round, and turn'd to flight ;  
And 'twixt his shoulders, as he turn'd, alit the javelin's might,  
And back to breast transfix'd him ; he fell with brazen sound ;  
And o'er him cried Ulysses dire as sprawl'd he on the ground :—

“ Ha ! Socus, son of valiant steed-quelling Hippiasus ;  
Thee hath the speed of Death outstripp'd ; nor couldst thou flee him  
thus !

Ah ! wretch ;—nor sire nor mother thine eyelids shall draw down,  
Dead though thou beest ; but ravenous fowl shall pluck thee flesh from  
bone,

Their thick plumes casting o'er thee :—but me,—when die I must,—  
The sons of Greece with fire and feast shall honour in the dust !”

This said, the spear of Socus, that mighty tool, he drew  
Forth from his flank and bossy shield ; and forth the bright blood flew.  
Even with the steel, and scared him ;—but when the Trojans stout  
Beheld Ulysses' streaming blood, on rush'd they with a shout,  
And press'd him all together ; and back he drew from bale,  
Calling his comrades ; thrice he call'd, loud as man's lungs can hail ;  
And thrice did Menelaüs the warrior shouting hear ;  
And swiftly Ajax he address'd, who haply skirmish'd near :—

“ O Ajax Telamonian, our stay and bulwark now,—  
Hark ! 'twas from brave Ulysses came that cry ;—such cry as though  
Him all alone the Trojans cut off, and press'd full sore,  
With stress of battle ;—let us haste, and rush the ranks before !  
Needs must we aid and rescue ;—much fear lest left alone  
He suffer, valiant though he be,  
And we with shame regretful see some deed disastrous done.”  
He spake, and rush'd the foremost, great Ajax following close ;

And soon they found Ulysses 'midst the environment of foes.  
The Trojans flock'd around him, like jackals hovering  
Round antler'd stag by archer gall'd with arrow from his string ;  
Who while his limbs are lissom, and warm is yet his blood,  
Escapes the hunter ;—whom at length, by the arrow's force subdued,  
The ravening mountain-jackals tear deep in the shady wood.  
Then comes by chance a lion ahunger'd ; spring away  
The jackals frighten'd ; he alone holds banquet o'er the prey.  
So then around Ulysses, the politic king and brave,  
Flock'd with huge rout the Trojans stout ;  
He dealt his swashing blows about, and fought dear life to save.  
But Ajax nigh approaching with his ample buckler tower'd,  
And by him stood, and right and left adread the Trojans scour'd ;  
While doughty Menelaüs withdrew him from the throng,  
There where his driver held his steeds ; and bore him swift along.  
Then on the Trojans leaping Ajax slew Doryclus,—  
Of Priam he a bastard son ;—next hurt he Pandocus,  
And smote Lysander too, and with Pylartes Pyrasus.  
As some full-furnish'd river descending to the plain,—  
Some torrent rushing from the hills, lacquey'd by storms of rain,—  
Rolls down fell'd oaks for lumber, and mighty drifts of pine,  
And flings huge scantlings to the sea,—so swept the chief divine  
O'er all the batter'd champain, and man and horse he slew :  
Nor Hector, fighting far to left, yet of his ravage knew.  
By stream of swift Scamander fought Hector, where the most  
Of Greeks were falling, and the shout rose high of either host,  
Round Nestor and Idomeneus ;—brave threat and braggart boast !  
'Mid these fought dreadful Hector, and ruthless deeds he wrought ;—

With spear o'er-reach'd ; with car outran, and broke the squadrons  
stout.

Nor would the bold Achaïans even yet retreat have made,  
But that Machaon, folkherd brave, by Paris' hand was stay'd,  
While fighting stoutly with the best ;—with shaft of three-edged blade  
He smote him on right shoulder : then much the Grecians fear'd,—  
The Grecians, breathing fiery force,—lest, when the battle veer'd,  
Their comrade should be captured : and cried the Cretan king :—  
“ Ho ! Nestor great, Neleïades, hence with thy car, and bring  
Machaon home, and shipward thy sounding horses drive :  
The leech is worth a host of men to save the host alive ;  
To cut the arrows from the wound, and healing balms contrive.”  
He spake, nor tarried Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :  
Straight on his car he leapt and rais'd the wounded warrior there.  
Son of divine Asclepius, and gave his steeds the lash ;  
Off to the ships with wings of speed right willingly they dash.

Now standing close by Hector Cebriones espied

The Trojans mingled all in rout ; and to his chief he cried :—  
“ Lo ! Hector, here we linger on the skirts of echoing war,  
And dally with the foe, while stunn'd and staggering reel afar  
All the other Trojans wildly, confounded man and horse ;  
Where Ajax son of Telamon smites them with mickle force.  
Ah ! well I know and mark him by the broad shield on his breast :—  
Then drive we thither, horse and car, and mingle with the rest,—  
The horsemen and the footmen,—where rages deadliest strife,  
With medley mix'd, with slaughter red, with quenchless roaring rife.”

He said, and featly flourish'd the scourge with glittering thong ;  
The steeds give heed, and lightly speed, and whirl the wheels along,  
Far 'midst the hosts contending ; on arms and warriors dead  
Tramp'd they ; with blood the axle-tree, with blood the rings were  
red :—

From horses' hooves the axle was smear'd below with gore ;  
On the rings above the felloes flung red rain-drops evermore.  
Much wish'd he in the medley of men to plunge, and break  
Their serried bands ; nor fail'd he all the Greeks with fear to shake ;  
But close encounter shunn'd he, flitting from rank to rank  
With sword and spear, and ponderous stones ; and still from Ajax  
shrank.

So Jove the glory grudged him with mightier man to fight :—  
Nor less the Sire, with equal hand, smote Ajax eke with fright.  
Sudden he stopp'd adread, and behind his shoulders toss'd  
His buckler wide of sevenfold hide, and gazed upon the host  
Like hunted beast, with terror ; and oftentimes turn'd he round,  
And shifted still from knee to knee, and slowly yielded ground.  
And as when tawny lion the dogs and hunters drive  
From close farm-yard, nor suffer him sleek prey to seize alive,  
Their watch all night long keeping ;—he ravening much to kill  
Headlong attacks, but nought prevails ; so darts and lances still  
Leap from stout hands against him, and flaring torches wave ;  
And these he dreads, nor dares he these, bold though he be, to brave ;  
But off he skulks with morning, ashamed and sore at heart :—  
So Ajax from the Trojans turn'd, indignant to depart ;  
But quaked he for the galleys of the Grecians on the shore.  
And as an ass by ploughland driven, with cudgels beaten sore,



Still bears the blows, and stoutly defies the boys that drive,  
And crops the deep corn staggering in ;—they beat, and vainly strive,  
So impotent their efforts ;—at last with stomach full  
He yields at will, and easily they push him forth or pull :—  
So then tremendous Ajax, big son of Telamon,  
The Trojans brave and hosts allied  
With staff and polethrust sore they plied, and bang'd his targe upon.  
And now he turn'd to battle, and stemm'd their dire attack ;  
And once again made shift to yield ;—and so still held them back,  
Nor suffer'd to the galleys impetuous to advance ;  
But 'twixt the Trojans and the Greeks still sway'd his sundering lance.  
And many a furious javelin fix'd in his buckler stood ;  
And many midway fell, ere yet they made their mission good ;  
And lighted quivering on the sand, baulk'd of the warrior's blood.

But him when thus belabour'd Eurypylus espied,  
And driven by dint of weapons thick, he hasten'd to his side,  
And launch'd at Apisaon, and dealt a bitter stroke  
Right to his heart beneath the breast, and all his vigour broke.  
Then rush'd he fiercely forward to strip the slaughter'd foe ;  
But Paris mark'd him, and against the Grecian drew his bow.  
Flew the lithe reed, and smote him on the right thigh, and snapp'd,  
Leaving its barb to weight the wound ; but Paris fleetly 'scaped  
Back to his friends, fate fleeing, while shouted loud and far  
Eurypylus, and the Greeks adjured :—“Ye kings, ye chief in war,  
Now stand ye all, and rally, and ward ye ruthless death  
From Ajax ill-bested with blows, and panting sore for breath.  
Scarce can he 'scape, I fear me, from hapless war : then on,



And face the foe, and save the chief, big son of Telamon ! ”  
So call'd the wounded warrior : then press'd the Grecians nigh,  
And leant their bucklers on their breasts, and waved their javelins high ;  
And Ajax met them, and again turn'd at his comrades' cry.  
So like fierce flame they struggled :—meanwhile from forth the fight  
The steeds of Neleus Nestor bore,  
With sage Machaon stricken sore, and reek'd with speed of flight.

Now these Achilles swiftfoot perceiv'd, nor fail'd to mark,  
Where kept he station on the stern of his own big bulging bark ;  
And look'd he toward the battle, and the fearful rout of war ;  
And quick Patroclus he address'd,  
Where in his tent he couch'd at rest, and call'd him from afar.  
Forth stepp'd Mars' peer Patroclus :—alack ! what evil tide  
For him that deadly call bespoke !—and straightway he replied :—  
“ Why call'st thou me, Achilles?—what help wouldst have of mine ? ”—  
Replied the Peleïde swift of foot :—“ Menætiades divine !—  
Companion dear and chosen !—lo ! now the Grecians feel  
Their pressing need, and now, methinks, will come to me and kneel.  
But go thou, Jove-protected, and ask of Nestor now,  
Whom bears he wounded from the war ? his back is like, I trow,  
To Asclépiades Machaon ; his face I might not spy ;  
So swift the chariot speeding on shot past, and baulk'd my eye.”  
So spake he ; and Patroclus his friend's behest obey'd :  
And running to the Achaian ships and tents his mission sped.

Now these two, when the quarters of Neleïdes they won,  
Themselves alighted from the car all-fruitful earth upon ;

The steeds old Nestor's henchman Eurymedon unloos'd ;  
Air'd they the sweat, so clammy wet, that through their raiment oozed.  
On the fresh sea-beach upstanding, before the cleansing breeze ;  
Then to the tent retired, and on their couches stretch'd at ease.  
And gentle Hecamedè their soothing drink supplies ;  
Whom, child of stout Arsinoüs,  
The Greeks, when sack'd they Tenedus, gave Nestor for his prize ;  
For that was he for counsel the wariest in the fleet :—  
Now she before them push'd the board, fair board with metal feet,  
Polish'd and smooth ; and on it a brazen platter clean,  
With onion sup to sauce the cup, and honey's yellow sheen ;  
And sacred flour beside them, with can their drink to hold,  
Which erst from home the veteran brought, all richly boss'd with gold.  
Four ears it had to handle, and doves, a golden brood,  
Fed two on either side of each ; on either end it stood.  
And scarce, when full, another could move it from the board  
But Nestor old right easily he raised it and restored.  
Herein the godlike woman mix'd for them Pramnian wine ;  
And shredded goat-cheese over it with brazen grater fine ;  
And then white flour she sprinkled and brimm'd it to the brink ;  
And when the brew was mingled well she bade them taste and drink.  
So when the twain with drinking had drought and thirst allay'd,  
They told old stories o'er the cup, and pleasant pastime made.

Lo ! at the door Patroclus was standing, godlike king :  
Old Nestor spied him, and at once made from his stool a spring,  
And seized his hand, and drew him, and bade him sit and stay :  
But he would not, but stopp'd without ; and thus made speed to say :—

“ No sitting now, old warrior ; thou mayst not keep me here ;  
Respect and awe to him are due, who sent me forth to spear  
Whom bear'st thou hither wounded :—ah ! now I see and ken  
Folkherd Machaon ; with these news I haste me home again.—  
For thou too know'st Achilles, how fierce, how hard to tame ;  
An angry wight is he, who e'en a blameless one will blame.”

To him replied old Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :—

“ How now ? so grieves he for our chiefs who smart from dart and  
spear ?

He knows no whit how shrilly rises the loud lament  
Throughout the host ; our bravest each lies stricken in his tent.  
For wounded now Tydides, and famed Ulysses lie ;  
Atides and Eurypylus, shaft-smitten through the thigh :  
And this man, lately wounded, with arrow from a bow,  
Machaon bring I : but your chief,  
Brave though he be, bears no relief, nor cares for all our woe.  
Now bides he till our galleys all burn in our despite  
With hostile flames, and one by one we perish in his sight ?  
For ah ! not such my strength as that wherewith I once could fight !  
Would I were strong and mighty, as when that strife arose  
Betwixt the Eleans and ourselves, about their beeves and cows :  
When I their best Elean laid low, of life bereft,—  
Itymoneus,—and gain'd the full requital of his theft.  
He ran to save his cattle ; and first he met the stroke  
Fell'd by my spear ;—the boors they quaked, and all their spirit broke.  
Then booty from the champain, a goodly store, we sweep ;  
Of oxen fifty herds were there, and fifty flocks of sheep ;

Of swine were droves no fewer, nor lack'd there ram nor goat ;  
Thrice fifty steeds, all bays, all mares, nor few with foals afoot.  
These to Neleian Pylos we drove away by night ;—  
Well pleas'd was Neleus, that to me, in this my maiden fight,  
Should fall so prime a fortune ;—and with the dayspring new  
The heralds cried, that all should come,  
And all their claims prefer, to whom was debt from Elis due.  
To these the Pylian princes fair recompense repaid ;  
For many a man had suffer'd hurt in the old Epean raid,  
When they spoil'd our Pylian remnant :—for Hercules the strong  
Had come in years before, and slain the best our hosts among :  
Of Neleus twelve brave sons were we,—I only 'scaped the wrong.  
And so the proud Epeans despised our slender band,—  
The Epeans of the brazen vest,—and this their mischief plann'd.  
Of all this spoil old Neleus chose for himself a share,  
One herd of beeves, one flock of sheep,—three hundred head they  
were,—  
The choicest, with their drovers : for much to him was due ;  
Four horses, runners for the prize, horses and chariot too,  
Which he had sent to Elis to mingle in the race,  
And for the golden vase contend ; but those king Augeas  
Had seiz'd, and thrust their driver discomfited away :—  
So Neleus, hurt in deed and word, repaid himself that day :—  
But 'mongst the people did he share,—  
That none might unrequited fare,—the remnant of the prey.  
So all were duly righted, and through the town we paid  
Vows to the Gods ; but three days thence, the foe, in arms array'd,  
With man and horse, in mickle force, against us sally made :

With them the twain Molions, yet boys, unskill'd in war.—  
Now far on Pylia's utmost sands, on stream Alpheüs far,  
Stands our stronghold Thryusa, and crowns its lofty hill ;  
And this they leaguer'd round and round, and hoped to storm it still.  
When these the plain had travers'd all through, from end to end,  
To us Minerva tidings brought by night, our heavenly friend,  
And bade us arm for combat ; nor found she sluggish ears ;  
Uprose our people all to fight, and seiz'd they swords and spears.  
But me my sire dissuaded : he clapp'd my steeds away ;—  
He deem'd me young, unskill'd to boot :—  
Yet with the horse I march'd afoot, and fought no worse than they :—  
Such issue wrought the Goddess.—'Twas where the Minyan stream  
Falls in the sea, Arenè by, we watch'd the morning's gleam,  
We horsemen of the Pylians ; flock'd on the footmen brave :  
Hence, muster'd all, we reach'd at noon Alpheüs' sacred wave.  
And there to Jove most mighty we noble victims slew ;  
To Alpheüs there a bull we bare, a bull to Neptune too :  
But to blue-eyed Athenè from the herd a cow we paid :  
Then took we supper, rank by rank,  
And stretch'd along the river bank slept all, in arms array'd.  
And there the bold Epeans stood leaguering round the town ;  
Eager to storm ;—but dire the work of Mars must yet be done !  
For when o'er earth ascending the sun in heaven rose bright,  
With prayer to Pallas and to Jove we join'd with them in fight.  
And soon as 'twixt the Epeans and Pylians strife was shown,  
Then was I first a foe to slay, and make his steeds mine own :  
Mulus his name ; brave warrior, who Augeas' daughter wed,  
Fair Agamedè, eldest born of Augeas, ruddy red,



Fair Agamedè, skill'd in herbs, all that on earth are bred.  
Him toward my spear advancing I hit, and down he rush'd ;  
High on his car I lightly leapt, and with the foremost push'd.  
Then quaked the bold Epeans~~s~~ around me, one and all,  
When him they saw, the champion he of all their horsemen, fall.  
On sprang I, like black whirlwind, and fifty cars I took ;  
Two warriors bit the ground from each, whom my stout weapon strook.  
And next the twin Molions had I o'erthrown outright ;—  
But spied their Sire, wide-ruling lord, who shakes the earth with might,  
And round their heads dark vapours roll'd, and drew them from the fight.  
Then Jove on us the Pylians did mighty power confer ;  
O'er all the plain our foes we slay, and off their arms we bear.  
But when our bounding steeds to Buprasium's corn-fields came,  
The Olenian cliff, and hill which from Alisium bears a name,—  
At last there Pallas stay'd us : there I the hindmost slew,  
And left him ; but our Grecian band back from Buprasium flew  
On swiftfoot steeds to Pylos ; and there all drew the rein ;  
And “Jove!” they shouted, “first of Gods,”—and “Nestor! first of men.”  
Such was I 'mongst my fellows ! a man indeed was I !—  
But Peleïde fights for self alone, or sits inglorious by ;  
And much, methinks, he too shall weep for friends now left to die !  
Ah friend !—well said Menœtius :—'twas when he sent thee forth  
From Phthia to the Achaian camp, and bade thee prove thy worth :—  
Myself then and Ulysses, unseen, expecting sate ;  
For we to Peleus' halls had come to rouse each Grecian state ;  
And call'd the lords of women fair for Helen to debate.  
And there thy sire Menœtius, the famed of old, we found,  
And thee, Achilles by thy side ; and Peleus, chief renown'd,



Was burning in the forecourt rich steaks of steer for Jove,—  
The terrible king, who laughs to hear his thunders roll above ;—  
And a golden bowl was holding ere yet ye sate to dine,  
And on the flaming sacrifice was pouring ruddy wine.  
Then cook'd ye two the victuals ;—lo ! at the door we stand :  
Started Achilles, and upleapt, and seiz'd us by the hand,  
And made us sit ; and cheer'd us well as strangers in the land.  
Then when we all had feasted and ceas'd to drink and eat,  
I first outspake, and bade ye both join muster with the fleet ;  
And fain were ye, and much your sires bespake ye counsel meet.  
Old Peleus urged Achilles ever the best to be,  
And eminent all men else above ; but said thy sire to thee :—  
' My son, in birth Achilles doth surely thee outshine ;—  
Yet thou the elder art ;—his strength far greater too than thine :  
Do thou, then, sage suggestion instil, with loving rede ;  
Point thou the way, and he will aye thy good direction heed.'  
Such was that ancient's counsel : but thou dost all forget :—  
Yet thou, even now, Achilles urge, if he will heed thee yet.  
Who knows but, God befriending, his sprite thou yet shalt move :  
Ah ! soft is still, and sways from ill, the rede of them we love.  
But if some heavenly warning from Thetis him affright,  
Then thee at least let him send forth, and with thee send the might  
Of his stout Myrmidons, even so to flash the Grecian's light ;—  
And lend thee glorious armour to flaunt along the plain ;—  
The Trojans, taking thee for him, shall yet, perchance, refrain,  
And yet the valiant Greeks revive, and wearied breathe again,—  
One instant :—then 'twere easy for us with force unspent,  
To drive the spent ones back to Troy, from galley and from tent."

He spake, and moved Patroclus :—with spirit sorely tried  
Off rushed he, bounding towards the ships, to Achilles Eacide :  
But when he near the galleys of great Ulysses came,  
Running,—where met the Greeks to buy and sell, and law to claim,—  
And where for oaths and offerings stood holy altars by,—  
There met him lamed Eurypylus,  
Euæmon's offspring valorous, labouring with stricken thigh.  
From the battle came he limping ; and dewy sweat ran o'er  
Down head and shoulders, and dark blood still trickled from the sore :  
Yet stedfast were his senses :—the sight Patroclus stirr'd ;  
And thus he sooth'd him ruthfully, and spake with wingèd word :—  
“ Ah ! hapless chiefs and princes,—was such your destined doom,  
From kin and country far, to sate  
With flesh and bones and yellow fat the dogs at Ilium !  
But tell me this, brave hero ; can Greece e'en now restrain  
Gigantic Hector, or subdued by him shall all be slain ? ”  
Then thus outspake and answer'd the sage Eurypylus :—  
“ No more, Patroclus, ah ! no more shall there be stay for us,  
Nor succour :—but the Trojans on our dark ships will fall :  
For now the men who erst were best, our princes, stricken all,  
Lie wounded by the Trojans, whose spirit waxes high.  
But thou assist me to my ship, and cut thou from my thigh  
The barbèd point, and bathe it with water warm, and lay  
Soft balsams o'er it, such as from Achilles once, men say,  
Thou learnedst,—he from Chiron the Centaur just and good ;—  
For of our skilful leeches twain Machaon lies subdued  
In his own tent, much needing himself a cunning leech ;  
While Podalirius fights afar, still standing in the breach.”

And once again address'd him Menœtius' gallant son :—

“ This service how shall I perform ? or what may else be done ?

I run to seek Achilles, and all the words relate

Which Pylian Nestor bade me say, the bulwark of our state ;—

Yet will not I abandon thee, thus hurt by cruel fate.”

He said, and 'neath the shoulders he clasp'd the chief, and led

Down to his tent ; his servants saw, and store of skins they spread :

Full length he lay ; Patroclus his dagger drew, and cut

The sharp head out, the cause of harm,

And cleans'd the wound with water warm, and o'er it spread the root

Astringent, pain-allaying,—which all his smart subdued,—

Rubb'd with the hand ;—the sore was dried, and staunch'd the flowing  
blood.

## BOOK XII.

SO he, the brave Patroclus, for the wounded warrior cared,  
Among the tents, while either host the close encounter shared ;  
Nor long the ditch and rampart should keep the Trojans out,—  
The rampart rear'd above the ditch, the ditch drawn round about  
To guard the Grecian galleys,—no hecatombs bestow'd,  
Nor shelter for the ships assured by favour of the God,  
For the prizes and the plunder ; but all unblest of heaven :—  
So to that godless work of man no length of days was given.  
Now while yet Hector flourish'd, and raged Achilles still,  
Nor Priam's town had ceased to crown his unsurmounted hill ;  
So long compact and stedfast might yet that mound remain ;  
But when the bravest and the best of the Trojans all were slain,  
And of the Grecians many had fallen, yet some survived ;  
And in the tenth revolving year had Ilium's end arrived ;  
And in their barks the Grecians had sought dear home at last ;—  
Lo ! Neptune and Apollo then conspired the work to blast :  
And that big wall to tumble the force of streams they brought,  
All that from Ida's craggy steep the seas descending sought ;—  
Heptaporus and Rhesus, Caresus, Rhodius,

Granicus and Æsepus, and Scamander glorious ;  
And Simoïs, by whose waters buckler and helm were strow'd  
Innumerable on the dusty beach,  
With slaughter'd heroes, royal each, and offspring of a God.  
The mouths of all together Phœbus Apollo blent,  
And nine days long against the wall their floods impetuous sent ;  
And rain'd great Jove incessant, the sooner low to lay  
The ramparts on the gulphy strand ;  
And he, the Shaker of the land,  
Stood first, the trident in his hand, and scour'd the stones away,  
And piles, the strong foundation the Greeks with toil had placed ;  
And by fast-flowing Hellespont made level all and waste.  
So when the wall was wasted, and levell'd evermore,  
With sands ahead he smother'd deep the broad unwrinkled shore,  
And bade the rivers roll again where smooth they sloped before.

So Neptune and Apollo should bring to pass one day :—  
Now blazed around the well-built wall the fury of the fray ;  
And rang the stricken timbers of every lofty tower :—  
The Grecians, by Jove's scourge subdued, shrank huddling from the  
stour,  
Scared from the war by Hector, dread harbinger of flight ;  
But storm-like he, as aye before, still hurtled through the fight.  
And as by dogs surrounded, and troop of hunters stout,  
Lion or boar in all his strength turns round, and scowls about ;  
And they, in marshall'd circle like a wall around him, rain  
Thick darts ; he fears them not, nor flees, of his own high courage slain,  
But turns, and rushes on the bands ;—he turns, they yield again.

So Hector through the medley his comrades brave besought,  
And urged them still the ditch to leap; but with them nothing wrought;—  
Nor dared the swiftfoot horses;—but on the brink they neigh'd  
Quivering; so broad the yawning ditch, nor safe to leap, nor wade;  
So steep the banks above it, high heap'd on either side;  
So sharp the stakes, which all along  
The Greeks had planted, close and strong, to stem the hostile tide.  
There scarce the steed would venture with chariot at his back;  
The footman long might pause in doubt, and still withhold the attack.  
At last came straight to Hector Polydamas, and cried:—  
“Hear, Hector!—hear me, princes all, the Trojan and the allied!—  
Believe me now, 'twere folly to force our steeds across:  
Hard is the ditch to pass, most hard;  
Sharp are the stakes the ditch that guard, and runs the rampart close:  
Nor there from car alighting, nor riding may we fight;  
So strait the platform neath the wall, so prompt the foe to smite.  
For if Jove now determine, the Thunderer on high,  
The Grecians to confound outright, and yield his aid to Troy,—  
Ha! well then could I wish it, and hope 'twere featly done,  
That nameless here, from Argos far, the Greeks were slain and strown.  
But should they turn and rally before their ships at bay,  
And we within the sunken ditch be caught, their netted prey,—  
Then none, methinks, returning the Trojan towers shall reach,  
Nor live to tell the tale of woe, escaping through the breach.  
Come then, and as I counsel do ye my bidding all:—  
Our horses let the squires restrain at the ditch before the wall;  
Ourselves afoot with Hector all arm'd will closely press;  
The Greeks will flee, if fate forsooth puts on them all her stress.”



He spake ; well liked it Hector, the speech and counsel sound ;  
And straightway leapt he from his car all arm'd upon the ground.  
Nor longer rode the Trojans, each in his car array'd,  
But all leapt down at sight of him, and each his driver stay'd,  
With the horses and the chariot well order'd on the bank ;  
Themselves in bands and companies stood marshall'd rank by rank ;  
Five bands with each a captain : the most and bravest first  
Led Hector and Polydamas, eager the wall to burst,  
And wrestle at the galleys ; and with these two proceeds  
Cebriones the charioteer ;  
A worser man, less wanted here, was left with Hector's steeds.  
Of the second band the captain was Paris, and his peers  
Agenor and Alcatheüs :  
The third was godlike Deiphobus, and Helenus prince of seers,  
Sons both of ancient Priam ; and with them Asius led ;  
Stout Asius, son of Hyrtacus, whom from Arisbè sped  
Big bright bay coursers, on the meads of swift Selleïs bred.  
And band the fourth Æneas, Anchises' gallant son,  
Archelochus eke, and Acamas,  
Whose sire divine Antenor was, both skill'd in arms, led on.  
And last led bold Sarpedon the illustrious allies ;  
And from them Glaucus chose he out,  
And Asteropæus, brave and stout ; none other in his eyes  
Seem'd peer to these in valour, next to himself the best :  
But he throughout the ranks allied was first by all confess'd.

And now stand all compacted, and buckler buckler grips ;  
And straight against the foe they push,

Sure these will flee amain, and rush all routed to their ships.  
Then all the other Trojans and far renown'd allies  
Hearken'd unto the counsel of Polydamas the wise :  
But Asius, chief of warriors, would not the rede obey ;  
To leave his car and driver there :  
But, steeds and all, would madly dare to the ships to force his way :—  
Fool, and foredoom'd to perish, nor 'scape his weird of ill,—  
Nor back return with thundering car,  
Exulting in his deeds of war, to Ilium's windy hill !  
For him should wrap in darkness the Fates of name malign ;—  
Slain by thy spear, Idomeneus, Deucalionide divine !  
To the ships now drove he leftward, where the Grecians from the plain  
Were wont to enter, steeds and car, the sheltering walls to gain.  
There o'er the narrow causeway he urged his steeds and car ;  
Nor found the gates closed fast and firm, nor fix'd the long cross-bar ;  
But men still kept them open, their comrades dear to save,  
If yet, fast fleeing to the ships, a refuge some might crave.  
There press'd he, straight of purpose ; follow'd his men, and loud  
Cried they ; for now they deem'd no more  
The Greeks would stand, but seek the shore, and to their galleys  
crowd :—  
Fools they !—for in the gateway two mighty men they found,  
Seed of the warlike Lapithæ, that kept the barrier bound :  
The hero Polypoetes, Pirithoüs' son, was there ;  
And a doughty wight, Leonteus hight, the bloody War-god's peer.  
Before the tall gates planted stood firm these brothers twain ;  
Like mountain oaks with lofty heads, that bear the winds and rain  
Year after year, deep seated, with long roots starkly tied ;

So these with strength of stalwart limbs the gathering shock abide  
Of Asius and his warriors ; nor turn'd the twain and veer'd ;  
While straight against the strong-built wall  
Came these, and high before them all their tough bull's-hides up-  
rear'd,  
Asius the king, and with him, rushing with mighty shout,  
Orestes and Iamenus,  
And Thoön and CEnomaus, and Adamas the stout.

And whiles the brother champions within the threshold penn'd,  
Still urged their men, the greave-arm'd host, their galleys to defend.  
But when they saw the Trojans rush storming on the wall,  
And rose the shout, and shook the rout of the Argives frighten'd all ;  
Then through the gateway starting wrestled the twain in front ;  
Like salvage boars, whom on the hills keen hounds and rustics hunt.  
They bear the rushing medley, and darting sidelong break  
To right, to left, the big branches reft, uprooting stump and stake :  
And jars below the clatter of the gnashing of their teeth ;—  
Till one of many a smiter wounds, and robs their life and breath.  
So the glittering brass resounded on either stricken breast ;  
So staunch they fought ; the Grecians all  
So featly help'd them from the wall ; such force themselves address'd !  
From wall and tower the Grecians hurl'd stones upon the foe,  
Their lives to save, to guard from scathe their tents and ships below :  
And from stout hands of either host, Trojan and Greek,—like snow,  
Wherewith a strong wind, whirling the pitchy clouds along  
Bestrews the fields,—so pour'd the darts the encountering ranks among ;  
And harshly grated helm and shield by massive boulders wrung.

Then groan'd, as one despairing, and smote on either thigh  
Stout Asius, son of Hyrtacus, with a bold and bitter cry :—  
“ Ha ! father Jove,—false art thou !—utterly false !—in vain  
Defied I all the sons of Greece our prowess to restrain :  
But these,—like wasps lithe-waisted, or bees that constant dwell  
Beside the pathways in the rocks, nor quit their hollow cell,  
But aye abide the onset of the hunters, and defend  
Their brood,—so these, and they but twain,—  
Quit not the gates, but strive and strain,  
Resolved to slay or to be slain, or e'er the fight shall end.”  
He spake ; nor thus haranguing the Father's purpose moved :  
Jove's will was fix'd all fame to keep for Hector whom he loved.

Meanwhile both Greeks and Trojans fought fierce at every gate ;  
And all their deeds 'twere hard for me, mere mortal, to relate :  
For round the stony rampart blazed thick incessant fire ;  
Nor dared the Greeks, for grief, for shame, before the foe retire,  
Defending still their galleys ; and grieved the Powers on high,  
They that for Greece auxiliar stood ;  
While still that Lapithean brood dared all the assault defy.  
For the hero Polypoetes, Pirithoüs' stalwart son,  
Smote with his javelin Damasus his brass-cheek'd helm upon.  
It pierced the brass resistless, and burst the bony cell :  
And, all his brain suffused with blood, the impetuous foeman fell.  
And next the gallant Pylon he slew and Ormenus :—  
Nor less Leonteus, squire of Mars, struck he Hippomachus ;—  
Just on the belt he struck him ; then from the scabbard drew  
His sword, and 'gainst Antiphates athwart the medley flew ;

And hand to hand he slew him, first ;—flat he fell and splay ;—  
Next Menon and Iamenus he slaughter'd in the fray ;  
Orestes last :—on fruitful earth these one on other lay.

Now tore the glittering armour these twain from back and breast :  
Polydamas' and Hector's men, meanwhile, the most and best,—  
All eager they the rampart to burst, the ships to burn,—  
Yet stood they lingering at the ditch, and doubting of return.  
For while they yearn'd to cross it, behold ! a fateful bird,  
An eagle soaring on the left to all the host appear'd,  
And stay'd them from their purpose :—a bloody snake he bore,  
High in his claws, a monstrous snake, alive and panting sore ;—  
Nor ceased the snake from combat : for still, all writhing round,  
He struck his captor, breast and throat, till, smarting with the wound,  
To the earth the eagle cast him plump down among the crowd ;  
And away he flew with the blast that blew, wailing and shrieking loud.  
Shuddering the Trojans saw it, thus sent them from above,  
Strown in the midst,—the writhing worm,—sign of the Thunderer Jove !  
Thereat his brother Hector Polydamas address'd :—  
“Thou, Hector, chidest me ever sore,—though still I counsel best,—  
For that, one of the people, dare I at meetings speak,—  
In war, in council,—any where,—not seemly words, nor meek :  
Thy greatness I should ever uphold, exalt thy might !—  
Nathless again will I declare that which I deem the right :—  
Refrain we now, nor drive the Greeks  
To turn, all routed, at their beaks for very life to fight.  
For this, methinks, will happen, if truly to our host,—  
Our eager host,—this sign be sent, ere yet the ditch be cross'd ;—



The soaring eagle grasping the live snake smear'd with blood ;—  
Nor bore he home, but dropp'd it straight,  
Ere yet he reach'd his nestling mate, and gorged his callow brood.  
So we, methinks, though burst we the Grecian gates and wall,  
With mighty force ;—though flee the Greeks confused and routed all ;—  
Shall from the ships disorder'd retrace the selfsame way,  
Full many a brother lost and left,  
Of life by foeman's steel bereft, when turn the Greeks at bay.  
And such the interpretation God's seer in sooth would give,  
Whoe'er he be, well skill'd in signs, and whom the folk believe."  
Then him bright-crested Hector address'd with angry scowl :—  
" Polydamas, this speech of thine is hateful to my soul !  
Now rede me better counsel ;—for better thou canst teach :—  
But if, forsooth, thou meanest thus, in sad and sober speech,  
Then, sirrah, I will tell thee, the Gods themselves have ta'en  
Thy wits away, that bidst us thus forget Jove's promise plain ;  
The purpose he reveal'd us, and pledged with solemn words :—  
But thou forsooth wouldst bid me mark the wide-wing'd flight of birds ;  
Whose tokens I regard not, whether they fly to right,  
Towards morning gray, and rising day, or leftward plunge in night.  
Then we,—I say,—obey we almighty Jove's command,  
Whom none of mortal race, nor Gods immortal may withstand :  
One bird of all the best I call, to strike for fatherland !  
But thou ! why shake and shiver, and shun the battle's stress ?  
Though bulk and remnant of our host the bloody field should press,  
No risk of death for cowards !—thou hast no soul to stay  
And dare the encounter :—but be sure, if now thou keep'st away,—  
Or other turn'st from combat, with weak and glozing speech,—



My hand shall lay thee in the dust,—my spear thy heart shall reach !”

He spake and led the Trojans : they with a mighty cry  
Follow'd apace ; and Jove that laughs in thunder from the sky,  
Flung from the crest of Ida a stormy gust of wind,  
Which drove before, and shipward bore a reek of dust, to blind  
The startled Greeks ;—such fame for Troy and Hector he design'd.  
It is were the signs they trusted,—the courage was their own,—  
Those valiant Trojans,—striving hard the wall to batter down.  
And tower they beat, and buttress, and tore the parapet ;  
With wedge and lever wrench'd and shook the basement deeply set,  
The rampart's strong foundation ; and forth the stones they drew ;  
And much they hoped the mighty mound to breach and batter through.  
Nor yet the Greeks withstanding gave entrance to the foe ;  
But fenced with hides the buttress' sides, and hurl'd their darts below.

And now the two Ajaces aloft from tower to tower  
Stalk'd every way, with loud command, and urged the Grecian power :  
One they persuaded gently ; with threats another moved ;  
They cheer'd the wearied to the war, the recreant they reproved.  
“ O friends,” they cried, “ ye bravest of the Greeks, and ye less brave,  
And ye the worser,—for not all in war like prowess have,—  
Now is there work for all sorts ;—and this, methinks, ye know,—  
Yourselves all know it ; let then none shrink from the vaunting foe,  
And cower beside the galleys ; but onward press ye all,  
And each incite his peer to fight, each on his comrade call ;  
So Jove the king Olympian, lord of the lightning's flight,

Grant us the assailants to repel, and drive them home forthright."  
So in the front loud-shouting urged these the Greeks alway :  
And now as clouds of fluttering snow fall thick some wintry day,  
When Jove, high lord of counsel, is stirr'd his storms to shower,  
And let men see how dire they be, his shafts of sleety stour ;—  
He lays the winds, and ceaseless pours down, and shrouded deep  
Vanish the peaks of lofty hills, and crests of headland steep ;  
And on rich leas of clover, and men's fat tilth he pours ;  
Nor less o'er all the hoary seas, the narrow bays and shores :—  
But still the wave unyielding his ancient realm defends ;  
While all things else lie over-roll'd  
In mighty fleeces, fold on fold, when Jove in power descends :—  
So thick from Greeks and Trojans fell stones on either side :  
The Trojans at the Grecians threw ;  
The Greeks return'd ; the tumult grew, and roar'd the rampart wide.

Nor then had all the Trojans, nor Hector overthrown  
The strong-barr'd gates ; but mighty Jove himself inspired his son  
Sarpedon on the Grecians to leap, as on the steers  
Leaps the fierce lion : he straightway his shield before him rears,  
The beauteous disk, all brazen, forged in the armourer's fire ;  
The thongs inside around the rim sew'd with long golden wire.  
This shield he rear'd before him, and javelins twain he bore,  
And strode, as lion mountain-bred, that long has fasted sore ;—  
And now his noble courage bids him go seize a sheep,  
Even at the fold close-barr'd ;—if there he finds the men that keep  
The flocks with dogs and lances, yet will he not refrain  
Without a blow, but 'midst them leaps, and slays, or falls he slain.

So then was brave Sarpedon impell'd by godlike pride  
To storm the wall, and burst the bars ; and straightway thus he cried  
To Glaucus Hippolochides advancing by his side :—  
“ Ha ! why are we in Lycia before the rest preferr'd,  
With first of seats, of wines and meats, and as high Gods revered ?  
Why ample glebe enjoy we in Xanthus' meadows sweet,  
Vineyard and orchard, fair to see, and fertile tith of wheat ?  
For this among the Lycians behoves us most to dare  
The combat, and the first affront the blaze of burning war :  
That of the closemail'd Lycians may none thus stint to say :—  
' Ha ! not inglorious o'er the host our generous kings bear sway,  
And feed on juicy fatlings, and goodliest flagons drain,—  
The famed in fight, the first in might, the foremost on the plain !'  
For sooth, my friend, if shrinking all scatheless from this strife,  
Sure were we evermore to breathe immortal youth and life,  
Nor would I fight the foremost myself, nor thee would arm  
For honour in men's high debates ;—  
But now, since round us deathful Fates ten thousand ever swarm,—  
The which may no man flee from, nor baffle,—go we thus :—  
To some one will we glory yield, or some shall yield to us !”

He spake, nor turn'd brave Glaucus away, nor disobey'd :  
And march'd the twain right forth, and all the Lycian battle led.  
Menestheus, son of Peteus, was startled at the sight ;  
For his the tower at which they push'd, and bore the deadly fight :  
And glanced he o'er the rampart, might he discern afar  
Some Grecian chief, to bring relief, and stem the rushing war.  
Spied he the two Ajaces now breathing from the broil ;

And Teucer hurrying from his tent hard by ;—but through the moil  
Could not be heard his shouting ; so high the uproar rose,  
So loud the shields' and helmets' clang,  
So rung the gates with many a bang ;—for all were fasten'd close.  
And 'gainst them press'd the Trojans, planted at every door,  
And strove to burst and enter in, and bang'd they evermore.  
So quick he sends Thoötes to Ajax from the wall :—  
“ Go thou, Thoötes, herald sage, run thou and Ajax call ;—  
Else soon will fate arrest us, the Lycian chiefs so press,  
Whose force we long before have proved in every battle's stress.  
But if there too the combat and peril urge, yet so  
Come Telamonius at our need ;  
With Teucer only let him speed, the shooter with the bow.”  
He spake, and straight the herald his bidding did, nor fail'd ;  
But swiftly ran beside the wall of the Argives brazen-mail'd ;  
And hastening to the Ajaces with shout their ears assail'd :—  
“ O heroes twain, O captains bold, of the Argives brazen-mail'd !  
The son of godlike Peteus commands me here to speed,  
And bid ye,—one, but rather both,—come help them in their need.  
Else soon will fate arrest them, the Lycian chiefs so press,  
Whose force we long before have proved in every battle's stress.  
But if here too the combat and peril urge, yet so  
Come Telamonius at our need ;  
With Teucer only let him speed, the shooter with the bow.”  
Then Ajax Telamonius obey'd the chief's behest,  
And thus the swift Olliades with wing'd words address'd :—  
“ Ajax and Lycomedes, here stand ye constant both, [loth,  
And bid the Greeks put forth their strength, and urge them nothing

But I will hie me thither, our desperate arms to aid,  
And back return forthwith, when these with succour I have stay'd."  
Spake Ajax Telamonius, and straightway off he strode,  
And with him Teucer, brothers both, both of one father's blood.  
And Teucer's buxom weapon Pandion with them bore :—  
They ran behind the wall, where press'd the Lycian fighters sore,  
At the turret of Menestheus ; for on the embattled wall  
The Lycian chiefs and champions climb'd, stout chiefs and champions  
all,  
Like stormblack hurricano: these on the platform stood ;  
And join'd the fighters hand to hand, and roar'd the battle loud.

Then foremost Telamonius Sarpedon's comrade slew,  
Brave Epicles, with big rough stone, which down on him he threw.  
The stone within the rampart beside the platform lay ;  
Huge stone, the topmost of a heap, which scarce in this our day  
Even in full youth and vigour one man had rais'd and swung,  
With both his hands, but Ajax he that boulder rais'd and flung,  
And smash'd the crested helmet, and mingled brains and bone ;  
And like a diver, from the wall the dying man shot down.  
And Teucer wounded Glaucus with arrow from his bow ;  
As on the wall he mounting sprang  
He bared his arm,—the lithe bow rang, and sped the brazen blow.  
Nor longer could he struggle, but leapt he to the ground,  
And crouch'd aside, that none might see, and taunt him with the  
wound.  
Much griev'd the brave Sarpedon to see him flinching back ;  
But soon the cause he knew ; nor less persisted in the attack.



And he too reach'd Alcmaon, and pierced him with his lance ;—  
Then pluck'd the steel, and following fell the wretch in mortal trance,  
Headlong ;—and bray'd around him his armour's brazen roar :—  
Sarpedon grasp'd the parapet with forceful hands, and tore  
The stones, and follow'd falling the battlement complete ;  
And the topmost wall lay blank and bare, a path for many feet.  
But Ajax then and Teucer against him took the field ;  
And this with arrow smote the thong  
From which athwart his breast he slung his all-protecting shield ;—  
But Jove the fates averted : his seed he would not give  
To perish at the Grecian sterns, but bade him bravely live.  
Then Ajax leapt upon him, and dang'd his shield with might ;  
And stay'd him wildly bursting through :  
He paused a space, a step withdrew, yet would not yield outright,—  
So long'd he for the glory !—and thus aloud he cried,  
Rallying himself, and call'd his godlike Lycians to his side :—  
“ Ha ! why relax ye, Lycians ? 'tis hard, 'tis hard, I say,—  
Strong though I be, and brave and bold,—  
Alone to burst the Grecian hold, alone to force my way !  
Then on ! and back me stoutly : the more, the better done ! ”  
He cried ; they quail'd at his rebuke, and back'd him every one ;  
And round their great commander press'd, his glorious deeds to crown.

And still behind the rampart their ranks the Grecians closed ;  
Great was the work for either side, Lycians and Greeks opposed !  
For neither could the Lycians the Grecian bulwarks break,  
And through the wall defended well to the ships their passage make ;  
Nor yet the valiant Grecians the Lycian force repell'd ;



But these beside the rampart wide a lodgment made and held.  
And as two men that quarrel about their lawful bound,  
Each with his measuring-rod in hand, on plot of doubtful ground,—  
Slender the strip, but either stands stiffly for his right ;—  
So these the battlements divide, and these too o'er them fight,  
And bang each others' bull's-hides with loud-resounding din ;—  
The big round shield, or shaggy targe, wing'd with the fringe of skin.  
And many a man fell wounded by ruthless brazen brunt ;  
Some on the back, when in the rout  
Their fenceless backs they turn'd about ; some through the shield in  
front.

On either side the Trojans and the Grecians battling stood ;  
And turrets here, and ramparts there, were smear'd with heroes' blood.  
Nor yielded aught the Grecians, but stiffly kept their stand :—  
And as an honest working wife holds scales with even hand,  
To the weight the wool adjusting exactly, to prepare  
Some scanty pittance for her young,  
Even so in equal balance hung the Greek and Trojan war :—  
Till Jove to godlike Hector superior glory lent,  
First on the Grecian wall to climb ;—thence far his shouts he sent,  
And heard him all the Trojans :—" On, gallant brothers, on !  
Burst ye the ramparts of the foe !  
Burn ye his galleys, stern and prow !"—cried Priam's braggart son.  
Thus cried he to incite them ; with all their ears they heard,  
And bolted to the walls direct, with clattering tumult stirr'd.  
They climb'd each lofty buttress, and thrust sharp spears before ;  
And Hector seiz'd a stone, and rais'd, which lay across the door.  
Broad was the base and massive, but sharp the foremost part ;

Such stone from pavement in the drift  
Two able townsmen scarce might lift with levers on a cart,  
Such as the men that now are ; he pois'd it all alone ;  
For him so lightsome was it made by wizard Saturn's Son.  
And as the shepherd singly bears in one hand a fleece,—  
A fleece of ram,—nor recks the load, but bears it still with ease ;—  
So Hector rais'd and wielded the stone, and bore it straight  
To the boarding of the frame compact which propp'd the folding gate :  
Athwart the which two girders behind it crossways ran ;  
And one stout bolt, stuck through the twain, sustain'd their mighty span.  
Then close he came, and heaving smote the broad planks midway,  
With feet set wide, that so the blow with his full force might sway ;  
And smash'd he both the hinges ; and inside dropp'd the rock  
Heavily ;—loud the door-frames roar'd,  
The bars gave way, and plank and board were shiver'd by the shock.  
Leapt in all-glittering Hector, with eyebrows dark as night ;  
He shone encased in burnish'd brass, and shook his javelin's might ;  
And flash'd his eyes like torches ;—Gods only and no man  
Could stay him as he burst the gates, and o'er the threshold ran.  
Now hear him in the tumult on the gallant Trojans call,  
Across the breach the ships to reach, and o'er the bounding wall !  
And some they scale the rampart, some through the gateway pour ;  
To the ships the Grecians frighten'd fled ; nor ceased the wild uproar.

END OF VOL. I.

H O M E R ' S I L I A D

*In English Rhymed Verse*

TWO VOLS.



# HOMER'S ILIAD

In English Rhymed Verse

BY CHARLES MERIVALE

B.D., D.C.L.

CHAPLAIN TO THE SPEAKER, ETC.

VOL. II



STRAHAN & CO., PUBLISHERS

56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON

1869

EDINBURGH :  
BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PRINTERS,  
PAUL'S WORK.



# ARGUMENTS OF BOOKS XIII. TO XXIV. OF THE ILIAD.

*The numeration here, and at the top of each page of the translation, is that of the Greek text.*

## BOOK XIII.

Neptune goes to assist the Greeks, . . . . .	1-125
Battle renewed, and Hector repulsed, . . . . .	126-155
Meriones and Idomeneus converse at the tents, . . . . .	156-329
Combats with various success, . . . . .	330-673
Hector attacks the ships—the Ajaces resist him, . . . . .	674-837

## BOOK XIV.

Nestor, with the wounded Machaon, espies the progress of the battle, . . . . .	1-26
Agamemnon and other wounded chiefs go forth to encourage the Greeks, . . . . .	27-134
Neptune exhorts them in disguise, . . . . .	135-152
The contrivance of Juno to lull Jove to sleep—she obtains the cestus of Venus, solicits the assistance of Sleep, and seeks Jove on the summit of Ida, . . . . .	153-279
Amorous conversation of Jove and Juno, . . . . .	280-353
Neptune, during the sleep of Jove, encourages and leads the Greeks, . . . . .	354-387

Renewal of the battle—Hector wounded by Ajax and carried off the field, . . . . .	388-439
The Trojans are driven beyond the Grecian wall, . . . . .	440-522

## BOOK XV.

Jove awakened from sleep resents the fraud of Juno—declares his favour towards the Trojans, and sends Apollo to restore Hector, . . . . .	1-280
The Greeks are routed and driven behind the wall—the Trojans pursue them to the ships, . . . . .	281-389
Patroclus leaves the cure of Eurypylus, and hastens to inform Achilles of the peril of the Greeks, . . . . .	390-405
The Greeks sustained by the valour of Ajax—combats with mutual slaughter, . . . . .	406-695
Combat at the ships—Ajax mounts the deck of a galley, and performs great deeds of valour, . . . . .	696-746

## BOOK XVI.

Patroclus gets leave from Achilles to assist the Greeks, promis- ing to return after driving the Trojans from the ships, . . . . .	1-100
Meanwhile Ajax is wounded by Hector, and one of the ships is set on fire, . . . . .	101-123
Patroclus puts on the armour of Achilles, who makes vows for his safety, . . . . .	124-259
He drives the Trojans beyond the wall, and pursues them, . . . . .	260-418
He kills Sarpedon, . . . . .	419-490
Battle over Sarpedon's body, which is spoiled by the Greeks, but wafted, by Jove's command, to Lycia, . . . . .	491-683
Patroclus drives the Trojans to the walls of Troy—Hector con- fronts him before the Scæan gate, . . . . .	684-732
He slays Cebriones, . . . . .	733-782
And is himself wounded by Euphorbus with the aid of Apollo, and killed at last by Hector, . . . . .	783-867

BOOK XVII.

Menelaus defends the body of Patroclus, and slays Euphorbus, .	1-113
Hector spoils the body of Patroclus, and assumes the armour of Achilles—Jove pronounces his doom, . . . . .	114-209
Continuation of the combat over the body—exploits of Ajax, Æneas, and others, . . . . .	210-401
The horses of Achilles weep over the body of Patroclus, .	402-458
Hector attempts to carry them off—the battle continues—the field is covered with darkness—Ajax prays for light, .	459-647
The Greeks carry off the body, but are routed and pursued to the camp by Hector and Æneas, . . . . .	648-761

---

BOOK XVIII.

Antilochus informs Achilles of the death of Patroclus—his grief and rage, . . . . .	1-35
Thetis hears him, and comes to his succour, . . . . .	36-126
She enjoins him to appear unarmed at the wall, and promises to bring him arms from Vulcan, . . . . .	127-147
Achilles terrifies the Trojans by his appearance, and the body of Patroclus is brought safe within the wall, . . . . .	148-238
Polydamas advises the Trojans to return—Hector rebukes him, and insists on meeting Achilles on the plain—contention of Jove and Juno, . . . . .	239-368
Thetis seeks Vulcan, and persuades him to make celestial arms for Achilles, . . . . .	369-477
Description of the shield and armour which Thetis brings down from Olympus, . . . . .	478-616

---

BOOK XIX.

At daybreak Thetis brings the arms to Achilles, and promises that the body of Patroclus shall be preserved incorrupt—he calls the Greeks to an assembly, . . . . .	1-41
--	------

## ARGUMENTS.

Achilles renounces his wrath against Agamemnon—Agamemnon replies, and offers presents, . . . . .	42-144
Achilles is impatient for immediate combat—Ulysses advises that the Greeks should take food, . . . . .	145-237
Briseis is restored, and weeps over the body of Patroclus, . . . . .	238-302
Minerva refreshes Achilles with ambrosia, . . . . .	303-356
Achilles arms for the battle, and mounts his chariot, . . . . .	357-403
The horse Xanthus addresses him, and declares his fate: nevertheless he drives forth, . . . . .	404-424

---

## BOOK XX.

Jove calls the Gods to an assembly, and gives permission to take side with the Greeks or Trojans—they range themselves against one another, . . . . .	1-75
Apollo opposes Æneas to Achilles: meanwhile the Gods agree to stand apart, . . . . .	76-155
Æneas and Achilles address one another, . . . . .	156-259
They fight—Æneas is saved from death by Neptune, . . . . .	260-353
Achilles slays many of the Trojans—Hector opposes him, but is snatched away by Apollo, . . . . .	354-454
Achilles continues to make prodigious slaughter, . . . . .	455-503

---

## BOOK XXI.

The fleeing Trojans cast themselves into Scamander—Achilles follows them, slays many, and drags out twelve for sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus, . . . . .	1-32
He slays Lycaon, and casts him into the river—Scamander is indignant, . . . . .	33-138
Achilles continues to slaughter the Trojans—Scamander rebukes, and assails him with his waves, . . . . .	139-245
Then pursues him over the plain, . . . . .	246-327
Vulcan, invoked by Juno, stays the torrent, . . . . .	328-384
The Gods encounter one with another, . . . . .	385-513

Apollo assumes the defence of Troy, and diverts the attack of Achilles, under the form of Agenor, while the Trojans effect their retreat into the city, . . . . .	514-611
---	---------

BOOK XXII.

Hector remains before the Scaean gate—Priam and Hecuba in vain entreat him to take refuge in the city, . . . . .	1-130
At the approach of Achilles he is struck with terror and flees—Achilles pursues, and thrice prevents him from entering, . . . . .	131-187
Minerva and Apollo interfere to aid their favourites—Jove holds out the scales, and determines the fate of Hector, . . . . .	188-213
Minerva, under the form of Deiphobus, entices Hector to engage with Achilles, and then deserts him—death of Hector, . . . . .	214-360
Achilles spoils the body and recovers his own armour—the Greeks insult the body, and Achilles drags it behind his chariot to the camp, . . . . .	361-405
Lamentations of Priam, Hecuba, and Andromache, . . . . .	406-515

BOOK XXIII.

Achilles proclaims funeral games over the body of Patroclus, . . . . .	1-61
The shade of Patroclus appears to him, . . . . .	62-110
The burning of the body and slaying of victims, . . . . .	111-257
The funeral games :—	
1. The chariot race, . . . . .	258-652
2. The boxing, . . . . .	653-699
3. The wrestling, . . . . .	700-739
4. The running, . . . . .	740-797
5. The fighting with spears, . . . . .	798-825
6. The quoit-throwing, . . . . .	826-849
7. The shooting with the bow, . . . . .	850-883
8. The spear-throwing, . . . . .	884-897

## BOOK XXIV.

Achilles drags Hector's body thrice round the tomb of Patroclus.	1-21
The Gods compassionate Hector—Jove commands Thetis to persuade Achilles to restore the body, . . . . .	22-142
Iris induces Priam to seek Achilles and offer ransom for it. . . . .	143-331
Mercury meets Priam, and conducts him into the presence of Achilles, . . . . .	332-439
Priam supplicates Achilles, and obtains the body of Hector. . . . .	440-570
Achilles accepts the gifts, and offers twelve days' truce for the performance of the funeral rites, . . . . .	571-676
Priam hastens to return to the city, . . . . .	677-717
Lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, . . . . .	718-776
Burning of the body, raising of a tomb, and celebration of the funeral feast, . . . . .	777-804



## BOOK XIII.

JOVE, to the Grecian galleys when Hector he had brought,  
And all the hosts of conquering Troy, with them no more he  
fought,—

But left them there to suffer sore toil and ceaseless pain ;  
Himself his glittering eyes withdrew  
From these away, to mark and view the Thracian hunters' plain ;  
And the Mysians closely fighting ; and them that milk the mare,  
That feed on curds, that peaceful dwell, most just of men and fair.  
From Troy-town altogether his glittering eyes he bent ;  
No God, he surely deem'd, would come  
To stand for Greece or Ilium, with aid immortal lent.

Nor kept the great Earth-shaker incurious watch afar ;  
On the crest of Samos high he stood,  
Of Thracian Samos, crown'd with wood, and gazed on all the war.  
For thence was seen all Ida, and Priam's towers were seen ;  
And thence the galleys of the Greeks, bright in the airy sheen.  
There from the main ascending the Power had fix'd his stand ;  
And much he rued the Achaians, routed 'neath the Trojans' hand ;

And 'gainst great Jove with utter rage indignantly he bann'd.  
From the misty mountain straightway down with quick steps he strode ;  
And mountain crest, and sylvan seat,  
Quiver'd beneath the immortal feet of the monarch of the flood.  
Thrice with great strides he bounded ; and with the fourth he gain'd  
Æge, where stands his palace bright, of golden sheen unstain'd,  
Deep in the gulfs of mighty seas eternally maintain'd.  
And there arriving yoked he his steeds of brazen hoof,  
The swift of flight, with manes of light ;  
Himself about his shoulders dight with golden mail of proof.  
And then the scourge he flourish'd, the well-wrought gilded scourge ;  
Sprang to his car, and featly drove high o'er the sounding surge.  
Beneath him frisk'd the monsters from all their depths and caves ;  
And none might fail to know and hail the sovereign of the waves.  
The seas with gladness parted before the slippery car ;  
Swift flew the steeds, nor dipp'd in wave the brazen axle-bar ;  
And so the God his generous team bore bounding to the war.  
A cave there lies deep-seated in the bosom of the flood,  
Midway 'twixt rock-bound Tenedos, and Imbrus dark with wood :  
There Neptune, great Earth-shaker, his steeds unyoked, and cast  
Before them meat divine to eat, and made their fetlocks fast,  
With a golden chain to keep them,—that so they sure might bide  
Their lord returning,—and himself to the Grecian leaguer hied.

Meanwhile at the heels of Hector with furious ardour came  
The Trojans, thronging to the fight, like tempest and like flame.  
Hurra'd they, and halloo'd they ; and thought like fire to fall  
On the ships of Greece, and at their sides to slay their champions all.

But Neptune, Earth-embracer, Earth-shaker, from the surge  
With Calchas' shape and speech appear'd, the Achaian hosts to urge.  
And first, to fire their courage, the Ajaces he address'd ;  
The Ajaces twain,—no recreants they,—but bravest aye and best :—  
“ Now ye, I say, brave heroes, shall save us,—if ye dare,—  
Regardful of your strength of arms, regardless of despair.  
Elsewhere indeed I reckon not this turbulent attack ;  
Though many they that scale the wall, the Greeks shall thrust them  
back.

But here I fear me shrewdly, some dire mishap shall be :  
For here leads Hector, wild as fire ;—  
The Thunderer vaunts he for his sire, as though a God were he !  
Now may some Power impel ye steadfast yourselves to stand,  
And stay the rest, and guard the ships even from this madman's hand,  
Even though the Olympian urge him !”—disguised thus Shakeland  
spoke ;

And with his rod the girdling God dealt each a potent stroke,  
And fill'd them full with vigour, and gave them courage large ;  
And made them light,—their hands to fight,—their feet to tramp and  
charge.

And as a fleetwing'd falcon swoops swiftly through the air,  
And souses from a rock sublime to pounce on bird or hare ;—  
So shot the great Earth-shaker, and vanish'd from their side ;  
Oïlean Ajax knew him first, and to his fellow cried :—  
“ Ajax, some Power Olympian impels us to the fight ;  
Veil'd though he be in Calchas' guise,  
No augur this, nor prophet wise ; I trace him in his flight.  
The Gods can ne'er be hidden that join us, or retreat :

Right well I mark the prints behind the bounding of his feet !  
And now my courage pricks me to dare the fight to-day ;  
And feet below and hands above are burning for the fray.”  
Then answer'd Telamonius :—“ So grasp my hands the lance !  
And so my feet beneath me both are quivering to advance !  
And pants my noble courage the combat to engage ;  
And meet great Hector front to front, and cope him, rage with rage !”  
So talk'd these twain together exulting, nothing loth,  
In the grand joyance of the fight ; the God inspired them both.  
And at their back the Grecians rallied, and turn'd again,—  
Where breathed they on the billowy strand,—  
Urged by the Girdler of the land, with breezes from the main.  
For toil their limbs had loosen'd, and they with doleful cry  
Had seen the Trojans throng and rush, and scale their rampart high :  
Tears had they shed in terror, and sicken'd with alarms :  
He promptly rais'd their hearts again, and bade them charge in arms.  
And Teucer first he summon'd, and with him Leïtus,  
Thoas, and the hero Peneleus, and bold Deïpyrus ;  
Antilochus and Merion, stout captains both, he stirr'd :  
All these assail'd he, one by one, and urged with wingèd word :—  
“ Courage, ye Grecian youngsters, on whom I still depend  
Ever to fight with lusty might, to save us and defend !  
But if ye quail and linger, and shrink from combat dire,  
Then hath our day of ruin dawn'd beneath this Trojan fire !  
Ha ! sad the sight, and monstrous,—ne'er deem'd I such to see !—  
The Trojans rushing on our ships,—the Trojans, wont to flee  
Like timorous hinds before us ;—which in the woods by night  
Fall prey to jackal, wolf and pard, and vainly shun the fight !—

So shrank and turn'd the Trojans from the Grecians heretofore ;  
Nor dared withstand they, none the least ;—but now, even on the shore  
Far past their gates attack they :—fie on our leader's sloth !  
Fie on our own remissful host, with slothful leader wroth !  
That will not for their galleys even to the last contend ;  
But helpless fall behind their wall, nor their own dear lives defend !  
But if of our great leader we rightfully complain ;—  
If he alone, and none beside,—  
King Agamemnon Atreïde,—hath wrought this woe and pain,  
By his insult to Achilles ;—yet let us not surcease  
From fighting ;—rather let us bathe  
The wound with balm ;—the good man's scathe is mollified with ease !  
But ye, our best and bravest, ye must not shun the fight :—  
I war not with the mean and base ;—let cowards turn to flight !  
With ye I fret and quarrel :—O friends, O comrades dear !  
Yield ye to weakness, and the worst will follow ! O, the fear,—  
The shame !—now round us, o'er us, breaks the great cloud of war :  
Lo ! strong-voiced Hector storms at last  
Even at our ships, the bulwarks brast, and shatter'd bolt and bar."

With such rebuke arous'd them the Girdler of the land :  
And straightway round the Ajaces twain embattled armies stand,  
Determined all ; such armies as valiant Mars delight,  
And Pallas, queen of hosts ; for there, selected for the fight,  
The goodliest Greeks the Trojans met, and braved all Hector's might :  
And spear with spear they serried, and shield with shield they blent ;  
Buckler on buckler, helm on helm, and man on man they leant :  
And touch'd their horse-plumed helmets, each with his shining crest,

As away'd they marching, head to head; so close their ranks they  
dress'd :

And thick their lances bristled by hands undaunted toss'd ;  
And on, right on, with eager stride advanced the impatient host.

And forward tramp'd the Trojans all thronging o'er the plain ;  
And Hector led, and launch'd the shock :—

And as a roller from the rock,—which a river swoln with rain  
From mountain crest has tumbled, bursting with mighty flood  
The mortice of a froward cliff,—bounds and rebounds, and low!  
Echoes the wood beneath it ; unheld, uncheck'd it flies,  
Till, reach'd the plain, it rolls no more, but there indignant lies :—

So sometime boasted Hector the Grecian tents to reach,  
And storm the galleys on the strand

With ease ; but when that serried band he met, he stinted speech,  
And stood at guard arrested :—so stout the sons of Greece  
Each with his sword and javelins twain

His blows repell'd, and smote again, till he from blows should cease.  
Then to the Trojans shouting he cried with all his might :—

“ Ye Trojans, and ye Lycians all, and Dardans close in fight,—  
Still bear the brunt, I charge ye ;—nor long shall these withstand,  
Built though they be like tower or wall, the fury of my hand :  
Soon shall they fall, believe me, all shatter'd by my spear,

If not for nought great Juno's spouse the Thunderer led me here ! ”  
He spake, and rous'd their spirit and strength on every side ;  
And 'mongst them strode Deiphobus, bold-hearted Priamide ,  
With round shield held before him he lightly march'd along :  
Beneath the shelter of his shield he footed safe and strong.



But Merion launch'd his javelin ;—it fell with mighty shock ;—  
In the tough bull's-hide it stuck midway, and shiver'd, head from stock.  
The Trojan thrust his buckler far forward in dismay ;  
The hero Merion, vex'd at heart  
For baffled blow and broken dart, retraced his backward way.  
To the ships and tents Achaian return'd he, seeking there  
A spear which in his tent was left ;  
Fought on the others all, and cleft with noise the troubled air.

Then Teucer Telamonian was first to slay his man,  
Imbrius the warrior, Mentor's son, who, ere the war began,  
Dwelt in far-off Pedæus ; and he for spouse had woo'd  
Medesicastè, lady fair, of Priam's bastard brood.  
So, when the shapely galleys the Grecian heroes brought,  
To Troy return'd he, and among the Trojans bravest fought.  
In Priam's palace lodged he, all honour'd as a son :—  
Him 'neath the ear with taper spear smote Teucer-Telamon,  
Then pluck'd away the javelin : fell he like loftiest ash,  
Which on the far conspicuous steep yields to the woodman's gash,  
And lays its tender branches deciduous on the ground ;—  
So fell he, and his glittering arms crash'd they with brazen sound.  
Rush'd on impetuous Teucer his mail to seize and wear ;  
But Hector poised, and aim'd, and flung ;—he saw, and shunn'd the  
spear  
A hair's-breadth ;—lit the weapon full on the opposing breast  
Of Actoride Amphimachus,  
The warlike son of Cteatus ; sank he in endless rest.  
Sprang Hector featly forward from the dead man's brows to tear

The morion tight : but as he sprang thrust Ajax forth his spear  
To reach him ; yet could nowhere his naked skin be seen ;  
So close his case of horrid brass, which left no chink between.  
The buckler's boss he batter'd, and thrust him back perforce ;  
Gave Hector way, and forth the fray the Greeks drew either cove.  
Stichius and bold Menestheus, drew these Antimachus,  
And to their comrades bore the slain ;  
With might and main the Ajaces twain they drew forth Imbrius.  
And as two lions ravish a goat from beagles' paws,  
And through the thicket bear aloft, griped in their savage jaws ;  
So him aloft uprearing the twain Ajaces bore,  
And spoil'd : his head Olliades clean from his shoulders shore.  
So fierce his wrath, and whirl'd it in the medley like a ball.  
Amid the rout at Hector's foot in the bloody dust to fall.

Then heart and soul was anger'd the Sovereign of the sea,  
His grandchild falling in the fight : to the Grecian tents strode he,  
To rouse the Grecians to the war, and force all Troy to flee.—  
Idomeneus, so chanced it, was issuing from his tent,  
Whither a comrade had been borne with an arrow sorely shent :  
The leeches he had summon'd and for his squire bade care ;  
Then from his tent impatient rush'd, the fight again to share.  
Now with the voice of Thoas to him the Sea-god cried :—  
Of Thoas, king of Calydon, and Pleuron's lofty side,  
Who by the Ætolians as a God was honour'd far and wide :—  
“ Ha ! champion of the Cretans, where are the vauntings flown,  
Loud vauntings of the sons of Greece 'gainst noble Ilion ? ”  
Replied the Cretan leader :—“ Brave Thoas, 'tis no man,—

Or much I err,—hath wrought this harm ; for fight we dare and can ;  
And no faint fear hath seiz'd us ; and none, be sure, from sloth  
Hath sought from perilous war to cower ;  
But ah ! methinks, the almighty Power, great Jove is nothing loth  
That nameless thus and fameless the Greeks from Argos far  
Should fall :—but brave wert ever thou, to bear the ills of war ;—  
And aye dost thou encourage whome'er thou seest to slack ;—  
Then cease not thou from rallying now, and call our recreants back !”  
Replied Earth-shaker Neptune :—“ Here let the recreant fall !  
Nor let the wretch of abject soul from Troy return at all,  
But gladden dogs and vultures here strown upon the strand,—  
Whoe'er, I say, presumes this day from fight to stay his hand !  
Go, take and wield your weapons : this work we both must seek  
Together : two outvalue one, and numbers brace the weak !  
We twain will strive together ; and we can match their best !”  
So spake the God, and mid the rout of men impatient press'd.  
And when the Cretan champion had reach'd his tent amain,  
He clapp'd his arms about his limbs, and seiz'd he javelins twain ;  
And then like violent lightning forth sprang he from his tent,  
Such as from heaven Saturnian Jove hath clutch'd and whirl'd and sent,  
For sign vouchsafed to mortals in flaming fire confess'd :  
So, as he ran, the brazen arms shone flickering on his breast.

Him just without the tentlines encounter'd, as he came,  
His gallant liegeman Méridon,—his errand was the same ;—  
Sought he a brazen javelin back to the fight to bear :  
And him the stalwart king address'd :—“ Now tell me, comrade dear,  
Why comest thou from the battle ? befalls thee hurt and pain ?

Or wouldst thou call me to the fight, that would not here remain?

Lo! I return impatient!"—then answered Mériones:—

"O chief of Cretans brazen-arm'd, I come a spear to seize,

If any yet be left me through all the war to wield:

For that good lance I shook before, wherewith I smote the shield

Of mighty vaunting Deiphobus, lies shatter'd on the field."

Rejoin'd the Cretan champion:—"Spears one, and spears a score,

Spoils of slain Trojans, shalt thou find,

If such the purpose of thy mind, against my glittering door."

Thereat return'd in answer the prudent Mériones:—

"And I in tent and ship have hung full many a spoil like these,

The spoil of vanquish'd Trojans; but these are not at hand:

For I too,—let me dare to speak,—with the foremost ever stand,

In ranks of glorious battle; nor shrink I, blow for blow:

If other Greek less mark me there,—

The deeds I do, the feats I dare,—thou know'st me well, I trow."

Rejoin'd the Cretan champion:—"I know thy deeds how stout:

What need for me the tale to hear,—for thee to count it out!

Now would that all were listed, the chiefest of our host,

To lay the glorious ambushade, which tries men's courage most;

Which brings to test the worst and best, stout heart and empty boast:

For then the recreant changes the colour of his skin,

Once and again, nor sits his soul serene the breast within:

But shifts he still uneasy from foot to foot beneath;

And in his bosom throbs his heart, and chatter all his teeth;

O'er death and danger broods he:—the brave man turns not pale,

Nor when he joins the liers-in-wait do nerveless fears prevail:

He prays at once for the onset:—'Ha! soonest, best!'—he cries:

And prowess so and strength of thine would none of them despise.  
For beest thou wounded fighting, and stricken with the steel,  
Ne'er on the neck's nape, nor the back shalt thou the weapon feel ;  
Thy breast and loins advancing shall press to meet the blow,  
Where mid the dalliance of the fight the first and foremost go !  
But come,—no more like triflers converse we, lest our stay  
By froward men be sorely shent :—  
Go quick, and snatch thou from my tent a lance, and haste away !”

He spake, and hastening swiftly the fleetfoot War-god's peer  
Mériones to the tent retired, and seiz'd a brazen spear ;  
Then ardent for the battle follow'd his chief afar :—  
And like as when the manslayer Mars joins in the strife of war ;—  
Whom dire Affright, his minion, the terrible and strong,  
Follows apace, and yield him place,  
Smitten with terror of his face, the bravest of the throng ;—  
March these all-arm'd together where the Thracian Ephyri  
Affront the stout-soul'd Phlegians, and both to them make cry ;—  
But they determine at their will the meed of victory !—  
So these two Cretan champions in burnish'd arms encased  
Sped to the fight, and Mériones spake first, as on they paced :—  
“ Deucalides !” exclaim'd he, “ where wilt thou join the press  
Of mingling warriors,—right or midst, or left, where direst stress  
Assails, methinks, the Grecians ? ”—To whom the king replied :—  
“ Now in the centre of our camp other brave captains bide :  
There stand the twain Ajaces, and Teucer, best of all  
For bowshot ;—nor in standing fight is Teucer's prowess small ;—  
And these will cope with Hector, for all his power and might ;

And these shall mate him, soon or late, though war be his delight !  
Stiff work, methinks, for Hector, apt though he be to learn,  
To break their strength and sturdy arms, or e'er our ships he burn,  
Except the lord Saturnian himself the firebrand fling !  
For Ajax, Telamonius hight, to never a chief or king  
Yields he, the mighty warrior, of mortal men to none  
That feeds on Ceres' husbandry,  
That e'er by steel may batter'd be, or shatter'd e'er by stone !  
E'en to manslayer Achilles he would not yield, I trow,  
Not in close duel ;—but in speed him none can match, we know.  
Then on, and learn we straightway, to leftward fighting thus,  
Shall we to others glory yield, or others yield to us !"  
He spake, and gallant Merion, the rushing War-god's peer,  
Ströde forth ; and so the ranks they reach'd to leftward, from the  
rear.

And they, the Trojan warriors, when spied they fierce as fire  
Idomeneus, with Merion by, all bright in arm'd attire,  
Then through the rout they shouted, and all against him ran ;  
And at the sternposts of the ships the general strife began.  
And as shrill hurricanoes with violent gusts are driven,  
When dust lies thickest in the ways ;  
And far commingling stour they raise, and fling in clouds to heaven :  
So Grecian host and Trojan in blinding medley fought,  
And each with mortal weapon keen to slay his rival sought.  
And dire the combat bristled with many a serried spear ;  
And from their helmets beaming bright  
And shield and broadsword, left and right,  
The blazing of the brazen light



Baffled and dazed the warriors' sight ; and void were he of fear,  
To whom the fury and the fright were sport to see or hear !

So the two strong sons of Saturn, with purpose each diverse,  
Among the chiefs of Greece and Troy dealt bitter woe and curse.  
To the Trojans and to Hector will'd Jove the palm in fight,  
Achilles' worship to enhance ; yet would he not outright  
O'erthrow the Achaian people before the walls of Troy ;  
But Thetis only would indulge, and crown her hope and joy.  
But Neptune urged the Grecians, and privily inspired,  
Upglancing from the hoary sea ; for grief his bosom fired  
To see the Trojans worst them ; and much Jove moved his rage.  
Now of one house these Gods were both, both of one parentage ;  
But Jove the elder born, and first in knowledge as in age.  
Wherefore he shunn'd to aid them God manifest, but ran  
From rank to rank, and urged them still in guise of mortal man.  
So these two clutch'd the rope's ends of mutual stress and strife :  
To right, to left, they tugg'd and strain'd ;  
Unsnapp'd, unknapp'd the strands remain'd, and outwore many a life !

And there, though grizzly-pated, Idomeneus was first  
To cheer the Grecians to the war, the ranks of Troy to burst.  
With terror sore he smote them :—Othryoneus he slew,  
Who from Cabetes came but late, for greed of glory due.  
Dwelt he at home with Priam, and woo'd Cassandra's love,  
Of Priam's daughters fairest she ;—nor sought with dower to move ;  
But grand the deed he promised, to chase the Greeks from Troy :  
And Priam vow'd his child to give, to wed such gallant boy.

Such was the lordly guerdon for which the gallant fought :  
But him, so gaily bounding on  
The Cretan chief, Deucalion's son, espied, and aim'd, and smote  
With glittering javelin, featly flung, and ripp'd his brazen coat.  
Midwaist the long spear quiver'd ; crashing he fell and died ;  
And o'er his corse Idomeneus thus vaunted loud, and cried :—  
“ Ha ! much will I extol thee all mortal men above,  
If all thy promise to the king by deeds thou shalt approve,  
For which his child he pledged thee ; and we too, on our side,  
Will covenant thee no meaner prize, and no less beauteous bride,—  
Atrides' fairest daughter,—to wed with, and enjoy,  
From Argos brought, if thou wilt fight  
With us, and raze with us outright the stedfast towers of Troy !  
Then follow us to the galleys, brave suitor, there to deal  
About this marriage,—that the Greeks may sign with thee and seal ! ”  
So cried the hero mocking, Idomeneus of Crete ;  
And then, to drag him through the fight, he seiz'd him by the feet.  
But Asius flew to rescue ; before his steeds he stood  
Alighted, and their breath of fire  
Reek'd on his shoulders, while his squire still curb'd their eager mood.  
Ha ! much he hoped to hit him, and drive his javelin in :  
But flung the Cretan first, and smote his throat beneath the chin ;  
And ran the steel right through it :—he fell, as falls an oak,  
Or poplar straight, or slender pine, hewn by the woodman's stroke,  
For artisans to fashion with many a sturdy hand,  
For naval timber, keel or mast, far stretch'd along the land.  
So he before his chariot and steeds extended lay,  
And gnash'd his teeth, and grasp'd in death handfuls of bloody clay.

Then lost his startled driver his sometime senses quite,  
And lack'd the wit to shun the foe, and turn his steeds in flight.  
Antilochus, son of Nestor, reach'd him, and spear'd him through ;  
His breastplate yielding to the dint gave passage to the blow.  
From the car he tumbled gasping ; the victor takes the reins,  
And driving forth the Trojan ranks the brass-clad Greeks regains.

Then towards the Cretan closely advanced Deïphobus,  
And hurl'd at him his glittering lance, in wrath for Asius.  
Mark'd he, and shunn'd the weapon crouching behind his shield,  
The big round buckler, bound with hide,  
Compact with brass from side to side, with double rings to wield.  
All hid he crouch'd behind it, and o'er it glanced the spear ;  
And hoarsely boom'd the brazen disk, as whistled the wind so near.  
Nor vainly flew the javelin hurl'd by so stout a hand ;  
But smote Hypsenor to the heart, and stretch'd him on the sand.  
Then bravely bragg'd the Trojan with far-resounding cry :—  
“ Not unavenged then, after all, doth mighty Asius lie !  
Believe me, in hell-darkness exults his gallant sprite :—  
No more a squire shall he require to guide him through the night ! ”  
He spake, and griev'd the Grecians, sore troubled at his boast ;  
And of them all Antilochus was griev'd and troubled most :  
Yet fail'd he not for sorrow to mind his slaughter'd friend ;  
But ran, and flung his shield in front, his body to defend.  
And comrades twain uplifted and bore the warrior dead,  
Mecisteus and Alastor hight ;  
And groaning with no burden light to the shapely ships they sped

Nor slack'd of strength and courage Idomeneus the brave,  
Resolv'd some Trojan to consign to the blackness of the grave,  
Or fall himself, and beat the plain ; but aye the Greeks to save.  
Then Alcathoüs the hero, from Æsyetes sprung—  
The Jove-descended prince of Troy,—Alcathoüs brave and young,  
Who wed Hippodamia, Anchises' firstborn child,  
Cherish'd before her sisters all by sire and mother mild,  
For beauty all-surpassing, and craft of hand and head ;—  
Wherefore the choicest prince of Troy was given to her to wed ;—  
Him then o'ermaster'd Neptune the Cretan's spear beneath,  
And seal'd his eyeballs bright, and bound his shimmering knees in  
death.

For backward flee he could not, nor stooping baulk the wound ;  
But standing like a pillar straight, or tree with branches crown'd,  
Midbreast the javelin struck him, and his brazen corslet broke,  
Which erst had baffled bitter death, and warded many a stroke.  
The brass now harshly grated, riven by the mighty dart ;  
Clanging he fell ; the fateful steel was grappled to his heart ;  
His breast, convuls'd and heaving, made shake the length of wood,  
Till Mars relax'd the javelin's force, and fix'd it where it stood.  
Then bravely bragg'd the Cretan with far-resounding cry :—  
" Ha ! shall we deem the cost repaid, if three for one shall die ?  
Such issue hath thy boasting !—but come, sir, face to face,  
And learn that I wend here to Troy, one of Jove's glorious race.  
For first the God 'gat Minos, of Crete beyond the sea ;  
And Minos next Deucalion 'gat, and last Deucalion me ;—  
Me, whom the Cretan princes their king and captain call :—  
And now my barks have borne me here,

To thee and thine no curse so dear,—to Troy and Trojans all !”  
So cried he, and consider’d Deïphobus, in doubt  
Whether, retreating midst his host to choose a comrade out,  
With whom to join the combat, or singly dare the deed ;—  
And thus considering deem’d he best, in this distressful need,  
To turn and seek Æneas :—him furthest of the line  
Found he ;—for at the Trojan king he ceas’d not to repine,  
Neglected and forsaken, though brave among the best :—  
Drew nigh Deïphobus, and him with wingèd words address’d :—  
“ O hero, Trojan champion, thee,—thee it most behoves  
To fight for thine own sister’s spouse, if aught affection moves.  
Come, aid with me thy brother, who bred thee from a child ;  
Whom now spear-famed Idomeneus hath slain, nor yet hath spoil’d.”  
He spake, nor fail’d to kindle to flames his glowing breast ;  
And all impatient for the fight against the foe he press’d.

Nor then like delicate stripling trembled the Cretan king ;  
But waited, as some mountain-boar, sure of his strength and spring,  
Abides the throng of hunters, that crowd his desert bound,  
Arching the penthouse of his back, and glares like fire around ;  
And still his tusks he whets, resolv’d to slaughter man and hound :—  
So waited unretreating spear-famed Idomeneus ;  
And call’d he on Ascalaphus, his fere, and Aphareus,  
Antilochus and Merion, dread harbingers of flight ;  
And thus with wingèd words bespake, and urged he them to fight :—  
“ Friends, hither haste, and help me, that singly face my foes !  
For sore I dread Æneas swift, who with me comes ‘o close,  
Strong to slay men in battle :—his is the flower of youth



Source of all strength ; but were we match'd in years and spirit both,  
Then promptly would I fight, and fall or conquer, nothing loth."  
He call'd, and they together, all comrades of one mind,  
Stood close, and 'gainst their shoulders all their bucklers broad inclined.  
On the other side Æneas to his own auxiliars cries,  
To Paris and to Deïphobus, whom in the throng he spies,  
And eke to great Agenor, who all the Trojans led ;  
And close the Trojans press'd behind,—like sheep that, fully fed,  
Follow the ram to watering ;—looks on the swain with joy ;—  
Nor less rejoiced the prince to mark the following hosts of Troy.  
So these in hand-to-hand-fight around Alcatheüs close,  
With outstretch'd pikes, and on their breasts resound the brazen blows  
As each one through the medley against his rival press'd :  
But two of all the encounterers, stout and strong above the rest,  
Idomeneus and Æneas still fiercest urge the attack ;  
And burn they with relentless steel each other's limbs to hack.  
And first against the Cretan Æneas pois'd to throw ;  
Mark'd he the aim, and slipp'd aside, and baulk'd the brazen blow :  
And quivering in the greensward the Trojan's weapon stuck ;  
Which from his hand so stout and strong had flown with little luck.  
The Cretan flung, and pierced he CEnomaüs with his goad  
Right on the belly's boss, and shed his entrails all abroad.  
He fell, and sprawling grasp'd he handfuls of bloody clay ;  
And from the corse Idomeneus his long spear pluck'd away ;  
Yet could not from his shoulders the glittering harness wring ;  
So was he press'd with darts ; nor yet his strength had grown, to spring  
Forward his own good spear to snatch, or shun the darts they fling.  
Yet firm in standing combat he fenced with ruthless fate,



Nor lightly fled on supple knee, but step by step sedate.  
So Deïphobus against him slow aim and steady took ;—  
So stern and constant was his ire ;—but miss'd his blow, and struck  
The War-god's son, Ascal'phus, and through his shoulder thrust  
The ponderous lance, and to the ground fell he, and grasp'd the dust.  
Nor yet dread Mars loud-roarer had learnt his offspring's fate ;  
But he, inwrapt in golden clouds, on high Olympus sate,  
Pent up,—so Jove commanded,—there where the Immortals all  
Refrain'd reluctant from the fight, throned in their airy hall.

So these in hand-to-hand-fight around Alcathoüs close ;  
And pluck'd away Deïphobus the helmet from his brows :  
But Mériones the valiant leapt forth, and featly flung,  
And pierced his arm, and on the sand,  
Down dropping from his palsied hand, the hollow headpiece rung.  
Then Merion, like a vulture, upon him soused again,  
And from his arm and shoulder-blade the javelin tore amain.  
But back among his people Deïphobus withdrew :  
Polites, his full brother, saw, and to his succour flew ;  
And, both arms clasp'd around him, forth led from roaring war,  
Where stood his steeds the ranks behind with charioteer and car.  
These then to Ilion bore him distress'd and groaning loud ;  
While from his freshly wounded limb yet freely flow'd the blood.  
Fought on the rest, and rose there a direful quenchless roar :  
Æneas sprang on Aphareus, who straight against him bore ;—  
With keen spear pierced his gullet ;—then droop'd his head aside ;  
His buckler o'er his shoulder dropp'd, and helmet starkly tied ;  
And death the soul-destroyer o'er all his limbs was shed.

Antilochus with shaft well aim'd hit Thoön as he fled,  
And clean that artery shear'd he which courses to the brain  
Up from the heart ; he roll'd in dust and stretch'd both hands in vain  
Down on him sprang the victor, and from his shoulders tore  
His armour, glancing round ; the while the Trojans evermore  
Smote his broad glittering buckler, and closed and throng'd him round  
But on his tender skin beneath impress'd they ne'er a wound.  
So well earth-shaking Neptune defended Nestor's son,  
Even in full flight of many a dart ;  
And well the warrior play'd his part, and coped with all alone ;  
And this way turn'd, and that way, nor kept his lance at rest ;  
But ever waved it, high and low,  
And poised it, as in act to throw, or thrust it, breast to breast.  
Yet thus on all sides threatening he baulk'd not of his aim  
Adamas, stout son of Asius, who sprang and nigh him came.  
And poised, and pierced mid-buckler, with keen shaft fealty flung ;  
But Neptune of the glossy hair  
Eager his cherish'd life to spare, the spear asunder wrung.  
One half infix'd remain'd there, like strong stake shaped and fired ;—  
Quiver'd a fragment on the ground ;—and back the prince retired  
To his comrades dear to save him : whom as he stept to join  
Merion pursued him, and betwixt the navel and the groin,—  
Where stings Mars' smart the sorest to mortal flesh and bone,—  
There drove his spear : he o'er it bow'd, writhing with sob and groan,  
As wrothe men o'er the thongbound ox, to pull or push it on.  
So writhed he for an instant,—not more ;—till coming near  
Merion the hero drew his lance  
Forth from the wound ; in mortal trance fell he, and darkness drear.

Next with big Thracian broadsword the Trojan Helenus  
Struck, hand to hand, and shrewdly smote the skull of Deïpyrus,  
And swept away his helmet ; away it flew and down  
It fell ; and seiz'd it as it roll'd of the Greeks there fighting one ;—  
Then down upon his eyelids fell darkness' dreary dree :—  
And loud-voiced Atreïde Menelas was griev'd the sight to see ;  
And off he strode, loud threat'ning, 'gainst Helenus, hero-king ;—  
The Grecian shook his spear aloft, the Trojan pluck'd his string ;  
And both in the instant aim'd they, this to shoot, and that to fling.  
Launch'd forth the son of Priam at Menelaüs' heart,  
And hit his breastplate on the boss ; but leapt away the dart.  
And as from winnowing shovel along the dusty floor  
The pulse and beans with sable shell are driven the breeze before,  
By force of sturdy sifters,—so from the echoing mail  
Of valiant Menelaüs bounded off that brazen hail !  
But Atreïde hit the Trojan on the hand which held the bow,  
And, hand and bow together nail'd, clean shot the javelin through.  
Back to his men retiring the fates of death he shunn'd,  
While from his dangling hand the javelin trail'd upon the ground.  
The shaft plucks forth Agenor, and wraps the limb in wool,  
And hangs it gently in a sling,  
Which for their chief the henchmen bring, the feverish pulse to cool.  
  
'Gainst noble Menelaüs then strode Pisander straight ;  
By Menelaüs doom'd to fall he march'd with evil fate.  
When nigh they came together first Atreïde fruitless flung ;  
His javelin miss'd and plunged aside ; while on his buckler rung  
The missile of Pisander :—yet clean it drove not through ;

The broad shield stay'd the rushing steel, and split the shaft in two.  
Exulted he, and vaunted his deed accomplish'd so :  
But Menelaüs drew his sword, and leapt upon the foe ;  
While underneath his buckler Pisander felt to grasp  
His shapely hatchet,—brass the edge, of olive tough the hasp.  
And when they closed together this smote on helmet cone,  
Beneath the high surmounting plume, but that on frontal bone.  
The Trojan's skull was shiver'd ; his eyes suffused with blood  
Dropp'd in the dust before his feet, and down to earth he bow'd :  
With heel his breast the conqueror press'd, stripp'd him, and vaunted  
loud :—

“ Ha ! now, methinks, ye Trojans, now shall ye flee our ships,—  
Ye foulmouth'd dogs and arrogant,—for all your braggart lips,—  
For all the scorn and insult ye flung upon my head ;—  
Nor deem'd ye of the terrible wrath of Jove the Thunderer dread.—  
Of Jove, who holds in honour the hospitable vow,  
Who soon your highbrow'd citadel down to the dust shall bow :  
Ye, who my tender consort ravish'd, with golden store,  
When she so well entreated ye, and greeted at our door !  
And now, forsooth, ye purpose to scatter fire and flame  
Among our ships, and with the sword our Grecian heroes tame.  
Ha ! ye shall stint full surely from war, for all your rage !—  
O Father Jove ! whom men declare  
Of Gods and men beyond compare, above all beings sage,—  
In whom lie all these issues ;—ha ! what a grace was this !  
How fell the license lavish'd on these Trojans' perjuries !  
Their strength audacious ever ! unslaked their thirst for war !  
Now of all other things beside disgust and fulness are ;—

Of sleep, forsooth, and dalliance, and charms of dance and song ;—

Such as, methinks, a mortal might

More wish his own, than dreadful fight, to sport with late and long :—

But war the Trojans love, and this with them goes never wrong !”

So cried stout Menelaüs, and seiz'd the bloody gear,

And gave the trophies to his squires back to his tent to bear ;—

To the front himself return'd, and with the foremost mingled there.

And lo ! then sprang against him the young Harpalion,

Seed of the king Pylæmenes ;—the sire misled the son

To fight for Troy ; but back from Troy his way he never won.

Struck he forsooth mid-buckler, full close,—yet pierced not through

The brazen disk,—and fate to shun back to his friends withdrew ;

But glanced all round, lest any should reach some naked spot :

But Merion, as he backward turn'd, a brazen arrow shot,

And smote and pierced his buttock ; and through the bladder went

Beneath the bone the weapon keen ; fell he, and falling leant

On his fellows' arms an instant ; then writhed he to the ground,

And like a worm outstretch'd he lay

Stiffening, and breathed his life away, blood welling from his wound.

The valiant Paphlagonians the body tend with care,

And on the chariot lay, and sad toward sacred Ilium bear :

And with them paced the father, and tears in sorrow shed ;

But ah ! redemption gain'd he none, nor rescue for the dead.

But much the godlike Paris Harpalion's fate distress'd ;

For him with many a Paphlagon he counted for a guest.

So, furious at his slaughter, a brazen shaft he sent :—



Now one there was, Euchenor hight, to Troy who bravely went :—  
Dwelt he at ease in Corinth, good prophet Polyide's son,  
And well he knew his fate foreloom'd, yet scorn'd his fate to shun.  
For oft old Polyïdus had warn'd him of his end,  
At home to die of slow disease,  
Or with the Greeks, beyond the seas, beneath the Trojans bend.  
The heavy fine so 'scaped he on recreant Greeks imposed ;  
And so the pangs of slow disease, which else his eyes had clos'd.  
Him struck the spear of Paris beneath the jaw and ear ;  
Life left his limbs, and o'er him fell the darkness without cheer.

So fought they here and struggled with rage of flickering flame :—  
Nor Hector knew, the loved of Jove,  
How, where the Grecians leftward strove, and still advancing came.  
His hosts, all check'd and baffled, were yielding to the foe :—  
And there the Greeks perchance had won,  
And all the Trojan power fordone,—  
So mighty Shakeland led them on, and lent his strength thereto :—  
But stay'd he where the foremost the gates and mound had burst ;  
There where the ranks of buckler'd Greeks himself had broken first :  
There where the ships of Ajax, and thine, Protesilas,  
Stood ranged along the surf-white shore, where the wall the lowest was.  
And where with chariots all and men they fought, a mingled mass.  
And there the brave Beotians, and Locrians of renown,  
The Phthians, and the Ionians there, who trail the flowing gown,  
And there the stout Epeans the godlike Hector held,  
And from the ships, for all his might, the dire assault repell'd :—  
Yet off they could not drive him :—the Athenian captains there



Were Mnestheus son of Peteus first, and Phidas following near,  
Brave Stichius eke, and Bias ; the Epeans Meges led :  
With these Amphion, Dracius, stand ;  
The Phthians fight with Medon and Podarces at their head :  
The one Oïleus' bastard, brother to Ajax he,  
Who from his country roam'd remote, and dwelt in Phylacè ;  
For he had slain the kinsman of the wife his father wed :—  
The other son of Iphiclus, Phylacian born and bred ;—  
These to the war their galleys brought,  
And where the brave Boeotians fought their Phthian succours led.  
Nor did the lesser Ajax, Oïleus' swift-foot son,  
Withdraw an hair's-breadth from the side of the son of Telamon.  
But as two swarthy oxen, that draw the well-wrought plough,  
Strain side by side with one consent, and from each hornèd brow  
Wells forth big sweat abundant,—and these the common yoke  
Just parts asunder, while they drive  
The furrow on, and stoutly strive, and strength for strength provoke :—  
So those each other aiding contended side by side :—  
But lo ! for Telamoniades brave men and many plied ;  
And comrades, one and other, before him held the shield,  
Whene'er his knees relax'd with toil, and fain he was to yield.  
Not so the Locrians banded Oïliades to aid ;  
From standing fight their courage shrank ; nor so were they  
array'd :—  
For brazen horse-plumed helmets, and broad shields had they none,  
Nor with long spears of mountain-ash came they to Ilion :  
But they with bow and arrow and string of woollen twist  
Sped to the fight ; nor fear'd with these mail'd armies to resist ;

So shrewd and sharp their shooting : so those compact in front  
All in their shining armour fought, and bore the 'Trojans' brunt ;  
And Hector brazen-crested withstood they,—while behind  
Shot these secure ;—the 'Trojans' quail'd,  
Gall'd by the storm that on them hail'd, and back the war inclined.

Now from the tents and galleys to Ilium's windy crest  
Had these retired with sore disgrace ;  
But up came sage Polydamas, and Hector thus address'd :—  
“ Hector, 'tis vain with counsel to lead and speed thee right :—  
Deem'st thou, because the God hath made thee first and best in fight,  
Therefore in sapient purpose thou dost all else excel ?  
Nay, think not every meed at once thou canst attain so well !  
For God hath given to one man valiant to be, and strong ;  
To this man grace in dance he yields, to that man lyre and song :  
But to some other surely lends Jove the prudent breast,  
Pregnant of counsel, shrewd of wit, to rule and aid the rest ;  
To save the people, and himself to know and choose the best.  
Then hear from me the counsel which seems the better far ;  
For all around thee burns a-flame the diadem of war :—  
And now our valiant Trojans, the rampart bursten through,  
Some from the fight refrain, the rest,  
Amidst the galleys throng'd and press'd, with many strive but few.  
Retreat then, and to council our best and chiefest call ;  
And there devise we and decide our plan and purpose all ;  
Whether the Grecian galleys impetuous to attack,—  
So grant us God the victory !—or turn yet scatheless back :—  
For much I fear for my part, lest soon the Greeks repay

The debt of sore discomfiture befel them yesterday,  
While at his ships yet tarried that hungerer for the fight !  
But he, methinks, no longer will renounce the war outright.”  
So spake the prince, and prudent the counsel Hector found ;  
And straightway leapt he from his car all arm'd upon the ground ;  
And thus that lord of counsel with wingèd words address'd :—  
“ Polydamas, retain thou here the chiefest and the best ;  
And I will go, and rushing through all our ranks with speed,  
Will pass the word to chief and lord, and straight return at need.”  
So, like snow-crested mountain seen far afield, he flies,  
And mingles shrilly shouting with the Trojans and the allies.  
And they, when Hector's bidding through all their ranks they heard,  
To Panthus' son Polydamas fast gather'd at his word :  
Himself among the foremost still strides, and peers about  
For Deïphobus and Helenus,  
And Asius son of Hyrtacus,  
And Adamas son of Asius, aye first in battle's rout.  
But none of all the number descried he safe and sound ;  
For some before the Grecian sterns lay slaughter'd on the ground ;  
And some within the rampart stricken and wounded were :  
But godlike Paris straight he found, the spouse of Helen fair,  
His comrades still exhorting and urging still to fight,  
Where on the left the battle press'd ;—  
And him approach'd he, and address'd with words of scorn and spite :—  
“ Ha ! Paris, falsest, fairest !—ha ! recreant, woman-mad !  
Say, where is now Deïphobus, and where the Asiad  
Adamas,—and where is Asius, brave son of Hyrtacus,—  
And where Othryoneus, and where the stout king Helenus ?

Now all from tower to basement falls lofty Ilium low ;  
And for thyself no end remains but utter overthrow !”  
Replied the godlike Paris :—“ Nay, Hector, spare to chide ;—  
Unjust this blame : lo ! I myself still stedfast here abide,—  
Nor now, forsooth, if ever, for life and safety care :—  
Me no such coward, such weak girl, did erst my mother bear !  
For since down to the galleys the war thou didst invite,  
Here ever with the Achaians unremittingly we fight.  
But slain are they, the comrades whom thou requirest of us :—  
Live Deïphobus alone, and he the strong king Helenus :  
And these have left us, stricken with spears both in the hand ;  
From them yet death refraineth by Saturnius his command.  
Now lead thou wheresoever thy strength and spirit soar !  
Fast will we follow through the fight,  
Nor fail, be sure, of all our might ;—the willing can no more !”

So spake the hero Paris, and sway'd his brother's mind,  
And off they strode where most the war and combat dire inclined ;  
Where Cébriones was fighting and brave Polydamas ;  
Where Phalcus and Orthæus, and stout Polyphetes was ;  
Ascanius eke, and Palmys, and there Hippotion's son  
Morys, who from Ascania came all three, but one day gone.  
Came these to take the places of others sped before,  
By Jove inspired to seek the fight far on the Trojan shore.  
Advanced they swift as whirlwind which down to earth descends,  
Driven by Jove's bolt, and crashing loud with flood and billow blends ;  
And sound the crested surges of the billowy blustering sea,  
Careering, swelling, wave impelling wave unceasingly.

The Trojans so, some foremost, some hindmost, press'd along,  
Blazing in brass, their chiefs behind, and Hector led the throng,  
Priamidean Hector, the bloody War-god's peer ;  
And at his breast his buckler round  
He held, with bull's-hide starkly bound, all bright with brazen gear ;  
And bright the brazen helmet that nodded o'er his brow ;  
And evermore the Greeks before with wary steps and slow  
He footed, and their courage tried, would they yet yield or no :—  
But quell'd he not the courage in every Grecian breast ;—  
And Ajax striding far in front then first the prince address'd :—  
“ Sirrah ! come nigh ;—why vainly the Argives seek to move ?  
Well are the Argives skill'd in war ;  
But beaten we and worsted are by the fell scourge of Jove !  
And now hopest thou full surely our galleys to destroy :  
Then learn straightway, we too have hands to fight,—and lofty Troy,  
Your fair-built town, much sooner shall low in dust be strown,  
Storm'd by our hands, and spoil'd and sack'd, and utterly o'erthrown !—  
And for thyself the time shall be, soon time for cry and groan  
To Jove and all the Immortals, for swiftfoot steels to strain,  
Swifter than hawks, and bear thee home across the dusty plain.”

And lo ! while this forebode he, came flying to the right  
A soaring eagle, and the Greeks they shouted at the sight,  
Exulting in the token :—but Hector answer made :—  
“ Ha ! Ajax, blunderer, vain of vaunt, what is it thou hast said ?—  
Now would not I more surely the Thunderer's child I were,—  
To all eternity the son of Jove and Juno fair ;  
And honour'd like Minerva, and like Apollo crown'd ;—

Than sure I am this day the Greeks shall utterly confound !  
And thou with these shalt perish, if thou dare meet the speed  
Of my long quivering steel, which on thy delicate flesh shall feed ;—  
Thou strown beside the ships shalt sate  
With mangled carrion, flesh and fat, our dogs' and vultures' greed ! ”  
He spake, and led his comrades ;—they follow'd with a shout  
Prodigious, and behind them press'd roaring the Trojan rout.  
And the Argive host in answer roar'd loud on the other side ;  
And dared the bravest chiefs of Troy with dauntless hearts abide :  
And the shouts of both together reach'd Jove's beams and ether wide.



## BOOK XIV.

THE noise escaped not Nestor, though drinking at the board ;  
And thus to sage Asclépiades he breathed the wingèd word :—  
“ Bethink thee, great Machaon, what means the din we hear ?  
The shouting of the youngsters stout doth wax more loud and near.  
But stay thou here reclining, and sup the dark red wine,  
Till Hecamedè warm the bath, that fair-hair'd maid of mine,  
And soothe thy wound with water, and cleanse away the gore ;  
While I go forth, and stand at watch, the battle to explore.”  
He snatch'd the welded buckler, which lay the floor upon,  
The buckler of the steed-compeller Thrasymede his son,  
Ablaze with brass ;—for Thrasymede himself had ta'en his own ;—  
And seiz'd a sturdy javelin, keen tipp'd with trenchant brass ;—  
So stood without the tent agaze ;—and dire the prospect was !—  
The Grecians throng'd and routed, the Trojans pressing down  
Behind, exulting in the fray, and that big wall o'erthrown !  
As when the broad sea darkens with limp suspended wave,  
Trembling with signals of the storm ere yet the whirlwinds rave,  
Nor hither sways nor thither, till down Jove's blast descends,  
And drives it ;—so the veteran sage his inmost heart suspends,

In doubt to join the battle, and mingle with the host,  
Or folkherd Agamemnon seek :—and this now pleas'd him most,  
To go and seek Atreides :—meanwhile the furious foe,  
Still smote and slew ; and flank and breast,  
By javelin pierc'd, by buckler press'd, sounded with brazen blow.

And now the heavenborn heroes, all stricken with the steel,  
Had wended back, the ships beside, their aching wounds to heal.  
There Nestor found Tydides, Ulysses eke he found,  
And Atreide Agamemnon there was breathing from his wound.  
Far distant from the battle, far upwards from the strand,  
The Grecian galleys had been haul'd,  
With stake and stone securely wall'd, which first had touch'd the land.  
But one long line sufficed not, though wide the curving beach ;  
And throng'd together, clan by clan, was little space for each.  
So in two files they ranged them, and crowded the broad breast  
Of all the circling bay, inclosed by headlands, east and west.  
Here met the kings together, with spirits ill-content,  
To view the tumult and the war ; and on their spears they leant.  
Approach'd them veteran Nestor :—they started at the sight ;  
And Atreide Agamemnon thus address'd him with affright :—  
“ O Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the host,  
Why leave the war ? why hither wend ? alas ! for Hector's boast,—  
The threat he whilome threaten'd in ancient Priam's hall,—  
To Troy he never will return,  
Till all our barks together burn, and all our warriors fall !  
So vow'd he then haranguing ; and now shall all be done !—  
Ye Powers ! shall others too, forsooth, spurn me, like Peleus' son ?

And nurse ye spite against me, chiefs of the greave-arm'd Greeks?  
Nor will ye combat for the ships, even at their very beaks?"

Then spake and answer'd Nestor, Gerenian cavalier :—

"Yea, this shall be fulfill'd outright :

Nor he, who from the starry height in thunder shakes the sphere,

Himself could disannul it :—low is our rampart laid,

The dyke which for our galleys and ourselves so strong we made ;

And by the ships our warriors still fight in hopeless case ;

Nor viewing can we hence discern who holds, who yields his place :

So throng'd are all together, the Trojan and the Greek ;

And roars aloft the tumult dire to Jove's Olympian peak.

Our state let us consider, if heads may set it right ;—

The hand I bid ye not lay to, for wounded cannot fight."

"Ah, Nestor !" Agamemnon Atrides thus replied :—

"Since at the stern-posts of our ships the combat they decide,

Nor boots the wall, so stout and tall, nor boots the ditch so wide,—

The dyke whereon so toil'd we, and haply deem'd it then

A fortress inexpugnable for ships alike and men ;—

Now surely Jove Almighty hath will'd beyond recal,

That here the Achaians far from Argos should unhonour'd fall !

Well knew I when his favour the Grecian warriors crown'd ;

But now, I see, like gods will he

Exalt the glorious foe, and we shall fall disarm'd and bound.

Come then, and as I bid ye, do all my hest obey :—

The ships, as many as are ranged in the first line by the sea,

Draw we, and drag together, where beach and billow blend,

With anchors grappled, propp'd with stones, till sacred right descend :

If then at least the Trojans some respite yield from fight :—

Then will we haul the vessels all : from mischief even by night  
Brave man may 'scape with honour ; nor fate shall grudge the gain :  
Better to flee from dreary dree, than tarry and be slain !”

Then frown'd the sage Ulysses : “ O king, what words are these,”—  
Cried he,—“ that issue from thy lips, escaped the ivory frise ?  
O wretch, O worthy leader for worsè host than ours !  
Unworthy to command the Greeks, on whom the immortal Powers  
Still lay sore tasks of warfare from youth to hoary age,  
Even unto death !—thus wouldst thou quit broad-built Troy, the gage  
For which these ills we suffer ?—be silent, lest men hear  
A speech, which none that counsel well, none that the sceptre bear,  
None whom the people follow,—such hosts as man our ships,—  
Flower of the Achaian warriors they,—would utter through their lips !  
Now for this speech I blame thee, that bidst us draw to sea,  
Even in the stress of noisiest fight, our benchful barks and flee.  
So shall we please the Trojans, and crown their dearest vow,  
Who have the better of the war, and baffle us even now :  
But on ourselves destruction will terribly descend ;  
For while they draw their ships to sea,  
Our men will lag, and shrink, and flee, nor bravely meet the end.  
So by the king's own counsel our host shall be destroy'd !”  
To whom Atrides, king of men, thus presently replied :—  
“ Such grave reproof, Ulysses, doth pierce me to the heart ;  
Yet do not I the Greeks compel  
To launch forth on the billowy swell, and 'gainst their will depart.  
Would God some warier counsel a wiser man might give :—  
His counsel, be he youth or gray-beard, fain would I receive.”

Up rose then, and address'd them loud-cheerer Diomedè :—  
“ See here the man,—not far to seek,—if ye his words will heed ;  
Nor haughtily despise me, for that I youngest am  
Among ye :—noble is my birth, and great my father's name,  
Tydeus ; that hero, buried far hence in Theban land.  
Now three stout sons did Portheus own ;  
And these on crag-built Calydon, and Pleuron held command ;—  
Agrius by name and Melas ;—and hotspur Œneus third,  
Sire of my sire, in valour he above the rest preferr'd.  
At home remain'd old Portheus ; my sire to Argos driven  
There dwelt, so will'd it mighty Jove and all the host of heaven.  
Of the daughters of Adrastus a wife to him he chose ;  
Broad fields were his, for tilth of wheat, and groves, and orchard close ;  
And flocks of sheep unnumber'd : in valour all the Greeks  
Excell'd he, as ye know full well, and he may learn who seeks.  
Then scorn me not, as lacking or worth or birth, nor spurn  
The words I speak, and counsel sound ; to the field must we return  
Perforce, though weak and wounded ; there, please ye, rest from toil,  
And keep beyond the reach of darts,  
Lest smart be added to our smarts ; and others urge the while,  
Who reck not of the danger yet, nor mingle in the moil.”  
He spake ; they gladly heard him, and started at his call ;  
And Agamemnon, king of men, strode first, and led them all.

All this the great Earth-shaker not idly mark'd afar,  
But shaped and dight like an ancient wight he with them sought the  
war.

Atrides Agamemnon, advancing near, he took

By the right hand, and thus the king with wingèd words bespoke :—  
“Atrides, now, believe me, Achilles’ baleful sprite  
Leaps in his bosom, to behold the Grecians strown in flight ;—  
Their terror and their ruin !—so fond, so mad is he !  
Now may the Gods so baffle him, and blast him utterly !  
But deem not thou the Immortals all hold thee in disgust :  
Yet from our ships and tents again  
The chiefs of Troy shall flee amain, and wrap the plain in dust.”  
He spake, and loud he shouted, striding the champain o’er,  
As thrice three thousand men in fight, and eke a thousand more :—  
Such was the roar that bellow’d from mighty Shakeland’s breast ;  
And every Grecian’s heart he fired  
With courage, and fresh force inspired to combat without rest.

But Juno gold-pavilion’d descried him from the height  
Of hoar Olympus, where she stood ; and smiled she at the sight  
Of him, Jove’s brother and her own, still straining through the fight.  
Then Jove beheld she sitting far on the topmost crest  
Of Ida’s many-fountain’d hill ; and anger fired her breast.  
And much the dark-eyed Goddess now ponder’d how to move  
With wary wile and artful guile the ægis-bearing Jove.  
And as she long consider’d, seem’d none a better way  
Than straight to Ida to repair,  
Array’d in charms of vesture fair,  
And tempt him with her beauty rare to lie with her and play ;  
And then in soft warm slumber his sight and soul to wrap,  
And all his thoughts and deep designs in sweet oblivion lap.  
Up rose the glorious Goddess, and to her chamber hied,



Which for her Vulcan, her dear child, had framed, and closed inside  
With door and jamb, and secret bolt which none but she could slide.  
So there the Goddess ent'ring shut fast the shining doors ;  
And first, her beauteous skin to cleanse, ambrosial balm she pours :  
Then with sleek oil anoints it, ambrosial, sweet of scent ;  
And shaken soft, and waved aloft to the brazen firmament,}]  
The unguent reeks o'er earth and sky, with odorous airs besprent.  
And when her skin was scented, and comb'd her tresses fine,  
Her glistening curls ambrosial all  
She wove, and bade them woven fall down from her head divine.  
Then o'er her limbs celestial a glorious robe she placed,  
Which Pallas spun for her and wrought, with various figures graced :  
And this with golden brooches she clasp'd her breast around ;  
Her belt, with hundred tassels fringed, about her waist she bound.  
And in her punctured earlobes the glistening rings she hung,  
Each triple-dropp'd, which o'er her neck right gracious lustre flung.  
A veil she cast about her, her starry brows to bind,  
New woven, and delicate, and sweet,  
White as the sun, and round her feet the dainty sandals twined.  
And when her native beauties were heighten'd with all art,  
Forth from her bower she stepp'd, and call'd Venus, and led apart,  
And thus with words address'd her :—" Dear child, wilt hear me now  
With favour, nor my prayer deny, nor angry spite avow,  
For that the Greeks I succour, while thou dost Ilium love ?"  
And spake forthwith, and answer'd her fair Venus, child of Jove :—  
" O venerable Juno, illustrious Saturn's seed,  
Say on, and all thy purpose tell, and I thy hest will heed,  
If sooth I may fulfil it, or it fulfill'd can be."

To whom replied queen Juno, full of guile and subtilty :—  
“ Ah, child ! thy soft Endearment, thy fond Desire I crave ;  
Give me wherewith all Gods and mortal men thou dost enslave !  
For I go the bounds to visit of Earth's all-fruitful plain,  
Ocean, the engendering of the Gods, and mighty mother Main !  
For in their ancient palace once was I nurs'd and throve,  
From Rhea's hands receiv'd by them, then when broad-fronted Jove  
'Neath earth and salt sea buried Saturn, and bound him close :—  
These will I go and visit now, their quarrel to compose.  
For now from one another long time have they refrain'd,  
From genial couch and loving touch ; such wrath hath 'twixt them  
reign'd.

But if with bland persuasion their union I effect,  
Me will they ever hold in love, and mightily respect.”  
Then she, the Laughter-lover, fair Venus, made reply :—  
“ I cannot, nor I would not, this desire of thine deny ;  
For in the arms of mightiest Jove dost thou in slumbers lie !”  
She spake, and loos'd the cestus, the cincture of her waist,  
Of various virtue, in the which all soothing charms she placed :  
For there lay fond allurements, desire, and converse sweet ;  
Persuasion there, which steals the wit of wise men and discreet :  
Placed she this band in Juno's hand, and thus made answer meet :—  
“ Come take, and in thy bosom this various girdle lay,  
Fraught with all woven wiles, and so  
Be sure, not bootless shalt thou go, whate'er thou dost essay.”

She spake, and smiled great Juno, queen of the darkbrown eye ;  
And smiling took the belt, and in her bosom bade it lie.

And then to Jove's own palace Venus, his daughter, flew ;  
Shot Juno from the Olympian crest athwart the starry blue :  
And so Pieria reach'd she, and fair Emathia's bound,  
And snowy mounts, the topmost peaks of Thracia steed-renown'd ;  
Nor once on earth alighted :—from Athos o'er the brine  
Leapt she to Lemnos' isle, the land of Thoas, chief divine.  
There met she Sleep, Death's brother, and press'd his hand, and  
cried :—

“ O Sleep, thou lord o'er all the Gods, and o'er all men beside !  
If erst thou hast obey'd me, then do my bidding now,  
And I will ever hold thee dear, and aye my thanks avow.  
Now lull for me the Father, his eyes refulgent close  
Straightway, when I shall seek his love, and court him to repose.  
With gifts then will I gift thee, with a beauteous golden throne,  
To last for aye, the which shall make Vulcan, my dextrous son ;  
And 'neath it lay a footstool, whereon thy feet to rest,  
Thy shining feet, when thou shalt sit at banquet with the Blest.”  
Then answer'd and address'd her king Sleep, Death's brother mild :—  
“ O Juno, venerable queen, illustrious Saturn's child !—  
Now of the Gods Immortal some other might I lull  
Right easily,—even Ocean's self, with all his fountains full,—  
That first great Birth of all things ;—but dare not I lay hand  
On Jove Saturnian, nor come nigh, except himself command.  
Such is the wit I cherish, well learnt, I ween, from thee,  
That day when Jove's illustrious son  
Sail'd Hercules from Ilion, across the wavy sea,  
From spoiling of the Trojans ; for then I came, and stole  
In slumbers o'er the Ægisbearer's all-oblivious soul :

And thou, contriving evil 'gainst Hercules the while,  
With furious whirlwinds o'er the deep dravest him to Coos' isle.  
Far from his friends and lovers :—then lo ! the Thunderer waked  
Enraged, and dash'd the Gods about, and all Olympus quaked.  
Me most he sought to punish ;—and far from sky to sea  
Would he have flung me from his sight, annihilate to be,—  
But Night, that Gods and mortals subdues, preserv'd my life :  
With whom I lay, till Jove relax'd from anger and from strife :  
For Night he held in rev'rence, and fear'd her will to cross :—  
Wouldst bid me dare a second deed, and risk such other loss ?"  
Once more address'd him Juno, queen of the darkbrown eye :—  
"Nay, brood not o'er these griefs of yore : think'st thou the lord on  
high

So cares to help the Trojans, as erst he fumed in rage  
For Hercules, his very son ?—nay, come, and take my gage :—  
For I a Nymph will give thee, thy dear and spouse to be,  
The fairest of the Graces young,  
Her whom thou sigh'st for, late and long, divine Pasithee."  
King Sleep he heard her gladly, and thus in answer cried :—  
"Come, swear me by the Stygian floods,  
The inviolable oath of Gods, and stretch on either side  
This hand to touch the billow, and that to grasp the land ;  
That all the Powers that reign below, and with old Saturn stand,  
May witness to thy promise, to give, my spouse to be,  
The fairest of the Graces young,  
Her whom I sigh for, late and long, divine Pasithee."  
He spake, and white-arm'd Juno his strong behest obey'd ;  
And on the Gods, as he required, she call'd, and oath she made

By all the big Titanian brood that couch in nether shade !

So when her oath was utter'd, and all the vow complete,  
Uprose the twain from Lemnos' isle, and Imbrus footing fleet,  
And Ida with her fountains and beasts, a salvage brood,  
Kiss'd in a mist, and Lectos' ledge first reach'd they from the flood.  
High o'er the beach they bounded, and 'neath their feet divine  
Trembled the loftiest forest-tops, the poplar and the pine !  
And there king Sleep abided, ere in Jove's sight he came,  
And mounted on a lofty fir, the longest, loftiest stem  
Of all the firs on Ida, that cleave the lower air  
Striking the skies ; and like a bird alighting perch'd he there,  
Deep-shrouded in the branches ;—like that shrill bird of night,  
Hill-haunting, Chalcis cleped of Gods, of men Cymindis light.

Then quickly mounted Juno to Gargarus, the crest  
Of lofty Ida, to the Cloud-amasser's eye confest.  
He saw her, ha ! and passion through all his senses spun,  
As when their first embrace they wove,  
Strown on the genial couch of love, their parents' eyes outrun.  
Forthwith he stood before her, address'd her, and bespake :—  
“ Why hither to Olympus high thy way so hotly take ?  
Here are not set thy horses, nor here thy car to ride.”  
To whom with guile-designing heart the Queen august replied :—  
“ I go the bounds to visit of Earth's all-teeming plain,  
Ocean, the engendering of the Gods, and mighty mother Main ;  
Who took me up, and bred me, and kept from weary woes :—  
Them would I visit, with intent their quarrels to compose.



For now from one another long time have they refrain'd ;  
From genial couch, and loving touch ; such wrath hath 'twixt them  
    reign'd.

Even now my steeds all harness'd at the foot of Ida stay ;  
And these shall bear me through the air o'er gulf and glebe away.  
And therefore to Olympus to soothe thy wrath I come,  
Lest thou shouldst spite my secret flight to deep-roll'd Ocean's dome."

Then answer'd, and address'd her the Cloud-amasser Jove :—

" Ah ! Juno, to that distant bourn hereafter shalt thou rove :—

Come now, and let us mount the couch, and lie and sport in love !

For ne'er before for Goddess,—for woman ne'er before,—

Such passion on my soul hath rush'd, and drown'd it evermore :

Not when I loved and lay with Ixion's beauteous wife ;

Who bore me stout Pirithoüs, godlike in battle strife :—

Not when I loved and vanquish'd lithe-ankled Danaë ;

Who bore me Perseus, of all men most brave and famous he :—

Not when I loved Europa, of Phoenix' ancient line ;

Who Minos bore and Rhadamanthus, peer of Powers divine :—

And Semele and Alcmena ; who held in Thebes their reign ;—

And this bore valiant Hercules, that Bacchus, joy of men :—

Not when to fair-hair'd Ceres for dear delights I sued :

And when for Lato's arms I sigh'd ; and when thyself I wooed :

Not then did love so lure me, and soul and sense inspire,

As now I yearn for thee and burn, subdued by sweet desire !"

Then Juno guile-designing rejoin'd and answer made :—

" O reverendest Saturnian king, what is it thou hast said ?

What, wouldst thou lie on Ida, and sport on topmost crest,

Where all is seen of every one, to Earth and Heaven confest ?



How if some Power Immortal should view us couching there,  
And hie and tell to all the Gods ?—ah ! how should I repair  
Home to thy halls from slumber risen ? what blame and shame it were !  
Nay, but,—if so thou wilt, and so must needs be done,—  
Thou hast a chamber fitly framed by him, thine own dear son,  
By Vulcan, who hath closed it with bolt and stancheon tight :  
There let us hie, and shrouded lie, if such be thy delight.”  
Then answer'd and address'd her the Cloud-amasser Jove :—  
“ Fear not, my queen, lest man or God be witness to our love :  
So thick a mist around us all golden shall be thrown,  
That even the Sun shall fail to see,  
Though light so bright none other be, though keener eyes hath none.”  
So spake the Seed of Saturn, and gave the dear embrace ;  
And underneath them dainty earth put forth her newest grace ;  
With daffodil and cowslip, and clover, and trefoil,  
Close woven and soft, which raised them high sustain'd above the soil.  
On these they laid them gently, and round them drew their shroud,  
Delicate, golden, and bright dews fell sparkling from the cloud.  
So swoon'd asleep the Father on Ida's topmost crest,  
From love's sweet kisses faint, and lock'd his partner to his breast.

Meanwhile bland Sleep returning had sought the rampired strand,  
To tell the Earth-encompasser, the Shaker of the land.  
And thus before him standing with wingèd words he spake :—  
“ Now mighty Shakeland, aid the Greeks, and rouse thee, for their sake,  
To crown their arms with glory, while yet a little space  
My slumberous charms I lay on Jove,  
And Juno flatters him with love, and lures to her embrace.”

He spake, and turn'd and mingled with the hosts of mortal men ;  
But roused he Neptune all the more to aid the Greeks again.  
And 'mid the foremost leaping straightway the Sea-god cried :—  
“ Ha ! men of Argos, shall we yield  
To Hector, and renounce the field, our safety and our pride !—  
Aye, so he vaunts and threatens ; since at his ships apart  
Withdraws Achilles, ill-content, and chafes and gnaws his heart.  
Yet shall not we Achilles regret with vain despair,  
If ye, the rest, the combat urge, and each for other care :  
Then hear me, gallant Grecians all, and with me counsel share !  
Your shields, the best and biggest, sling featly at your back ;  
Thrust head in helm with blazing crest,  
Your longest lances lay in rest, and on to the attack !—  
And I will charge the foremost :—the foe shall flee perforce !—  
Then let the brave with lesser shield resign it to the worse ;  
And take himself the bigger, and follow thus array'd ! ”  
He spake, and hearken'd all the Greeks, and did as Neptune bade.  
And them the kings, though wounded, still harness'd and arranged,  
Atreïde, Ulysses, Diomed ;  
And on from rank to rank they sped, and shield for shield exchanged.  
To the best the best of armour, to the worse the worst they lent :  
And so when all were sheathed in brass, they form'd, and forth they  
went.  
And led them Shakeland Neptune, with fell long-pointed brand ;  
And like a gleam of lightning-beam he waved it in his hand ;  
And none so stout in battle-rout that portent to withstand !  
And straight against them Hector the Trojans led to fight ;  
And long-drawn were the battle-shocks

Of Neptune with the glossy locks, and brass-clad Hector bright.  
So Hector stay'd the Trojans, and Neptune stay'd the Greeks ;  
And surged the sea-wave toward their tents, and dash'd their sable beaks :  
With tumult and with shouting the encountering armies rang :  
The broad-ribb'd billows on the beach,  
By Boreas driven from reach to reach, with no such thunder clang :  
Not so the fire-flakes blazing in the mountain hollows roar,  
Then when the sere wood bursts aflame, and crackles evermore :  
Not blusters so the tempest, and beats with gusty strokes,  
When in his wrath he shrieks aloud high on the tufted oaks ;  
As clamour'd then, and clatter'd, the Greek and Trojan host :  
So fierce they cried, so stout replied, when swords and lances cross'd.

And first flung brass-clad Hector, and drove the quivering lance  
At Ajax, right before him set ; nor flew the shaft askance,  
But mid-breast reach'd, and smote him where cross'd the double thong,  
By which the buckler at his back and sword beside him hung :  
But these his skin protected : and raged the prince of Troy  
That ineffectual from his hand the piercing steel should fly.  
Then backward to his people he stepp'd grim fate to shun :  
But as he went, the mighty chief, big son of Telamon,  
Pluck'd from the ground a boulder, of which were many set  
For props and holdfasts of the ships, just where the fighters met ;  
And with this stone he smote him, right on the collar-bone,  
Close to the neck, and like a quoit whirl'd him, and roll'd him down.  
And as some oak uprooted falls headlong to the ground,  
Blasted by power from Jove's right hand, and sulphur reeks around,  
And mortals slack their courage, and tremble at the sight ;

So terrible the bolt of Jove, lord of all power and might ;—  
So down to dust in the instant the strong man Hector reel'd ;  
And from his hand his javelin dropp'd, and o'er him slipp'd his shield,  
And helm ; and clanging as he fell his brazen armour peal'd.  
Lo ! rushing fierce against him the Grecian hosts advance,  
Eager to drag him from the field, and charge with many a lance,  
And hurl their javelins thickly ; but none could reach and wound  
Hector the prince, so nimbly flew the chiefs and press'd him round ;  
Æneas and Agenor, and brave Polydamas,  
Sarpedon, Lycian leader bold, and Glaucus bright in brass.  
And none of all the others were slack the prince to guard,  
But all before him held their shields ; while from the gory sward  
His stout companions raised him, and bore him to his car,  
There where the driver rein'd his steeds behind the ranks of war ;  
Which whirl'd him groaning heavily to Ilion's towers afar.  
But when they reach'd the passage of Xanthus' eddying flood,  
The Jove-sprung River, from the car they raised their fainting load,  
And on the bank they laid him, and o'er him water pour'd :  
He breathed again, and oped his eyes, to sense and sight restored :  
And for a moment sitting wash'd he the sable stain ;  
Then darkness o'er his eyelids crept,  
Backward he sank, and swoon'd, and slept, still tortured by the pain.

Then charged the more the Grecians, exulting at the sight  
Of Hector drawing from the field, and fought with mickle might.  
And of them far the foremost Oïlean Ajax fleet  
Leapt forth, and hurl'd his javelin keen, and Satnius reach'd and hit,—  
Satnius, brave son of Enops, whom Naiad Neïs bore

To Enops, as his herds he led by Satnio's sounding shore.  
Oïliades spear-famous advanced, and pierced his flank ;  
Downright he fell, and o'er him fought the warriors, rank to rank :  
And rush'd the son of Panthus Polydamas to his aid ;  
And Prothoënor wounded he on the right shoulder-blade ;  
And pierced, and cleft the shoulder his javelin's mighty thrust :  
Full-length he tumbled prone, and clench'd his fingers on the dust.  
Then shouted loud in triumph Polydamas, and cried :—  
“ Ha ! think not, mighty prince, thy lance hath fail'd, and flown too  
wide :—

Be sure, some Greek hath met it, and in his bosom caught ;  
And leaning on it, as a staff, the depths of hell hath sought !”  
He spake, and much it troubled the Greeks to hear his boast ;  
And Ajax, son of Telamon, was griev'd and anger'd most :  
For nighest was he standing when that brave comrade fell :—  
So as the Trojan quick retired hurl'd he his javelin well :  
But lo ! askance Polyd'mas bounded, just 'scaping so :—  
Antenor's son Archelochus,—

The Gods, 'twas they decreed it thus,—receiv'd the fatal blow.  
On the utmost joint he struck him, where skull to spine is tied ;  
And shear'd asunder with the blow the nerves on either side :  
And lo ! to earth all faster head, jaws, and nostrils sunk,  
Then bent his thighs, and slack'd his knees, and crash'd the mighty  
trunk.

Then once more shouted Ajax, to bold Polydamas :—  
“ Now tell me truth, and say me sooth, if this man worthy was  
To pay for Prothoënor : he seems no simple one,  
Nor born of mean ones, as I think, but brother he, or son



Of that great lord Antenor ;—so guess I by his face.”

He said, pretending but to guess ; but well he knew his race.

Sore griev'd at heart the Trojans, and for the body fought ;

And while Boeotian Promachus clutch'd at his feet, and raught,

Him Acamas the brother advancing smote and slew,

Then loudly vaunting of the deed thus o'er the vanquish'd crew :—

“ Ye Grecians fond and foolish, ye boasters unrestrain'd !

Nay, think not we alone by toils and sorrows shall be pain'd ;

But ye shall likewise perish :—see how your fellow here,

Prompt payment for my brother slain, sleeps slaughter'd by my spear !

For this cause craves the hero ever to leave at home

A kinsman, to demand for him requital of his doom !”

So spake he, and so vaunting made all the Greeks to smart ;

Peneleus most, who 'gainst the boaster rush'd, and hurl'd his dart.

Nor dared his foe await him, but shunn'd the coming shock ;

On Phorbas' son the weapon fell,—

Phorbas, beloved of Hermes well, blest lord of herd and flock.—

The God vouchsafed him riches, but to his bed was born

This Ilioneus, one only boy,

Whom through the socket of his eye the steel has pierced, and torn,

And scoop'd away the eyeball ; through the eye into the brain

The steel has pierced ; he sprawl'd and stretch'd his arms athwart the  
plain.

Peneleus drew his broadsword, and smote him in his wound,

And lopp'd his head off, helm and all, and dash'd it to the ground.

And still the mighty javelin was sticking in his eye :—

The Grecian raised and flourish'd it, and waved the sprout on high ;

And thus he to the Trojans call'd, and flung his boastful cry :—



“Now tell this youngster’s father, and tell his mother mild,  
And bid them raise the dirge at home, and weep their slaughter’d  
child :

For neither shall the consort of Promachus the Greek  
Her spouse returning hail again,  
Then when our homes across the main we Argive lordlings seek.”  
He spake, and all the Trojans shook they with quivering fear ;  
And hither, thither, glanced they all for safety, far and near.

Now say, ye Muses dwelling high on the Olympian crest,  
Say of the Grecians who were first the dead men’s spoils to wrest,  
When mighty Shakeland sway’d the fight, and back the Trojans press’d !  
First Hyrtius, son of Gyrtius, who led the Mysian crew,—  
Chief of the Mysians stout of heart,—him elder Ajax slew ;  
And Mermerus and Phalces next Antilochus o’erthrew :  
And Mériones slew Morys, and eke Hippotion ;  
And Teucer Periphetes fell’d, and with him Prothoön :  
And next to these the foremost Atrides Menelas  
Struck Hyperenor on the groin, and drove the dreadful brass  
Through, and tore out his entrails ; and from the gaping wound  
Swift gush’d his life-blood, and his eyes grim darkness compass’d round.  
Slew Ajax more than any, Oïleus’ swift-foot son ;—  
For none could match his speed in flight,  
When Jove decides the wavering fight, and makes men turn and run !

## BOOK XV.

**B**UT when the Trojans fleeing the stakes and ditch had cross'd,  
And many 'neath the Grecians' hands had fallen, and life had  
lost,

By their chariots stay'd they halting, all pale and sore dismay'd ;—  
Woke Jove by Juno golden-throned on crest of Ida laid ;  
And with a bound uprose he : and either host he view'd ;  
The Trojans routed o'er the plain, by the Argive bands pursued,  
All thronging close behind them, by Neptune cheer'd along ;  
And Hector stretch'd upon the ground his sorrowing friends among,  
With labouring breath, with courage fainting, and belching blood :  
For him no mean one of the Greeks prone on the sand had strow'd.  
Him Jove beheld with pity, of men and Gods the Sire ;—  
And frowning thus the dark-eyed queen bespake he in his ire :—  
“ Ha, mischief ! ill-contriver !—’tis craft of thine hath stay’d  
Brave Hector from the battle-field, and thus his hosts dismay’d !  
Beshrew me, but the issue thyself shalt first essay,  
Smote by my hand, and scourged with thongs :—what ! mind’st thou  
not the day  
When high I lash’d and hung thee, and to thine ankles bound

Two anvils, and a mighty golden chain thine arms around?  
Thou 'mid the clouds suspended didst high in welkin ride;  
And o'er the far Olympian hill groan'd all the Powers beside.  
Came all, but could not loose thee: and whom I caught I hurl'd  
Down from our threshold to the earth, all faint and breathless whir'd.  
Nor so the wrath was sated caused by my restless pain  
For Hercules, my seed divine, when o'er the barren main  
Thou cunning, ill-devising,—the Gales and Breezes won,—  
With Boreas' wind and Storms unkind hadst swept my gallant son.  
To Coös hadst thou driven him; fair isle with fertile meads;  
I snatch'd him thence, and homeward brought,  
Full many a mighty labour wrought, to Argos, nurse of steeds.  
Of this I now remind thee, that thou may'st cease from wiles,  
And learn how little have avail'd the embraces soft and smiles  
Wherewith thou led'st me a'l apart, caught in thy loving toils.”  
He spake, and trembled Juno, queen of the dark-brown eye,  
And thus with wingèd words bespake the God, and made reply:—  
“ Now Earth, be she my witness, and Heaven wide o'er her spread,  
And the dark down-dropping waves of Styx;—none other oath so dread  
Among the Immortal Gods on high;—and thine own holy head!  
And be that couch my witness, which our young loves beheld;—  
A name I ne'er will take in vain;—'tis not by me impell'd,  
But self-will'd, self-persuaded, doth Neptune bring such grief  
On Hector and the hosts of Troy,  
And ruthless hears the Grecians' cry, and strides to their relief.  
Yet him too would I counsel thy bidding to obey;  
And ever follow straight, where thou, O Cloud-king, lead'st the way.”  
She spake, and smiled the Father, great Sire of Gods and men;

And thus bespake the queen august with wingèd words again :—

“ Nay, venerable Juno, queen of the dark-brown eye,

Wouldst thou but have one mind with me,

And with me dwell in harmony among the Powers on high,

Then surely Neptune straightway, whate’er his passion now,

Would change the purpose of his heart, and deem as I and thou.

But if thou redest me soothly, with speech and heart sincere,

Now hie thee to the assembled Gods, and call me Iris here ;

And the bow-renown’d Apollo : then to the Grecians she

Shall wend, and bid king Neptune cease from war, and homeward  
flee ;

But Hector shall Apollo encourage to the fight,

With strength inspire him, soothe the pains which now subdue him  
quite :

And so the crested Grecians again shall he drive back,

And rout them with disgraceful flight ; till breathless from the attack

At the galleys of Pelides Achilles they shall fall,

And he shall bid Patroclus arm, his friend, to save them all.

But Hector next Patroclus before Troy towers shall slay,

When many a Trojan he has strown, their first and best, this day ;

And, after these, Sarpedon, my child, has spoil’d of breath :

Then last Achilles, in his wrath, shall Hector do to death.

Thenceforth the Greeks shall rally, at my decree, and press

Advancing firmly from their ships, and turn the battle’s stress ;

Till by the craft of Pallas they conquer lofty Troy :—

Nor sooner shall my anger cease,—

Nor shall another Power for Greece officious hands employ,—

Till that, which first I promised Achilles, shall be done,—

That day when Thetis clasp'd my knees, and blessing ask'd and won,  
That I should crown with high renown her fortress-storming son."

He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno his bidding disobey'd,  
But down from Ida's crest her flight to far Olympus made.  
And as the wanderer's fancy, after much travel past,  
Now flits to this spot, now to that, on many memories cast,  
Such eager flight from height to height waved Juno fluttering fast ;  
And reach'd she high Olympus : there found she in Jove's hall  
The assembled company of the Gods ; and at her bidding all  
Leapt up, and from their goblets offer'd her wine to sup :  
The rest she waiv'd, but from the hand of Themis took the cup.  
For fair-brow'd Themis foremost had sprung before the rest,  
And now the queen adorable with wing'd words address'd :—  
" Juno ! why comest thou hither ? thou seem'st like one amazed :—  
Hath so thy consort, Saturn's Seed, thy sense and spirit dazed ?"  
To her the white-arm'd Goddess rejoin'd, and thus replied :—  
" Question me not !—full well thou know'st his tyranny and pride.  
But sit thou down, and handsel this common feast of friends ;  
And thou, with all the rest, shalt hear what mischief he intends :  
And all alike shall tremble, mortals and blessed Gods,—  
If one amongst us sits at ease, even yet, nor ill forebodes."  
She took her seat, this utter'd, the venerable queen ;  
And through Jove's hall the Immortals all wax'd sad, and chafed with  
spleen.  
With her lips she smiled, but darken'd her brows with gloomy shade :  
And thus in wrath the assembled Powers accosted she, and said :—  
" Ah ! foolish we, who weakly thus gird at sovereign Jove ;—

Who would control him face to face ;—with words or hands would move !

He sits apart, nor heeds us ;—why should the Mighty care ?

He knows himself of all our host most strong and mightiest far !

Then bear ye, and abide ye what ills on each shall light :—

Even now, methinks, hath Mars been hurt ; for now amid the fight

Hath fallen the doughty spearman,—more loved of him was none.—

Ascalaphus, whom the impetuous God proclaims his own dear son.”

She spake, and lo ! the War-god on both his sturdy thighs

Smites with down-thundering hands, and thus with moan and groan he cries :—

“ Now chide me not, Immortals, on proud Olympus’ height.

If at the galleys of the Greeks this murder I requite ;

Even though by Jove’s own lightning I fall, if fall I must,

And mid the heaps of dead men lie in carnage and in dust !”

He spake, and call’d his servants, Amazement and Affright,

His steeds to yoke ; himself he clad in armour blazing bright.

And then had Jove been hurried to greater, worser wrath ;

But that Minerva, lest the Gods should suffer mortal scath,

Sprang o’er the threshold, leaving her throne beside the door,

And from Mars’ brow the helmet pluck’d, from his breast the buckler tore ;

From his stout hand the javelin she wrench’d, and bade it lean

Against the wall, and with these words smote him the blue-eyed queen :—

“ Ha ! foolish, furious, lost one ! hast thou no ears to hear ?

Have sense and sprite foregone thee quite ? regard’st thou with no fear



The doom announced by Juno, from Jove so lately come ?  
Now wouldst thou, after many an ill,—  
Large measure given thee to fulfil,—be driven all bootless home ?—  
And for the rest among us sow seed of dire concern ?—  
For know, both Trojans he and Greek will straightway leave, and turn  
Back, and through all Olympus will wreak his fury's fit,  
And seize us, with cause or with none :—then learn thou of my wit,  
And, though thy valiant child be lost, such bootless wrath remit.  
For many another, stouter and abler than thy son,  
Hath fallen, or shall hereafter fall ; since harder task were none  
Than mortal lives from death to save, and guard men, every one.”  
The War-god, thus admonish'd, resumed his lofty stall ;  
The Queen Apollo call'd to her,  
And Iris, heavenly harbinger, she summon'd from the hall ;  
And thus the twain together with wingèd words address'd :—  
“ Jove bids ye both your flight go wing straightway to Ida's crest :—  
But when ye, there arriving, shall stand before his face,  
Then do ye that which he commands, and wills his sovereign grace.”

So spake all-glorious Juno, and to her place withdrew,  
And mounted to her throne, while they with speed impetuous flew.  
To many-fountain'd Ida, the nurse of salvage game,  
Where lay the broad-brow'd Sire on topmost Gargarus, they came.  
They found the Seed of Saturn crown'd with his reek of cloud ;  
And they before the Cloud-amasser Jove advanced and stood.  
Nor chid he at their coming, so prompt had they obey'd  
The bidding of his consort dear ;—but first to Iris said :—  
“ Go, haste thee, nimble Iris, and all this message tell

To Neptune, sovereign of the seas, and speed mine errand well :  
Bid him refrain from combat, and 'mid the Gods go stay ;  
Or plunge beneath his briny floods : but, if he disobey,  
And hear not right nor reason, then let him take good heed ;  
Nor deem that he can cope with me, nor 'gainst my doom succeed.  
For much am I the stronger, and I the elder bred :—  
Yet doth his pride in secret dare  
With me in greatness to compare,—me, whom all others dread !”  
He spake, nor wind-foot Iris fail'd promptly to obey ;  
But down from Ida's cliffs to sacred Troy she skimm'd away :  
And as or sleet or snowflake from the cloud all fluttering flies,  
Rapt by the North-wind air-begot, so hastening Iris hies,  
And shoots she down to Shakeland, and before him stands, and cries :—  
“ From Jove the *Ægis*bearer I bring the dread command,  
And seek thee, Neptune sable-crest, the Girdler of the land ;  
And bid thee cease from combat, and with the Gods go stay,  
Or plunge beneath thy briny floods ; for if thou disobey,  
And hear not right nor reason, then threatens he to come,  
Himself, and meet thee, face to face ;  
Meanwhile he bids thee yield him place, and shun impending doom.  
For much is he the stronger, saith he, and elder bred :—  
Yet doth thy pride in secret dare  
With him in greatness to compare,—him, whom all others dread.”  
To whom the great Earthshaker with mighty wrath replied :—  
“ Ye Powers ! how great so e'er he be, yet greater is his pride,—  
If me, in place his equal, he thinks with force to tame !  
For we three brethren, Saturn's seed, of ancient Rhea came ;—  
Jove, and myself, and Pluto, who rules the nether shade :

And all the world we shared in three,—to each his portion made.  
We cast the lot, and parted hoar Ocean for my share :  
To Pluto fell the gloom of hell ; to Jove broad heaven and air :  
But Earth to all was common,—Earth and the Olympian crest :—  
Wherefore Jove's will I walk not by ; let him contented rest,  
Strong though he be, with those his thirds ;  
Nor think to scare with blustering words me, as a coward confest.  
For greater were his profit, with violent speech and coarse  
To storm at tender girls and boys,  
Seed of his own, who, scant of choice, must yield to him perforce !”  
Then straightway wind-foot Iris rejoin'd with answer bland :—  
“ Ha ! Neptune of the sable crest, thou Girdler of the land,—  
Such rude speech and defiant wilt bid me bear to Jove ?—  
Nay, rather turn and bend thy will ;  
The good are meek and pliant still, and yield to ruth and love.  
Know'st thou not that the Furies with the elder ever side ?”  
To whom the Shaker of the land king Neptune thus replied :—  
“ Well hast thou said, O Goddess, with reason and with truth ;  
And meet it is that messengers should rede us ever sooth.  
But sad it is and grievous, and pricks me to the heart,  
When one of equal lot with mine, alike in art and part,  
Presumes with wrathful menace to chide me and upbraid :  
Yet surely, ruffled though I be, my service shall be paid.  
But hear thou what I tell thee, and heed my resolute threat :—  
If ever, in despite of me, and of his royal mate,—  
Of Pallas, queen of armies, Vulcan and Mercury,—  
He dare to spare the towers of Troy, nor waste her utterly  
Nor crown the crested Grecians with fame and honour due ;—

Then, know, our wrath shall work him scath, and make him ever rue !”  
So spake indignant Shakeland, and from the Grecians turn’d,  
And plunged beneath the wave ; and they sore for his presence yearn’d.

Then Jove the Cloud-amasser Apollo thus address’d :—  
“ Go now, my Son, to Hector go, lord of the brazen crest ;—  
For now the great Earthshaker, the Girdler of the land,  
Flees to the flood to shun my mood ; which nor could they withstand.  
The Gods who crouch with Saturn in shades of Hades dim :  
But happier was it much for me, and happier much for him,  
That he, for all his anger, did from my hands refrain ;  
Else had the encounter cost us both, be sure, much sweat and pain.  
But thou my broad-wing’d ægis uplift, and wave on high,  
And o’er the Achaian heroes shake, to daunt them and defy.  
And thou thyself of Hector be mindful evermore ;  
Thou give him strength to rout the Greeks,  
And drive them to their crested beaks to crouch on Helle’s shore.  
And then will I consider the counsel and the deed,  
Whereby their host may breathe again, in that their utmost need.”

So spake he, and Apollo his Sire’s behest obey’d ;  
And down from Ida’s lofty top his swift descent he made,  
Like a hawk, the dove-destroyer, most swift of fowl in flight ;  
And Hector bold Priamides sitting he found upright,  
Nor longer prostrate lying,—with sense revived again  
To know his feres that round him stood, reliev’d from sweat and  
strain ;—  
So had Jove’s will restored him :—approach’d Apollo nigh,

And thus address'd him :—" Hector bold, thou Priam's son, ah ! why  
Apart from all the Trojans thus sit'st thou, faint as death ?"

And Hector of the glittering helm made answer, scant of breath :—

" What God before me standing thus asks with eager lips ?

Know'st not, when I his comrades dear was slaying at their ships,

How fierce loud-cheerer Ajax with stone my bosom smote,

And stay'd the valour of my arm ?—ha ! surely then I thought

Death and the dead I should go see ; so rush'd my life-breath out !"

And answer'd king Apollo, the Far-accomplisher :—

" Be of good cheer, and trust in Jove, who sends from Ida here

An aider and defender, aye by thy side to stand,—

Phœbus Apollo, lord of light, girt with the golden brand :

Now, as of yore, I guard thee still,

Thee and the towers on Ilium's hill, and o'er them wave my hand !

Then up, and bid the drivers charge at the ships forthright ;

And I will go before their face,

And for their wheels smooth all the ways, and turn the Greeks to  
flight !"

He said, and folkherd Hector fill'd with ardour for the fight.

And as a stall-bred jennet at manger barley-fed,

His halter snapp'd, the champain smites, prancing with tilted head :—

Wont in the abounding river his glossy limbs to lave,

While all the honours of his crest about his shoulders wave ;—

Exulting in his beauty he scuds on nimble knee,

Where graze the mares in pastures sweet, with whom he loves to be :—

So light of knee and ankle, so limber Hector strode,

And urged the drivers, when he heard the bidding of the God.

As hounds and rustics hunting wild-goat or antler'd stag,



Whom from their grasp a shady wood defends, or sunlit crag ;—  
Nor can they seize their hunted prey, but still behind it lag ;—  
When by their din awaken'd a bearded lion scowls  
Right in their path, away they scud for all their shouts and growls :—  
So long-time 'gainst the Trojans the Greeks together ran,  
With swords, or spears in either hand, impetuous, every man :  
But when they saw stout Hector rushing from rank to rank,  
Fear'd they, and down even at their feet their recreant spirits sank.

Then straight harangued them Thoas, Andraemon's valiant heir ;  
Of all the Ætolians bravest held in distant fight or near :—  
Nor of the Grecians many could match with him in speech,  
When in the parliament of arms the chiefs gave counsel each.  
Now prudently persuading to all the host he cries :—  
“ Ye Powers ! what prodigy is this we witness with our eyes ?  
Lo ! once more riseth Hector, escaped the fates of death,  
Whom surely deem'd we fallen and slain, by Ajax spoil'd of breath.  
But some one of the Immortals hath kept him safe and sound,  
Who now full many a Grecian's knees hath beaten to the ground,  
And more, I fear, shall loosen ; for not unhelp'd by Jove  
The Thunderer fights he in the front, and strives as erst he strove.  
Come then, and as I bid ye, my counsel all obey :—  
Back to the ships our people send we, and there bid them stay :  
But we, who vaunt our valour and strength above the rest,—  
Stand we, and meet the foe with spears extended, breast to breast :  
Nor he, methinks, for all his heat,  
Shall dare the serried ranks to meet of our bravest and our best.”  
He spake : intent they heard him, and his command obey'd,



The Ajaces twain ; and with them shone  
Idomeneus eke, and Merion,  
Teucer and Meges, every one, and all the war array'd,  
And call'd the chiefs together 'gainst Hector and his host ;  
While to the ships the rearward rout withdrew, with little cost.

Then press'd the Trojans forward thick thronging ; Hector led  
With mighty strides, and in the front Phœbus Apollo sped,  
With a cloud thrown o'er his shoulders, and waved the grisly shield,  
The dreadful ægis, fiercely-fringed, conspicuous o'er the field ;  
The which gave armourer Vulcan to Jove to rear on high,  
Men to affright ;—now Phœbus waved, the Grecians to defy.  
The Grecian chiefs awaited close-banded ; shrilly rang  
The shouts on either side ; and from the strings their arrows sprang :  
And of their swift-flung javelins some in the bodies stood  
Of warriors brave ; and some betwixt  
Their battles in the ground were fix'd,—  
Grecian and Trojan intermix'd,—or e'er they drank of blood.  
And lo ! while king Apollo the ægis held unmoved,  
So long the darts of either host hit sure, and deadly proved :  
But when before the Grecians the dreadful sign he shook,  
And with loud shouts against them cried,—  
He cool'd their heat ; their courage died, and all their battle broke.  
And like a drove of cattle, or numerous flock of sheep,  
On which at night, their keepers stray'd, sudden two lions leap,—  
So fled the Greeks and scatter'd, nor dared resistance make ;  
Such fear the God amongst them cast, for Troy's and Hector's sake.  
Then foe his foe o'ermaster'd, when loose their battle grew :—

And Hector first Arcesilas and Stichius overthrew ;  
Stichius, who led the brass-clad Bœotians o'er the sea ;  
Arcesilas, the trusty peer of stout Menestheus he.  
Æneas next slew Medon, and Jasus he despoil'd :—  
Now Medon Ajax' brother was, Oileus' bastard child ;—  
In Phylace abode he, and shunn'd his father's house,  
For that the brother he had slain of his own father's spouse.  
And leader of the Athenians was Jasus,—he the son  
Of Sphelus, seed of Bucolus,—who now to death was done.  
Polydamas Mecisteus, Polites Echius slew ;  
And bold Agenor Clonius first of the fleers overthrew.  
And Paris with his javelin smote Deïochus between  
The shoulders, as he backward turn'd, and through him drove it clean.  
The victors o'er the vanquish'd stoop'd down, and spoil'd the dead.  
Meanwhile entangled in the fosse  
Scoop'd deep, with sharp stakes planted close, the Greeks sore routed  
fled ;  
And hither thrust and thither scarce dived they through the wall ;  
And to the Trojans Hector far  
Shouted, to leave the spoils of war, and on the galleys fall.  
“ Now whom I mark withdrawing far from the ships elsewhere,  
Him will I doom to death ! ”—cried he,—“ nor shall his fellows dare,—  
Nor brother dare nor sister,—to yield him funeral rite ;  
But here beneath the towers of Troy grim hounds his flesh shall bite.”  
This said, the scourge he flourish'd, and lash'd his courser's flanks,  
And on the Trojans call'd aloud, far heard through all their ranks ;  
And shouting with him on they drove :—and with his feet the banks  
Of that deep ditch Apollo, before them striding, strow'd ;

And to the bottom cast the soil, for a causeway long and broad ;  
Such space as ever a spearman may fling, his force to try :—  
So these in dense array advanced, Apollo waving high  
His glorious shield before them ; and strow'd he easily  
The Grecian rampire on the ground :—as when beside the sea  
A child throws down a sand-heap ; the which when in his play  
He childishly hath raised, he casts with feet and hands away ;—  
So thou, august Apollo, did'st then confound outright  
The toil and effort of the Greeks, and turn their hosts in flight.

Meanwhile before the galleys the chiefs still call'd aloud  
To rescue, and to all the Gods uplifted hands and vow'd ;  
But most Gerenian Nestor, the bulwark of the host,  
To the starry heavens his hands uprear'd ; and pray'd and vow'd he  
most :—

“ O Father Jove, if any in Argos rich and fair,  
Burning thee steak of steers or sheep, hath sought return with prayer ;  
And thou, his gift accepting, hast nodded to the vow ;—  
Be mindful, Jove, Olympian king, and save and succour thou ;—  
Nor suffer thus the Trojan host to slay and spoil us now ! ”  
And lo ! the Lord of Counsel with thundering crash replied,  
When he was aware of the potent prayer of that ancient Neleïde.  
But the Trojans, when the thunder of ægis-bearing Jove,  
Heard they,—ha ! rush'd they fiercer still,—more stoutly push'd and  
drove.

And as a monstrous billow of the wide-betravell'd seas  
O'erleaps the bulwarks of a bark, driven by the gusty breeze ;—  
So swells the violent tempest ;—so with great shout and screech

The Trojans o'er the rampart rush'd, and gallop'd to the beach ;  
And there beneath the sternposts flung javelins from their cars ;  
While from the sable ships above the Greeks thrust poles and spars,  
Big implements with many joints,  
Arm'd all and tipp'd with brazen points, for use in naval wars.

Now while still round the rampart the encountering armies fought,  
Nor yet the Trojans to the ships had death and danger brought,  
So long the good Patroclus Eurypylus nurs'd abed,  
Cheer'd him with speech, and o'er his wound,  
To ease the smart, to soothe the stound, all-healing unguents spread.  
But when he mark'd the Trojans rush through, and heard the cry  
Of the Grecians routed to their ships, then smote on either thigh,  
With many a blow, and groan'd he, and thus with tears he spake :—  
“ Good friend, I may not here remain, nor longer respite take ;  
So pressing danger waxeth : be thou thy servants' care,  
Myself will to Achilles run, and urge him to the war.  
Who knows but I, God speeding, his soul with speech may move ?  
Persuasive ever are the lips of him, the friend we love.”  
Swift at the word he parted : nor ever could the Greeks  
The Trojans stay, though fewer these, nor thrust them from their  
beaks ;  
Nor ever could the Trojans burst through the Grecian bands,  
And reach the galleys and the tents ;—but as the shipwright's hands  
Make straight some naval timber, by rule and measure tried,  
With all the craft and skill Minerva's teaching hath supplied,  
So were the lines of battle still stretch'd even on either side.

So kept the rest all fighting each at his several post ;  
But Hector still at Ajax charged, the champion of his host :  
And still these twain together before one galley fought ;  
And this in vain the foe to worst, and burn the galley sought :  
Nor more prevail'd the other the assailant to repel ;  
Since these the God had join'd in fight, and match'd their prowess well.  
But Clytius' son Caletor Ajax met plump, and slew ;  
While to the ships he bore the brand his javelin pierced him through.  
Down with a crash he tumbled, and dropp'd the lifted brand :  
But when his kinsman Hector saw flung prostrate on the sand,  
Before that sable galley,—cried he with mickle might :—  
“ Ho ! Trojans all, and Lycian aids, and Dardans close in fight !  
Now yield ye not, nor quit ye the struggle in this strait ;  
Rescue the body, lest the Greeks  
Spoil him, who falling at their beaks hath met his glorious fate !”  
He spake, and right at Ajax he aim'd his glittering spear :  
Him miss'd he ; but on Lycophron his squire, attending near,—  
Who fleeing from Cythera with Ajax refuge sought,  
For a man whom he had slain at home, and aye beside him fought,—  
On Lycophron descended his steel, and rove his head  
Above the ear ;—prone in the dust fell he from sternpost dead.  
Then Ajax quail'd with horror, and to his brother cried :—  
“ Fallen is our trusty fere, my friend, whom aye ourselves beside  
We kept, his country fleeing, and with our parents dear  
Held him in reverence and respect ; him valiant Hector's spear  
Hath slaughter'd !—where is now thy bow ? thy fatal arrows where,  
The which Apollo gave thee ?” He spake ; and Teucer heard,  
And straightway ran, with all his arms, and reach'd him at the word.

He bore his bow resounding, and quiver's ample store ;  
And at the Trojans shaft on shaft sent flying evermore.  
Then struck and slew he Clitus, Pisenor's glorious son,  
Companion of Polydamas, that Panthoïde of renown ;  
His reins who kept and handled, and still his coursers stay'd  
There where the hosts most densely throng'd, to lend the princes aid.  
But mischief swift o'ertook him ; and none the blow could check,  
Though prompt to guard him ;—from behind the fell dart reach'd his  
neck ;

And from his car he tumbled ;—then jibb'd the steeds and pranced,  
And shook their empty car, till first Polydamas advanced  
In front, and seiz'd and held them : then to a trusty wight  
He gave them, and enjoin'd him strait  
Still by his side full close to wait, and bear him well in sight.  
Himself among the foremost impetuous plunged again :—  
Teucer a second shaft address'd

To Hector of the shining crest,  
And all the battle had repress'd at the ships beside the main,  
If, as he bravest fought and best, that shaft his life had ta'en :  
But Jove's regards he 'scaped not, who still for Hector watch'd,  
And from the son of Telamon such deathless glory snatch'd.  
For he the string well-stranded on Teucer's shapely bow  
Snapp'd, as against the prince he drew, and baulk'd the brazen blow.  
So leapt askance the arrow, the bow dropp'd at his side ;  
And Teucer shudder'd as it fell, and thus to Ajax cried :—  
“ Ha ! fortune ever evil, our hopes discomfiting,—  
My bow thus dashing from my hand,—bursting my new plied string.  
The which this selfsame morn I strung my nimble shafts to wing !”



And Ajax Telamonian thus straightway made reply :—

“ There let it lie, the broken bow ;—these arrows, let them lie :

’Twas a God that burst and strow’d them, the Trojan hosts to spare :

But thou with levell’d lance in hand,

And shield on shoulder, dauntless stand, and close encounter dare ;

And call thou on the others : nor let the foe come down

And seize the ships, nor fall the Greeks by slackness of their own !”

Then to his tent ran Teucer : his bow he laid aside,

And o’er his shoulders threw a shield, braced stark with fourfold hide :

And on his head a helmet he placed, with horse-hair plume

Nodding above the lofty crest, and waving all its gloom.

In his hand a sturdy javelin, keen-tipp’d with brass, he shook ;

And back he sprang, and swift he ran, till Ajax he o’ertook.

Now when the shatter’d weapons of Teucer he espied,

To the Trojans and the Lycians all far shouting Hector cried :—

“ Ye Trojans all, and Lycians, and Dardans, close in fight,

Be stout, my friends, and play the man, and ply ye all your might,

Here by these shapely galleys !—for lo ! myself I ken

Broken by Jove the weapons of the bravest of their men !

For well may men discern it, when Jove with mortals fights ;

Whether to some vouchsafes he fame, or others breaks and blights ;

As now he pulls the Achaians down, and Troy with power requites.

Then by the ships togeth’r fight all :—if any one

Or hit, or smit, grim death ensue, ’tis well !—for better none

Can die than for his country, his wife and child to save,

And home and land, and bid the foe flee feckless o’er the wave !”

So with these words inflamed he the force and fire of each :—

Nor on his part did Ajax slack to cheer his powers with speech :—  
“ Now courage ! men of Argos,—death now or victory !—  
Now must we scare this mischief far, or at our galley’s die !  
Think ye, if bright-helm’d Hector our ships consume with fire,  
By land to reach dear country each, and all on foot retire ?  
I heard ye not Hector calling his hosts the blaze to light ?  
’Tis to no dance he bids advance, but whoops them on to fight !  
No plan nor counsel wiser than hand to hand to dare :  
Better to perish once for all, than basely life to spare,  
And shun the last decision, insulted and distress’d,  
Thus to our ships inglorious all by lesser numbers press’d !”  
So with loud cries inflamed he the force and fire of each :—  
And Hector then slew Schedius, and stretch’d him on the beach,—  
The son of Perimedes,—chief of the Phocians he :  
And Ajax fell’d Laodamas, Antenor’s progeny,  
Who footed with the foot-men : and next Polydamas  
Cyllenian Otus slew and stripp’d,—  
He who the Epean aids equipp’d, and fere to Meges was.  
Meges beheld, and charg’d him ;—but he obliquely bent,  
And Meges miss’d him ; nor was king Apollo then content  
To let the seed of Panthus among the fighters fall ;—  
Through Croesmus’ breast the javelin dash’d ;  
Fell he,—his arms and armour clash’d,—and Meges seiz’d them all.  
Then rush’d against him Dolops, well skill’d the steel to ply,  
From Lampus and Laomedon who drew his lineage high ;—  
Uprush’d he, and with javelin the shield of Meges broke,  
And lighted on his stout cuirass ;—  
The mail, with all its plates of brass, receiv’d and bore the stroke.

This mail his father Phyleus had brought from Ephyre,  
From far Selleïs' shining wave,  
Which to him king Euphetes gave, his good defence to be,  
In many a strife and combat, 'gainst many a threatening foe ;  
And now it clipp'd the son, and fenced his vitals from the blow.  
Then Meges hurl'd at Dolops, with all his strength address'd,  
And smote his round helm horsehair-plumed, and shear'd away the  
crest :

To the dust the bright plume flutter'd, all fresh with scarlet bright ;  
Nathless withstood he, and still hoped for vantage in the fight :—  
When sidelong Menelaüs glided to Meges' aid ;  
And struck with unperceiv'd attack ;  
And through the breastbone from the back issued the impetuous  
blade.

So fell the Trojan headlong ; and lo ! these Grecians twain  
Sprang forth to spoil his brazen gear ; and Hector call'd amain  
To all his brethren round him, and Melanippus chief  
Enjoin'd he,—Hicetaon's son,—to speed and bring relief.  
Now long had Melanippus dwelt in Percotè fair ;  
And there his splay-foot kine he fed, ere yet the foe drew near.  
But when the Grecian galleys, the shapely galleys came,  
To Troy he sped, and midst the Trojans earn'd he deathless fame ;  
And dwelt beside old Priam, honour'd above the rest  
As his own child : him Hector then rebuking thus address'd :—  
“ Ha ! valiant Melanippus, thus shall we shrink and flee ?  
Sinks not thy very heart with shame thy kinsman's fate to see ?  
Lo ! for the arms of Dolops rush these :—then join we close,  
No more must we at distance fight, and spend these idle blows.

Do we to death these Argives ! else from her topmost tower  
Shall lofty Ilium sink in flames, and perish all her power ! ”  
He spake, and strode the foremost ; follow'd his godlike fere.  
Nor less the seed of Telamon bade all his Argives hear :—  
“ Now, friends, be men of courage, nor quit your ranks alive !  
Of resolute men, and stedfast men, some perish, more survive :  
But of the recreant fleers base nor arms nor honours thrive.”  
He spake ; they heard and noted the utterance of his lips  
Intent, and with a brazen wall of warriors fenced the ships.

But Jove still urged the Trojans, and still the Greeks depress'd ;  
And now loud-cheerer Menelas Antilochus address'd :—  
“ None other Argive youngster more swift, more strong than thou ;  
Then spring thou forth, Antilochus ;—lay me some Trojan low ! ”  
Then back stepp'd Menelaüs ;—the other's soul was wrung ;  
And forth he sprang, and glancing round his shining spear he flung :  
And as he waved and flung it the Trojans shrank away ;  
Nathless no aimless shaft he hurl'd, nor destined not to slay :  
But valiant Menalippus advancing to the war  
Struck he midbreast, beneath the pap ;  
Deep shades of night his eyes enwrap ; he falls with brazen jar.  
Antilochus upon him rush'd furious, as a hound  
On wounded fawn, which from its couch upspringing with a bound  
The hunter keen has mark'd and hit, and strown upon the ground.  
On thee so, Menalippus, the furious Argive leapt,  
Thine arms to spoil ;—but Hector saw, and through the battle swept,  
To reach thee, and defend thee : then stay'd not Nestor's son,  
But quaked adread ; as some wild beast that evil deed hath done,—

Slain hound, perchance, or herdsman, the stalls of kine among,—  
Turns and makes off, ere yet the hinds and hunters round him throng;—  
So quaked the son of Nestor : and shrill the weapons sing,  
Which Hector and the powers of Troy against him bellowing fling !  
So turn'd he back, nor halted till his own friends he gain'd :—  
Meanwhile, like lions hunger-driven, the Trojans sprang and strain'd  
To reach the ships, fulfilling the Olympian's sovereign will,  
Who still increas'd their strength, and dash'd the Grecians' spirit still.  
And these he robb'd of honour, while those he stirr'd to fight :—  
For aye great Hector, Priam's son, with fame would he requite ;  
And on the crested galleys would urge him still to fling  
Tremendous fire unquenchable, and now to issue bring  
The cruel vow of Thetis :—so waited to the end  
Saturnian Jove the Counsellor,  
And watch'd the galleys on the shore, to see one blaze ascend :  
But from that instant meant he the Trojans back to drive,  
And give all glory to the Greeks, and save their hosts alive.  
So with that purpose prick'd he great Hector, Priam's son,—  
Prompt as he was,—against the Greeks ; and rush'd he madly on  
Like Mars the dread Spearshaker ; or as in thickets deep  
High o'er the forest-crested hills the flames devouring sweep.  
On his lips the white foam gather'd ; his eyes with fire were fraught ;  
Stern shook the helmet on the brows of Hector, as he fought.  
Lo ! Jove himself inspired him from heaven, and him, alone  
Midst all the encountering chiefs, he meant with name and fame to  
crown.  
For short-lived was he destined to be ; and so even now  
Pallas Athene urged his fate,



And nimbly sped the appointed date beneath Achilles' blow !  
Now here and there essaying the serried ranks he press'd,  
Where'er the thickest throngs he spied, and arms and armour best ;  
Nor yet could break and rout them, for all his power and might ;  
For they like tower embattled stood, on some sun-clamber'd height, —  
Big rock that fronts the Ocean, and bides for evermore  
The swift encounter of the winds and rollers on the shore,  
That fret and foam against it :—so firm the Achaians stood,  
Biding the onsets of the Trojan host, nor gave a rood !

But he, flames blazing round him, far mid the fighters leapt,  
And dash'd them, as a violent surge by tempests swoln and swept,  
Falls on the labouring vessel ; she staggers with the gale  
Mantled in foam, and all the storm roars in her sounding sail ;—  
The sailors quake with terror they graze so nigh to death ;—  
Even so dismay'd and sore afraid the Grecians gasp'd for breath.  
But he, like murderous lion that springs among the kine,  
The which in marishmeadows broad, ten thousand head, recline ;—  
And the hind there set to keep them, unpractised to defend  
His charge from ravin, following fast,  
Now heeds the first, and now the last, and flies to either end,—  
While leaps the murderous lion plump on the hindmost he,—  
Devours a steer,—and all the herd in dire confusion flee :—  
So then the Achaians routed were driven by Hector all,—  
By Hector and by Father Jove :—yet did one only fall,  
Mycenæan Periphetes ;—of Copeus he was son,—  
Of him who from Eurystheus bore  
The tale to Hercules of yore of labours to be done.



From this so base a father did worthier son proceed ;  
For every grace of manly race, for counsel, strength, and speed,  
None in Mycenæ match'd him : so Hector now he crown'd  
With glory supereminent ; for turning lightly round  
He stumbled on his buckler, which to his ankles reach'd,  
To guard him, trunk and limbs, from wound, and prone in dust was  
stretch'd.

And when he fell his helmet loud on his temples rung ;  
And Hector quickly mark'd his fall, and ran, and o'er him hung,  
And through him drove his javelin, though nigh were comrades dear ;  
Of whom could none his fellow aid :—  
Though sore distress'd they sank dismay'd from forceful Hector's spear.

And now they faced their galleys in front, the foremost row,  
First drawn and farthest from the sea ; and through these press'd the  
foe :

So from their foremost galleys withdrew the Greeks perforce ;  
Nor fought at large, but to the tents came thronging, man and horse.  
There shame and fear still held them ; and each to other bawl'd  
Incessant, and the most of all Gerenian Nestor call'd,—  
That bulwark of the Achaians, to every fate inured ;—  
And all with tears intreated he, and by their sires adjured :—  
“ Now, sirs, be men of courage, and each for other care !  
Bethink ye, too, of child and wife, and goods and parents dear,—  
If yet survive your parents,—nor less, if dead they be :—  
For all their sakes who absent are,  
I pray ye, stand and face the war, nor recreant turn and flee !”  
So much with prayer inflamed he the force and fire of each ;

And from their eyes Minerva swept all dimness at his speech,  
And shed bright airs around them, and open'd to their sight  
The ships behind them, and before the encountering ranks of fight.  
And mark'd them big-voiced Hector, and view'd his comrades all,  
Both those who linger'd in the rear, nor fought within the wall ;  
And those who by the sable ships rush'd at their captains' call.

And now no more was Ajax contented to withstand  
There where the other sons of Greece still fought the fight on land ;  
But high on shipboard climb'd he, and strode from bench to bench,  
And a big ship's-pole's compacted strength,  
Of twice eleven cubits' length, he grappled in his clench.  
And as a man, well-practised to back the prancing steed,  
Picks out four horses from a herd, and drives them from the mead  
On towards some populous city, the public road along,  
And to behold him, all amazed, much men and women throng ;  
So featly still and surely he leaps from horse to horse ;—  
They fly amain ;—he vaults again, nor checks their fiery force :—  
From bench to bench so Ajax, from deck to deck so flies  
With mighty strides, and borne aloft his shouting flouts the skies ;—  
And, " Save the ships !" and " Save the tents !" right terribly he cries.  
Nor with the mass of mail-clad Trojans did Hector bide :—  
But as on tribes of wing'd fowl that feed by river's side,  
Slim swans or cranes or wildgeese, doth flashing eagle swoop,  
So Hector 'gainst a galley rush'd, and smote its sable poop.  
And Jove behind impell'd him with mighty hand and strong,  
And with him drove his warriors on ;  
And deeds of war again were done the Grecian ships among.

Sharp was the fight, unwearied the tussle, unsubdued  
The force and fire and courage of that mighty multitude :  
And this was still their spirit :—the Greeks despair'd of life,  
Yet stood as men resolv'd to die ; the Trojans urged the strife,  
Full sure the ships to harry, and slay those heroes all :—  
And so each other they withstood, and so their blows let fall.

Then Hector, foremost reaching, by the crest the galley caught,  
The shapely ship fastsailing which foremost to Troy had brought  
The brave Protesilaüs ;—nor bore him home again :—  
And at this galley, man with man, the champions strive amain.  
Nor did they fight at distance with storms of shaft and dart,  
But throng'd they hand to hand, right well resolv'd, on either part,  
With axes keen and hatchets their foes to hack and hew,  
With long spears double-edged, and ponderous swords to pierce them  
through.

And many a comely broadsword, with glittering blade and hilt,  
From the hand, or with the sever'd arm, fell, and on earth was spilt ;  
And reek'd black earth with slaughter : still Hector grasp'd with might  
The poop, and by the crested fan the sternpost held he tight ;  
And call'd he on the Trojans :—“ Bring fire, ho !—shout, men ! shout ;—  
Cheer altogether !—call to fight !—now Jove shall pay us out  
With one great day of reckoning :—now gives he up to doom  
The ships, which here, in heaven's despite, to our great loss have  
come :—

So ill our fathers counsell'd !—who, when I urged the attack,  
Chid me, and check'd, and bade the host refrain, and turn'd them  
back.

But if then Jove broadfronted our recreant counsels spoil'd,  
'Tis now himself that pricks us on ; nor shall we now be foil'd !"  
He spake, and they more fiercely against the Achaians dash'd ;  
Then Ajax could no longer bide the storm that round him crash'd ;  
But gave he way a little the fates of death to check,  
And on the rower's seven-foot bench down leapt he from the deck,  
Where he had stood ; there grimly kept watch, and with his spear  
Still thrust the Trojans from the sides who came with firebrand near ;  
And ever on the Greeks he call'd with terrible shout and cheer :—  
" O friends, O Grecian heroes, O followers bold of Mars !  
Be men, and call forth all your strength, nor shrink ye from these  
wars !

Ha ! have we aids beside us, their succouring arms to lend ?  
Or stands there strong embattled wall from slaughter to defend ?  
Nay, bides no fortress near us, with towers and trench complete,  
Wherein our courage to recruit, wherewith to stem defeat.  
Press'd by the mailclad Trojans we lean upon the sea,—  
Far from our home and native land,—on alien shores ; and we  
Must stoutly fight to look for light ; nor respite may there be !"  
Cried he, and fierce and furious thrust hard at every foe :  
And whoso of the Trojan band  
Stepp'd forth, at Hector's proud command,  
And reach'd the ships with burning brand, him caught he with a blow ;  
And thus before them, hand to hand, twelve warriors laid he low.

## BOOK XVI.

SO by that benchful galley the Greeks and Trojans fought :  
Meanwhile Patroclus far apart folkherd Achilles sought ;  
Gush'd his warm tears abundant, like well-spring, dark and deep,  
Which pours its dusky waters down some sheer descending steep.  
And great Achilles swift-foot was vex'd at heart to see  
His grief, and with these wingèd words address'd him ruthful he :—  
“ Why weep'st thou so, Patroclus, like a little girl, that by  
Its mother runs, and for a lift puts forth its childish cry,  
Still plucking at her mantle in her haste to make her stoop ;  
And still it looks to her, and still whines to be taken up !  
Such are thy complaints, Patroclus :—wouldst thou discover aught  
To the Myrmidons, or to myself ? hast thou some tidings brought,  
Some news to thee known only ?—for still, they say, survives  
Thy ancient sire, Menœtius ; and still my father thrives  
At home, among his people :—ah ! sore would we complain  
Were either dead :—or dost thou grieve to see the Grecians slain,  
Beside their shapely galleys for their insolence and pride ?  
Speak out, that both alike may know ; nor aught reserve and hide.”  
Then madest thou answer groaning, Patroclus cavalier :—

“ Flower of the Grecians thou, Achilles, bear with me, and hear !  
So dire the loss and anguish that on the host have press'd :—  
For all are smitten now and hurt, our bravest erst and best :  
Stout Diomede Tydides in his tent lies stricken through ;  
Spear-famed Ulysses wounded lies, and Agamemnon too :  
Eurypylus eke lies stricken with an arrow in his thigh ;  
The leeches stand and lend a hand, and drugs and salves apply.  
Ah ! reckless, cruel-minded !—may ne'er by me be nurs'd  
Such wrath as dwells with thee for aye, Achilles, bravo curst !  
What child of ours or grandchild from thee shall succour have,  
If thou thy hand forbear to stretch thine Argive peers to save ?  
Ruthless ! no sire of thine was Peleus the cavalier ;  
Nor dam of thine was Thetis mild ;  
But thee, so cruel, thee so wild,—thee did the gray seas bear,—  
Or thee some rocks sun-clamber'd of unrelenting stone :  
But thou, if fate by heaven design'd thou wouldst discreetly shun ;  
And if thy reverend mother hath read some sign from Jove ;  
Then me at least send quickly forth, thy loyal heart to prove :  
And let thy bands go with me ; so shall I flash a light  
Full on the Greeks ; and let me bear thy arms and armours bright :  
So me for thee mistaking the Trojans then shall halt ;  
The wearied sons of Greece revive ; and cease the dire assault,  
One instant :—'twill be easy for us with force unspent  
To drive the spent ones back to Troy, with shouts from ship and  
tent.”

So spake and pray'd he, witless ; for lo ! on his own head  
Call'd he for fate, call'd he for death :—then fiercely answering said  
The swift-of-foot Achilles :—“ How say'st thou, noble friend ?



No sign from heaven do I regard, no presage have I kenn'd ;  
Nor hath my reverend mother read me some rede of Jove :  
But this intolerable grief doth aye my spirit move ;—  
That one of force superior his peer in rank should trounce,  
And bid him yield his prize again, his lawful meed renounce !  
Such woe is mine, and worry ; such pangs at heart I bear  
For her, the girl the Achaians chose and gave me for my share.  
With mine own spear I gain'd her, then when her towers I took ;  
Now her again he dares to seize,—this Agamemnon Atreïdes,—  
From me, as one his home who flees,  
A stranger, whom none cares to please, who every scorn must brook !  
But this,—'tis done, I waive it,—no more will I complain ;  
Man must not bear perpetual grudge :—then vow'd I to refrain  
From wrath,—forsooth, no sooner,—when the tumult and the war  
Should reach these very ships of mine, alighting from afar.—  
Do thou then on thy shoulders my glorious arms uphold,  
And marshal to the fight forthwith my Myrmidonians bold.  
For round the ships the Trojans with clouds of darkness sweep,  
And lean the Grecians on the beach, and foothold scarcely keep ;  
And 'gainst them all the Trojans rush boldly, every man,  
For that my shining helmet's peak they view not in the van.  
Ha ! soon these heroes fleeing the ditch with dead should crown,  
Would Agamemnon, king of men, but smooth his royal frown !  
But now for tents and galleys they desperately contend ;  
For flames not in Tydides' hand the javelin, to defend ;  
Nor hear I now Atrides shout, with accursèd lips :  
But murderous Hector's scream afar,  
Whooping the Trojans to the war, resounds about the ships.

And these with noise and tumult make all the plain their own,  
Loud vaunting o'er the Achaian host, the vanquish'd and o'erthrown !  
Nathless do thou, Patroclus, rush forceful in, and spurn  
The victors from the Achaian tents ; nor let the Trojans burn  
Their ships with blazing fire, and blast their hopes of dear return !  
This sum, now, of my bidding remember well to do ;  
That name to me, and fame, of all the Grecians may accrue ;  
And they my beauteous lady obsequious may restore,  
And add thereto their shining gifts, to soothe me evermore.  
When from the ships the Trojans have fled, quit thou the field,  
Nor thou, if meed of present fame to thee the Thunderer yield,  
Apart from me adventure the fleeing foe to press,  
Lest from my fame thou minish aught, and make my guerdon less.  
Nor, vaunting and exulting in many a valiant deed,  
Slaying the Trojans far and near, dare thou to Troy to lead ;  
Lest then some God Immortal attack thee from on high :  
For much the Far-accomplisher Apollo doats on Troy.  
But from the ships return thou, when thou hast flash'd them light,  
And leave these rivals still, as erst, wide o'er the plain to fight.  
Ha ! would to Jove the Father,—would to Minerva fair,—  
Would to Apollo,—not one man of all the Trojans there,—  
Not one of all the Grecians the doom of death might shun ;  
But we alone, myself and thou,—the common fates outrun,—  
We twain alone might burst and break proud Ilium's holy crown ”

So these with one another right earnestly discours'd :  
But Ajax could no more endure, by spears and arrows forced :—  
Jove's will he might not conquer, nor the Trojan weapons ward ;

And rang tremendous on his brows the bright helm stricken hard.  
For ever and aye they smote him ; and rattled cone and crest ;  
And stedfast wielding of his shield his left arm sore distress'd.  
Nor they their javelins thrusting could drive or move him still ;  
But gasp'd he sore, and sweat ran down  
His limbs, and all his breath was gone, and ill was heap'd on ill.—  
Now rede me right, ye Muses, Olympian bowers that keep,  
How first upon the Grecian ships did fire consuming leap !—  
Drew Hector nigh, and flourish'd his ponderous falchion's stroke,  
And through the shaft, the blade behind, the spear of Ajax broke :  
The stem still brandish'd Ajax all headless in his hand,  
While far away the brazen point fell ringing on the sand.  
And Ajax mark'd and shudder'd at the token of the Gods ;  
Such as when Jove that roars on high the fates of battle bodes.  
He knew that Troy should triumph, and from the darts withdrew :  
The Trojans on his galley swift impetuous fire they threw.  
Down on the deck descending the quenchless firebrands flamed :  
The conflagration surged on high :—  
Achilles smote on either thigh, and to his fere exclaim'd :—  
“ Up now, Jove-born Patroclus !—up, courier bold and brave,—  
Lo ! at the ships the crackling fire,—our last resource to save !  
Don thou the harness quickly ; myself will call the rest ! ”  
He said, and quick in burnish'd brass his limbs Patroclus dress'd.  
And first his shins he covers with silver-ankled greaves,  
And on his breast Achilles' mail, of starry sheen, receives :  
A sword about his shoulders with silver hilt he flung,—  
A brazen sword,—and at his back a mighty buckler swung ;  
Rear'd on his head a helmet by direful horsetail fann'd ;

Seiz'd in his grasp stout javelins twain, well balanced to his hand :  
Only the spear must he let bide  
Of great Achilles Æacide, which ne'er another mann'd ;—  
For none but great Achilles that mighty mass could wield,—  
That ponderous spear,—so big, so strong,—and wave it o'er the  
field !—

That Pelian ash which Chiron erst to his father gave,—  
The Pelian ash from Pelion's crest, the deathwound of the brave !  
Automedon the driver he bade go yoke the team ;  
Whom next to rout-the-ranks Achilles held he in esteem :  
Most trusty he in battle to face dread shout and stroke :—  
And now for prince Patroclus he was fain the steeds to yoke.  
Xanthus he yoked, and Balius, who vied in speed with air :  
Whom erst to Zephyr, Wind divine, the wanton Harpy bare,  
Podargè, when by Ocean shore she cropp'd the meadow fair :  
And Pedasus beside them with traces he attach'd,  
Whom from Eëtion's plunder'd hold Achilles erst had snatch'd ;  
And who, a mortal courser he, with foals immortal match'd.  
To the Myrmidons Achilles then speeded, tent by tent,  
And bade them all their armour don :—like ravening wolves they  
went,

Like wolves, the fierce and daring, which on the hills have slain  
A lordly-antler'd stag, their chaps bedew'd with bloody stain :  
Off in a troop they gallop, to lap with slender tongues  
The surface of a sable fount, and pant with fever'd lungs :  
Beat high their hearts with courage, but pant their lungs athirst :—  
So rush'd the valiant Myrmidons, and rush'd their captains first  
About the friend and henchman of Æacide the fleet :

He in the midst, the peer of Mars,  
Order'd their warriors and their cars, and urged their forward feet.

Now fifty were the galleys which he, the loved of Jove,  
Achilles led to Troy, and each stout oarsmen fifty drove :  
And five the trusty captains he chose to give the word :  
Himself o'er all the armament presided, chief and lord.  
Chief of the vanward battle stood Mnestheus, bright in brass,  
Son of Sperchius, heaven-born Stream, who Jove's own issue was :  
For him to strong Sperchius fair Polydora bore,  
Daughter of Peleus, mortal maid to an immortal Power.  
But his pretended father was Perieres' son,  
Borus, who made the girl his wife, and dower'd her for his own.  
To a second troop Eudorus, the love-child, gave command,  
Whom beauteous Polymela bore, queen of the virgin band ;  
The daughter she of Phylas : for her the Argicide  
Beheld, and loved with strong desire,  
Amid the songsters in the quire of Dian echoing wide,—  
Dian, the golden-shafted, the shouter in the chace ;—  
He mounted to the maiden's cell,  
Bold Hermes, that doth all things well, and gave the dear embrace.  
This noble son she bore him, swift-footed, stout in fray :—  
But when sage Ilithyia, she who charms the Pains away,  
Brought forth this child, the Goddess mild, and show'd him to the  
day ;—  
Echecles, son of Actor, that mother made his wife,  
And dower'd her well, and Phylas took, and rear'd the child to life ;  
And play'd with, and caress'd him, and loved him as his own.



And band the third Pisander led, that chiefest Myrmidon :—  
Next to thy friend, Pelides, was he the first in might :—  
And band the fourth that ancient horseman Phoenix urged to fight ;  
The fifth band last Alcimedon, son of Laërce's bright.

Now when all these Achilles had with their chiefs array'd,  
With stern commandment he address'd his followers brave, and said :—  
“ Ye Myrmidons, let no man among ye now forget  
How, all my hour of anger through ye wont to storm and threat  
The Trojan foe, and chide me :—‘ Ha ! curst one,’ ye would say,  
‘ In wrath thy mother bore her son, thou ruthless ! here to stay,  
Thy followers sorely fretting beside their ships at ease :  
Nay, rather launch we poop and prow, and homeward sail the seas :—  
So black thy bile, forsooth ; and thou a chief so ill to please !’  
So thronging thick ye mutter'd :—lo ! now reveal'd to sight  
War's glorious work, for which ye crave :—  
Then on, whoe'er is bold and brave, and match the Trojans' might !”  
He spake, and roused for battle the force and fire of each :  
Close form'd their bands, and yet more close, when they heard the  
kingly speech.

And as the skilful craftsman with stones set thick and fast,  
Builds up the wall of a mansion tall, to screen from wintry blast ;  
So helms and bossy bucklers were set, and close array'd ;  
And shield on shield, and helm on helm, and man on man was stay'd :  
And touch'd their horse-plumed helmets, each with his glittering crest,  
As sway'd they marching, head to head, so close their battle press'd.  
And stepp'd the first before them two champions, with one heart,  
Patroclus and Automedon, to play the foremost part.



But to his tent Achilles return'd, and oped the lid  
Of the shining chest, inlaid and wrought,  
Which Thetis silver-shod had brought forth from her bower, and bid  
Bear with him in his galley ; with vests she stored it well,  
With cloaks to ward the wintry winds, and rugs of fur and fell.  
A cup there lay within it, well graved with art divine ;  
Nor from it any wont but he to quaff the bright red wine :  
Nor would he pour to any thence, but to Jove alone :—  
This cup now forth he brought, and first with grains of sulphur strown,  
Purged it ; then wash'd with water ; and wash'd he his own hands,  
And drew a draught of bright red wine ; then lo ! he comes and stands  
Midcourt, and pours and mutters with eyes to heaven uprear'd ;  
Nor by the thunder-vaunting God was he not seen and heard :

“ Jove !—Jove the king !—Dodonian !—Pelasgian !—far away  
On hoar Dodona's stormy crest that bear'st imperial sway !  
Where dwell the seers of Sellè, by thee inspired, around ;  
That roam the hills, unwash'd of feet ; that couch upon the ground :  
Me hast thou greatly honour'd, and plagued the Grecians sore :  
Erst hast thou heard and crown'd my vow ; now hear me yet once  
more !

Myself indeed at leaguer will tarry here alone ;  
But lo ! my friend to war I send, with many a Myrmidon.  
And thou, great Jove broadfronted, thou grant him fame also !  
Brace thou the courage of his heart !—that Hector too may know  
How brave my friend, when singly he dares the brunt of wars ;  
Nor then alone his heart beats high,—  
And rage his hands,—when with him I join in the moil of Mars.

But when the fight and tumult he hath driven beyond the wall,  
Then bring him to my ships again  
Unscathed, with all his valiant train, his arms and armour all! —

He pray'd, and to his bosom his prayers the Father took ;  
And this he granted, but to that his head impatient shook.  
From the ships and tents the Trojans he granted him to drive ;  
But to return he granted not, nor save his soul alive.  
But he,—to Jove the Father, wine shed and vows address'd,—  
Enter'd his tent once more, and stow'd the goblet in his chest.  
Then came he forth, and stood he in front ; for fain was he  
Of Trojans and of Greeks the dread encounter yet to see.—

Then these with bold Patroclus all arm'd their order kept,  
Rank after rank, as 'gainst the Trojans vauntingly they leapt.  
And forth they issued straightway, like wasps, the road beside,  
Whom silly children tease and fret, where in the bank they bide,—  
And make they general mischief: for if some passer-by  
Unwitting stir their angry hosts, forth all their warriors fly,  
To guard their young from danger: so then indignant pour'd  
Forth from their ships the Myrmidons; and ceaseless clamour roar'd.  
Then to his men Patroclus shouted afar, and cried:—  
“Ye Myrmidons, ye liegemen of Pelides stout and tried;—  
Be men, my friends, and mind the fight, and firm in courage bide!  
So we our chief shall honour of all the Greeks the first:  
And so Atrides, king of men, shall own his guilt accurst,  
Who him, the best of all the host, hath scouted as the worst!”  
So spake the prince, and stirr'd he the force and fire of each:

And on the foe at once they fell ; and terribly roar'd the beach  
With their tumult and their shouting : and when the Trojans spied  
Mencetius' valiant son, himself and comrade by his side,—  
Both bright in glittering armour,—their souls were all adread,  
Their brave battalions sway'd and shook :—"Pelides' self," they said,—  
"The Swift-foot's self is coming, his anger cast away,  
His friendship with the Greeks resumed :"—and cowering from the fray  
Each hither, thither, glanced around, to 'scape from death that day.  
Then first Patroclus standing the foremost stern beside,  
Whence brave Protesilaüs leapt first from the briny tide,—  
There now Patroclus standing launch'd forth his shining spear,  
Right in the midst, where most were met, and throng'd they close and  
near.

He pierced Pyrächmes, leader of the bold Pæonian crew,—  
From Amydon on Axios wide,—  
That wave the plume from side to side,—pierced his right shoulder  
through.

Prone in the dust he slither'd groaning ; his friends around  
Started to see their leader fall, their bravest, to the ground.  
From the ships Patroclus drove them, and quench'd their brands afire :—  
One galley left they half consumed :—and lo ! in rout retire  
The Trojans, while about them the Greeks impetuous pour  
Among the ships, and rout and shout resound along the shore.  
As from the cloudy summit of a mighty mountain high  
The Thunder-wielder Jove dispels the storm, and clears the sky ;  
And every hill and valley stands out, and headland height ;  
And breaks o'er all the firmament immeasurable light :—  
So the Greeks, when from their galleys they had thrust the fire away,

Breathed for an instant ; yet was no cessation from the fray.  
For would no whit the Trojans flee headlong from the place,  
But yet withstood ; and from the ships scarce ebb'd they, face to face.

The leaders in the medley there slew they each his man :—  
And first through Areilycus his spear Patroclus ran :—  
He pierced his thigh while turn'd he ; the stedfast bone he broke ;  
And flat to earth the warrior fell :—nor with less mortal stroke  
The martial Menelaüs smote Thoas on the breast,  
There where the sheltering shield withdrawn laid bare his slender vest.  
And Meges, while Amphiclus against him storming flies,  
Strikes him mid-thigh, where nerve in man and muscle thickest lies ;  
The sharp steel clean the sinew cleaves, and darkness veils his eyes.  
And of the sons of Nestor first brave Antilochus  
With brazen spear pierced in the flank, and slew Atymnius :  
And when against him Maris advanced with pointed pike,  
His brother's body to defend, him, ere he yet could strike,  
The godlike Thrasymedes was first to wound from far  
With well-aim'd dart,—his shoulder struck, and laid the arm-bone bare.  
Fair flesh and sinews stripping ; he fell with brazen sound ;  
Night closed his eyes : so brethren twain death from twin brethren  
found.

Twain comrades of Sarpedon to Erebus they flew,  
Stout pikemen, Amisodar's seed, with whom Chimæra grew,  
Chimæra dire,—unquell'd of men ;—but many a man she slew !  
And next Oilean Ajax on Cleobulus rush'd,  
And seiz'd him yet alive, while through the throng in vain he push'd.  
His throat with hilted broadsword he shear'd, and all the blade

Reek'd with his blood, as down he fell  
By doom of fate invincible rapt to death's sable shade.  
And Peneleus and Lycon one 'gainst the other ran ;  
They miss'd each other with their spears;—'scaped each by just a span :—  
Again they rush'd together swords drawn, and Lycon's stroke  
Swept off Penéleus' helmet-cone, and his own weapon broke  
Sheer at the hilt : Penéleus smote Lycon on the neck,  
Beneath the ear, and drew his blade through, without let or check ;  
Held by skin only droop'd his head ; he sank in mortal wreck.  
And swiftfoot Merion lighted on tardy Acamas,  
Just as he turn'd his car to mount ; nor fail'd the spear to pass  
Through his right shoulder trenchant ; he tumbles from the wheel,  
And sprawls on earth ; and o'er his eyes death's sable shadows steal.  
Idomeneus the Cretan in the mouth between the teeth  
Pierced Erymas ; the ruthless blade ran through, the brain beneath :  
The ivory bones it shiver'd ; his eyes were drench'd with blood ;  
Gaping, from nostril and from jaw he spirts the purple flood ;  
Dark clouds of death o'erwhelm him :—such were the deeds then done ;—  
And these the Grecian chiefs who slew their foemen every one.  
And as on younglings straying from flock of goats or sheep,  
Left by their guardians on the hills, the wolves voracious leap ;—  
And soon as seen, they swiftly tear them, so weak they be :—  
So on the Trojans leapt the Greeks, and made them screaming flee.  
  
And aye the greater Ajax essay'd his javelin's might  
'Gainst Hector of the burnish'd helm ; but he, expert in fight,  
Still o'er his stalwart shoulders his bull's-hide buckler hung,  
And mark'd the whizzing of the darts, and spears so loud that rung.



For the scales, he knew, of combat, leant to the Grecians most :—  
Yet still he bore the brunt of war, to shield his gallant host.  
And as from far Olympus grim darkness soars on high  
Through realms of air, when Jove extends his storm o'er all the sky ;  
So widely did the clamour of the fleeing Trojans reach ;  
Nor leisurely, nor orderly, return'd they through the breach :  
But Hector, arms and armour, away his coursers bore,  
While they, still throng'd within the camp, could cross the ditch no  
more !

And in that ditch full many swift horses yoked to car  
Sheer broke the yoke, and flung their lords, the remnant of the war.  
And straight Patroclus follows, to the Grecians shouting loud,  
On mischief to the Trojans bent : away crush these and crowd ;  
And all the ways they cumber, such reckless flight they strain ;  
Darkled the tempest overhead,  
While furious towards the city sped their horses o'er the plain.  
Still kept forthright Patroclus the most dismay'd among,  
Shouting amain ; and from their cars the drivers headlong flung :  
The chariots skipp'd, the chariots dipp'd, as o'er them swift they  
swung.

And o'er the ditch right onward leapt now those coursers swift,  
Immortals, whom the Gods had given to Peleus, glorious gift !  
Still onward press'd and strain'd they :—aim'd he at Hector aye,  
Ever intent to fling ; but him his swift steeds rapt away.

And as with storms and blackness earth universal lowers,  
Some day in Fall, when fiercest floods great Jove indignant showers,  
Wroth at the evil doings of the judges in the gate,



Who twist wry judgments, and pervert the truth with fraud and hate,  
Nor hold the Gods in reverence ;—then all the streams run high,  
And bank and brake the torrents shake, and swallow rushing by ;  
And the waters seaward sloping roar loud adown the hills ;  
And sink the works, and yield apace, of man that sows and tills :—  
So clatter'd steeds and chariots of Troy in rout and wrack :—  
In vain ;—Patroclus chas'd the first, — headed, and turn'd them  
back ;—

Back toward the ships he hurl'd them once more, nor suffer'd them  
Troy-hill to mount, for all their pains ; but 'twixt the ships and stream,  
And the city walls, he slew them, striking to left, to right :—  
So many a Trojan then and there with death did he requite.  
Then Pronoüs first assail'd he, and smote with shining spear,  
There where beside his shield the breast he laid one instant bare :  
With slacken'd joints down crash'd he :—on Thestor next he sprung  
Perch'd on his chariot, dazed and daft,—the reins at random flung.  
Close up he went and smote him,—on the right cheek smote he him,—  
And pierced his jaw, and cleft his teeth ; then o'er the chariot's rim  
He dragg'd him by the javelin : as one with hook and line,  
On a jutting rock above the sea, pulls forth the fish divine.  
So by his spear Patroclus the wretch all grinning drew,  
And flung him forward on his face ; and forth his spirit flew.  
And next at Eryläüs, who dared his spear to shake,  
He hurl'd a stone, and smote his skull that it in pieces brake  
All in the sturdy helmet ;—prone fell he to the ground,  
And death, the conqueror of the soul, was shed his senses round.  
Next Erymas, and Epaltes he slew, and Echius,  
Damastor's son Tlepolemus, Pyris, Amphoterus,

And Iphis, and Enippus, and Polymelus too ;  
All these he slaughter'd, blow on blow, all these to earth he threw.—

Now when beheld Sarpedon his men of kiltless vest  
By Menœtiades Patroclus slain,  
The Lycians brave he call'd amain, and chiding, thus address'd :—  
“ Shame ! Lycians ; whither flee ye ? now stand ye fast and brave !  
For now will I this man defy,

And know which better, he or I,—  
For all the dead that round him lie,—can slay men, or can save ! ”

So leapt he from his chariot, all arm'd, upon the ground :—  
Patroclus saw, and he likewise alighted with a bound  
Before him :—they, as vultures with crookèd claw and beak,  
With terrible scream and clamour fight aloft on craggy peak,—  
So shouting they and clanging one 'gainst the other dart :  
But Jove, old wizard Saturn's Seed, beheld with ruthless heart ;  
And Juno thus address'd he, his sister eke and wife :—

“ Woe's me, that he, by Fate's decree,  
Sarpedon, most beloved of me, my child, must yield his life  
To Menœtiades Patroclus ! my soul is cleft in twain,  
In doubt my son to save alive, and bear him from the plain,  
And far from war distressful lay him at ease at home ;—  
Or yield him to Patroclus' hand to meet the appointed doom.”

To him then answer'd Juno, queen of the dark-brown eye :—  
“ Most reverend king, Saturnian Jove, why thus complaining cry ?  
A man that is but mortal,—a man foredoom'd to bleed,—  
Wouldst thou exempt from death's abodes ?—

Do so !—but know, we other Gods approve not of such deed !

And this too will I tell thee,—and thou perpend it well !—  
If thou Sarpedon save, and send home, there at ease to dwell,—  
Then heed thou, lest some other of heavenly Powers pretend  
To waft away his own dear child, and ward death's bitter end.  
For round the glorious city of Priam many fight,  
Seed of the Immortals, who will hold such favour in despite.  
But though thou lovest him dearly,—though grieves for him thy heart,—  
Yet yield him to Patroclus' hand, to feel the fatal smart :—  
Then, when his life and spirit have flown, let gentle Sleep  
And Death convey him home, that there his friends the corse may steep  
In balm, with tomb and pillar graced, and with due honours keep.”  
So spake she, nor refused her the Sire of Gods and men ;  
But down, his child to magnify, he shed a bloody rain ;  
For him Patroclus must o'erthrow far from dear country slain !

So when against each other advanced they rushing nigh,  
Patroclus aim'd, and hurl'd his steel,  
And smote the driver Thrasymele,  
His belly through, and made him reel, and cast him down to die :  
Sarpedon flung ; but miss'd he the slayer of his fere ;  
Yet struck the trace-horse Pedasus, off shoulder, with his spear :  
With snort and shriek he fell to earth and lay expiring there.  
The yokesters rush'd asunder, and strain'd the yoke and jarr'd ;  
And foul'd the reins, when sprawling fell the sidester on the sward.  
Automedon the driver soon set the brangle straight :  
He drew his sword, and ran, and cut the trace that bound their mate ;  
Again the yokesters righted, and drew their yokebands tight ;  
So met the warriors once again for the life-devouring fight.

A second time Sarpedon flung his bright lance and miss'd ;  
O'er the right shoulder of the foe it glanced, and aimless hiss'd.  
Return'd again Patroclus ; nor vainly flew his dart,  
But pierced the Lycian, where the nerves wrap close the pulpy heart.  
He dropp'd, as drops an oak-tree, or slender poplar drops,  
Or lofty pine, which shipwrights stout hew on the mountain-tops,  
To square for naval timber ;—so he along the land  
Lay stretch'd before his steeds, and clench'd his teeth, and clutch'd the  
sand.

As mid the splay-foot milkers a lion slays a bull,  
A tawny bull of courage stout ;—  
With groans he sobs his spirit out, the claws so tear and pull ;—  
So 'neath Patroclus' javelin the Lycian leader fell ;  
And moan'd he dying, and adjured the chief he loved so well :—  
“ Ah, Glaucus dear !” exclaim'd he ;—“ thou Glaucus, first in fight !—  
Now, now behoves thee brave to be ; now prove thy mickle might !—  
Now let fell war delight thee, if swift thou be and strong :—  
First call each chief to my relief ; then join thou in the throng,  
To wrestle round my body :—shame were it, grief and shame,  
Shame to all time, and uttermost, to all the Lycian name,  
That me the sons of Greece should spoil ;—  
Then stand thou firm amid the moil, and bid these do the same !”

Now him thus feebly sighing the doom of death oppress'd,  
Closed eyes, and nostrils ;—and the Greek stamp'd heavy on his  
breast :

From his flesh he drew the javelin ; the spirit following flew ;  
The lifebreath and the javelin-blade together forth he drew.

His snorting steeds impatient, eager to turn again,—  
Their chariot emptied of its lords,—the Myrmidons restrain.  
And woe was noble Glaucus at hearing of his cry ;  
So sore he griev'd at heart that aid no whit could he supply.  
He still his arm was slinging ;—and pain'd him yet the smart  
Inflicted, when he climb'd the wall aloft, by Teucer's dart ;  
Then when he sought to succour his comrades in the war :—  
Now thus with prayer entreated he the Darter-from-afar :—  
“ Hear, king ! that erst in Lycia, our rich abounding land,  
Dwell'st, or in Troy,—thou everywhere canst hear and understand  
Men's miseries, such as mine are :—for see my cruel sore !  
Behold my hand pierced through and through, that irks me evermore !  
I cannot stanch the bleeding ; and droops my shoulder low :  
Nor stedfast can I wield the spear, nor charge against the foe.  
Lo ! best of all our champions, Jove's son, Sarpedon, dead !  
Nor will the God his own defend :  
But thou, O king, sure medicine send to heal my wound, and shed  
Strength o'er my limbs, that shouting loud to my Lycians brave,  
Them I may urge, and fight myself, these dear remains to save !”  
He spake and pray'd ; and Phœbus Apollo heard him pray :  
And straight his anguish he assuaged, and wash'd the gore away ;  
And gave him strength and courage : and Glaucus was aware,  
Right gladsome he, that Power so great at once had heard his prayer.  
Then first the Lycian leaders aroused he, man by man,  
About Sarpedon to contend ; to the Trojans next he ran,  
And call'd divine Agenor, and sage Polydamas,  
Then for Æneas off he strode, and Hector helm'd in brass.  
And when to Hector came he, with wingèd words he cried :—



“ Now, Hector ! now forget'st thou quite our valiant chiefs allied,  
Who far from kin and country for thee their life-blood spend ;  
Thou heed'st them not, nor carest at all to succour or defend.  
Dead lies our brave Sarpedon, of the buckler'd Lycians chief ;  
Who ruled with right, and with his might aye gave the weak relief.  
Him 'neath Patroclus' javelin hath brazen Mars o'erthrown :—  
Come then, my friends, and count it shame that e'er a Myrmidon,  
In vengeance for the Grecians who at their ships have bled,  
Should bear away his arms, and do despite to this our dead ! ”  
Then grief fell on the Trojans, intolerable, immense ;—  
It grasp'd them all from head to foot,—so sure was his defence ;—  
Such safety, though a stranger for Ilium had he wrought ;—  
And with him many a clan had come, but none so stout had fought.

Then straight against the Grecians drove they with eager speed,  
And Hector, at Sarpedon's death infuriate, took the lead :  
Menœtiades Patroclus sustain'd the Grecian side ;  
And thus to the Ajaces twain,  
Impatient both to charge amain, with manly heart he cried :—  
“ Now on, ye twain Ajaces ! now on, and fight ye fain !  
Fight stout, as erst, and stouter yet !—lies here Sarpedon slain,  
The first to pierce your rampart !—what if his corse we shame,  
And from his shoulders tear the spoil,—  
And these his aids in bloody broil with steel relentless tame ? ”  
He spake, and they already were prompt to join the fray :—  
So, when the hosts on either side had closed their firm array,  
The Trojans and the Lycians, Achaians, Myrmidons,  
With dreadful shout that corse about join'd conflict all at once.



Dire clang'd their arms and armour ;—and Jove o'er all the fight,—  
That round the corse of his dear son  
Might many a dismal deed be done,—suffused a dismal night.  
And foremost were the Trojans to thrust the Grecians back :  
For not the worst of Myrmidons they wounded in the attack,—  
The son of brave Agacles, valiant Epeigeus hight,  
Who o'er Budæum's peopled plains ruled erst in lordly might ;  
But then, for kinsman's murder, to Peleus had he come,  
And him and Thetis silver-shod had sued for house and home.  
With rout-the-ranks Achilles to Ilium him they sped,  
That 'gainst the Trojans he might war :—him, as he touch'd the dead,  
With big stone Hector reach'd, and 'neath his helmet crush'd his  
head.

Prone on the corse he tumbled, and death was o'er him flung,  
Dread death, that sunders lives in twain :  
And when he saw his comrade slain Patroclus' heart was wrung ;—  
Right through the foremost fighters he rush'd,—like falcon's flight,  
That scares the starlings and the daws ;—so didst thou swoop down  
right,—

Patroclus, car-bestrider,—down on the Lycian host,  
Down on the Trojan,—vex'd at heart for this thy comrade lost !  
Then smote he Sthenelæus, Ithæmenes his son ;  
Smote on the collar, and broke through the tendons with a stone :  
Shrank back the foremost Trojans all ; nor Hector stay'd alone  
Far as the rushing spear-cast which warrior whirls at play,  
To try his force, or hurls in fight the deadly foe to slay,—  
So far the Trojans all withdrew,  
Thrust by the foe, or bursten through ;—the Grecians forced their way.

Chief of the buckler'd Lycians turn'd Glaucus first and stood ;  
And slew he valiant Bathyclus, of wealthy Chalcon's brood ;  
Chalcon, who far in Hellas his wide possessions held,  
And all the Myrmidons in wealth of flocks and herds excell'd.  
Him now midbreast smote Glaucus, abruptly turning round,  
Just as he reach'd him in pursuit ; he clanging struck the ground.  
Woe were the Greeks to see him, so brave a warrior, fall ;  
The Trojans loud exulting cried, and round him throng'd they all :  
Nor slack'd the Greeks in courage, but 'gainst them stoutly strove ;  
And of them first slew Merion  
Laogonus, Onetor's son, who serv'd the Idæan Jove  
With sacrifice and worship :—him did they all revere,  
Godlike himself :—now smote the steel beneath his jaw and ear ;  
The spirit left his limbs, and o'er him settled darkness drear.  
At Méridones Æneas then hurl'd his shining lance ;  
He hoped to hit him, 'neath the shield, uncover'd in the advance.  
Mark'd he the death before him, and forward stooping shunn'd  
The brazen missile, which behind stuck quivering in the ground,  
Till Mars its force abated : then idly there it stood ;  
While deep in earth the point of steel lay buried with the wood.  
In vain to whirl the javelin had all his force been tried :  
And thus Æneas, in his wrath, to the Grecian warrior cried :—  
“ Ha ! Merion, nimble dancer !—be sure my spear that flew  
Had stopp'd thy dancing once for all, had it but carried true ! ”  
And Méridones spear-famous rejoin'd, and answer'd straight :—  
“ 'Twere hard, Æneas, even for thee to quench the courage great  
Of all men, whosoever shall meet thee in the fight ;  
For thou too, valiant though thou be, art but a mortal wight.

And could I reach and pierce thee full with my pointed spear,  
Soon thou, for all thy strength and pride, shouldst yield me honour  
dear,

And render up thy soul to Dis, the illustrious charioteer ! ”

He spake, and straight reproved him Menœtius’ valiant son :—

“ Nay, think not, friend, with saucy words to make the Trojans run,

And quit their champion’s body : sooner shall thou or I

Sink ’neath the soil :—in arms alone the fates of warfare lie.

Words are for council ;—fight thou then, nor these with words defy ! ”

And first he ran, thus speaking, and swift at his command

His comrades sped ; and as the noise of woodman, axe in hand,

Rings in the mountain hollows with far-resounding clang,

So rose the din of fighting foes ; and broad earth loudly rang

With noise of brass and leather, and bull’s-hide stoutly wrought,

All hack’d by swords and two-edged spears of men that grimly fought.

And he that best had known him no more could recognise

God-like Sarpedon’s form and face, such was his foul disguise :

So was he bruised and boulder’d with blood, and smear’d with dust ;

And limbs and trunk, from head to foot, so wrapp’d in filthy crust.

So throng’d they round the body, as flies about the pail

Buzzing in springtide through the stalls the milker’s stores assail :

So round the corse they gather’d ; nor ever from the fight

Turn’d Jove his luminous eyes askance, but kept them aye in sight ;

And deep in thought he brooded now o’er Patroclus’ death :—

Should he straightway, o’ermatch’d and foil’d,

On dead Sarpedon’s body spoil’d, to Hector yield his breath ;

Or rather should Patroclus yet first more Trojans slay :—

And this to him, considering much, appear’d the better way :—

That first thy fere, Achilles, should crown the deadly strife,  
And drive the Trojans home in flight,  
With brazen-crested Hector's might, and spoil them many a life,  
So first of all great Hector he moved to recreant rout :—  
Swift on his car he leapt, and turn'd, and bade them with a shout  
Flee one, flee all,—for well he mark'd Jove's sacred scales hung out !  
Nor stay'd the valiant Lycians, but turn'd and fled amain,  
Fled all, when they the king beheld struck to the heart and slain,  
And strown with many corpses ; for o'er the hero dead  
Had fallen a heap, where dreadful Jove such violent strife had sped.  
So from Sarpedon's shoulders stripp'd these the glittering gear,  
That brazen mail so bright that shone ;  
And this Menœtius' conquering son  
Gave to his squires, great glory won, to the hollow ships to bear.

Then Jove the Cloud-amasser Apollo thus bespake :—  
“ Up now, my Phœbus, swiftly go, and dead Sarpedon take  
Forth from the darts, and cleanse him from cloudy stains of blood ;  
Then waft him to the river's bank, and wash him in the flood ;  
With ambrosy anoint him, and in fair robes array,  
And give to Sleep and Death, the twins, swift squires, to bear away.  
So forth to fertile Lycia the hero shall be sped,  
For friends and kinsmen there to keep with balsams sweet bespread,  
And rear him mound and monument, due honours for the dead.”  
So spake he, and Apollo his sire on Ida heard ;  
And down, amid the dreadful war descended at his word :  
There straight from strife and slaughter Sarpedon forth he bore,  
And wafted to the river bank, and wash'd the body o'er ;

With ambrosy bedew'd it, and clothed in raiment fair,  
And gave to Sleep and Death, the twins, swift squires, away to bear :  
And so to fertile Lycia those dear remains they sped,  
For friends and kinsmen to preserve, with balsams sweet bespread.

Meanwhile forthright Patroclus bade fly his coursers stout,  
And bade the driver swiftly drive, and urge the Trojan rout :—  
Ha ! fatal was his folly ;—ha ! foolish, wretchless he :—  
Would he but heed Pelides' hest he yet grim death might flee !  
But Jove's high purpose ever transcendeth human will ;—  
For so the valiantest he daunts, and baulks of triumph still ;  
Even though himself have urged him, perchance, and driven to fight ;—  
As now Patroclus he inspired and fired with war's delight.  
And there whom first, Patroclus, whom last didst thou o'erthrow,  
When summon'd thou by fateful Gods dread doom to undergo ?  
First didst thou slay Adrastus, Melanippus, Echeclus,  
Epistor, Autonus, and son of Meges, Perimus ;  
And next Pylartes didst thou smite, Mulius and Elasmus.  
All these slew brave Patroclus ; the rest, they turn'd to flight.  
And now the children of the Greeks had scaled Troy's topmost height,—  
So raged he with his javelin before, and round them all !—  
But lo ! Apollo Phœbus stood high on the embattled wall,  
To wreak on him destruction, and Troy with aid to crown :  
And thrice an angle of the wall essay'd he to tear down ;  
And thrice with hands immortal Apollo thrust him back,  
And smote his shield of bickering brass, and shiver'd his attack.  
But when he rush'd the fourth time, even like a God in fight,  
Shouted Apollo terribly, the illustrious lord of light :—



“Avaunt, Jove-born Patroclus! nor deem the fates allow  
The towers so high of glorious Troy 'neath lance of thine to bow,—  
Nor of Achilles,—braver he, and mightier much than thou!”  
He spake; then cower'd Patroclus, gave way, and slack'd from war,  
Dreading the vengeance of the God, the Darter-from-afar.

And Hector now his chariot stay'd in the Scæan gate,  
In doubt to drive his thundering steeds where raged the dire debate,  
Or call the Trojans to the wall, and onset there await.  
But while he thus consider'd Phœbus Apollo came,  
And by him stood, in form and face most like that lord of fame  
Asius, his mother's brother, a valiant prince and strong,  
Who dwelt in Phrygia vine-beclad, Sangarius' banks along.  
Most like to him, Apollo, Jove's son, the prince address'd:—  
“Hector, why stay'st thou from the fight? no time is now for rest:—  
Would, much as I am weaker, so much I stronger were  
Than thou art; then 'twere ill for thee from combat to forbear!—  
On then! and 'gainst Patroclus thy thundering horses drive!  
So, peradventure, shalt thou slay,  
So thou, with Phœbus, gain the day, and gloriously survive!”  
So spake the God, and mingled once more in mortal broil;  
And Hector bade Cebriones drive fierce amid the moil.  
Apollo join'd the combat, and pierced the thickest throng,  
And cast disastrous panic rout the Achaian hosts among.  
To Hector and the Trojans all-conquering strength he gave:  
But Hector pass'd the rest, nor cared to cope with any, save  
Patroclus; 'gainst him only he urged his steeds and car:—  
On his part leapt Patroclus down, to bide the rushing war:



And left he grasp'd his javelin, and right he seiz'd a stone,  
A marble rock ; with eager hand he made it all his own,—  
Swung it aloft, and hurl'd it :—he miss'd, yet miss'd not all ;—  
He fail'd of Hector, but upon stout Cébriones let fall,  
Driver of Hector's chariot ; whom, while he held the reins,  
The rough stone batter'd full in front,  
Smash'd either brow with mighty brunt, and mingled bone and brains.  
His eyeballs dropp'd before him in the dust, and on his head,  
Diver-like, plunged he from his car, and sense and spirit fled.  
Him chariot-lord Patroclus thus tauntingly bespake :—  
“ Ha ! see how light this man of might ! what plunges can he take !—  
Now were this man a diver in the oyster-bearing seas,  
What store of fish his skill might dish,—what troop of gluttons please !  
Even down the steep of the stormy deep,  
From tall ship's ladder with a leap could he descend at ease !—  
So featly from the chariot he vaults upon the plain :—  
Such merry-men strong her hosts among forsooth doth Troy contain ! ”  
He spake, and on the hero stout Cébriones he sprung,  
Fierce as a lion in the stall with mortal missile stung :—  
His own imperial courage hath doom'd the beast to death :—  
Patroclus so on Cébriones rush'd now with fiery breath.  
On the other side leapt Hector from his chariot to the ground ;  
And raged the twain, like lions fierce, the fallen warrior round :  
Like lions fierce they grappled, which on the mountain height  
For slaughter'd hind, a-hunger'd both, with haughty courage fight.  
So round the hero's body these champions of the war,  
Patroclus brave Menœtiades, and Hector flickering far,  
Contended each the other's flesh with ruthless steel to scar.

The dead man's head seiz'd Hector, and tugg'd, nor let it go :  
Patroclus grappled to his feet, and pull'd against him so :  
While Greeks and Trojans struggled all, and answer'd blow for blow.  
And as the East and West winds a dire contention make  
In the hollows of a mountain gorge, and deep the greenwood shake ;—  
The beech-tree and the cornel, with pliant bark, and ash ;—  
Which 'gainst each other dinning loud their limbs enormous dash ;  
And as they beat and bend and break, roars wide the mighty crash :—  
So the Trojans and the Grecians in conflict dire engage,  
With thundering knocks, and bloody shocks ; nor turn they from their  
rage.

And keen spears many alighting stood fix'd the warrior round ;  
And many an arrow swift from string came shimmering with a bound ;  
And many a mighty boulder on mail and buckler rung,  
While o'er that fallen chariotman the storm of battle swung :—  
But amidst the hurly-burly of stour and stones and shot,  
Huge man extended huge lay he, his joustings all forgot.

Now while the Sun round wending rode up heaven's topmost peak,  
So long rain'd thick the shafts of both, and Trojan fell and Greek :  
But when the Sun descended to the steer-unloosening hour,  
The Achaians then, all hope beyond, advanced superior power.  
Then Cébriones the hero forth from the broil they tore,  
Forth from the Trojan throng and din ; and off his arms they bore.  
Patroclus 'gainst the Trojans with mortal fury flew ;  
And thrice amid them, fierce as Mars, he rush'd the battle through,  
Shouting with horrid cries, and thrice nine valiant souls he slew.  
But when he leapt among them the fourth time, godlike he,—

Patroclus ! then was plainly shown thy last of life to thee.  
For thee amid the fighters did Phœbus dreadful meet ;  
Nor in the medley didst thou mark the God's advancing feet !—  
For wrapt in mist and darkness came he, and stept behind,  
And with strong hand descending prone  
Beat thy broad back and shoulder bone, and smote thine eyeballs blind.  
From the hero's head the helmet Phœbus Apollo bang'd :—  
Down roll'd the hollow casque beneath his horses' hoofs, and clang'd.  
With blood his plume was dabbled, and dust ; nor e'er before  
Had any seen that helmet's sheen disgraced with dust and gore !  
For 'twas thy head it guarded, Achilles, chief divine ;—  
'Twas thy fair face it wont to grace, and gloriously to shine.  
Now Jove to Hector gave it, high on his brows to rear ;—  
Yet should not Hector vaunt it long, for eke his doom drew near.  
Then all the spear long-shadowing snapp'd in the hero's grip,  
The ponderous spear, so stiff and strong, and shod with brazen tip ;  
Shiver'd the mighty missile, and down dropp'd to the ground,  
Dropp'd from his shoulders, belt and all, the broad shield's mighty  
round.

And Jove's dread son, Apollo the king, his mail unloos'd,  
Slacken'd his limbs beneath the trunk, and all his sense confused.  
Astound he stood ; when creeping behind, and aiming near,  
Betwixt his shoulders pierced his back a Dardan with his spear,—  
Panthoïdes Euphorbus ;—who all the youngsters beat,  
That throw the lance, that drive the team, and race with flying feet.  
For Grecians had he tumbled full twenty from their cars  
Since first he drove his steeds to Troy, and fought his maiden wars.  
And now at thee, Patroclus, his weapon first he flung,

Nor slew outright ; but pluck'd it out,  
The ashen spear, and turn'd about, and slunk his hosts among. —  
Nor dared affront Patroclus, though bared of arms, in fray :—  
He, stunn'd of God, and pierced with dart,  
Slipp'd backward to the Grecians' part, to shun his deathful day.

But Hector, when beheld he Patroclus staggering back,—  
Wounded and stunn'd,—from rank to rank advanced he to the attack,  
And close before him levell'd his spear, and drove it well  
His belly through ;—with horrid clang,  
While groans of Grecians round him rang, the mighty warrior fell !  
And as in strife a lion o'erthrows a boar outright,  
When for a shallow fountain-head,  
With courage bold and force inbred, high on the hills they fight ;—  
For thirst they both, and neither gives place, but strives the more,  
Till lion bold with all his might o'ermasters gasping boar :—  
So Hector slew Patroclus with javelin brandish'd nigh,  
And stay'd his hand 'mid many a deed of strength and courage high ; —  
And vaunting thus address'd him :—" Ha ! didst thou then essay  
Our hold to spoil, our dames to seize, and quench their freedom's day,  
And bear them to your fatherland far o'er the seas away ?  
Fool thou !—for Hector's horses strain ever, stride for stride,  
With nimble feet the foe to meet, and guard them, maid or bride !  
And 'mid the Trojans ever stand I with foremost spear,  
And ward their day of doom ; but thee shall here the vultures tear.  
Ah, wretch ! in vain that brave one, Achilles, thee enjoin'd,  
Then when he sent thee forth to fight, but stay'd himself behind :—  
' Come not,' said he, ' returning, thou valiant cavalier,

Nor seek me by the shapely ships, till thou triumphant tear  
The bloody vest from Hector's breast, the slaughter'd manslayer !'  
So charged he thee, and cozen'd thy senses, senseless thou !"—  
To whom Patroclus, scant of breath, made answer, gasping slow :—  
“ Now,—now boast grandly, Hector !—for lo ! the meed is thine !—  
Me easily Jove hath conquer'd, and Apollo, Powers divine !—  
'Tis they that spoil my armour !—for, were but they as thou,  
Full twenty such had fall'n at once slain by my spear even now !  
But me accursèd Fate, and Latona's seed subdue ;—  
Of men Euphorbus ;—thou, the third, shalt spoil my armour too !  
But this too will I tell thee, and thou perpend it well !  
Nor long shalt thou thyself survive, and shun the gates of hell !  
For round thee close already Death, and resistless Fate ;  
And thee the glorious *Æacide* Achilles' hands shall mate !”  
Thus as he spake her shadows Death's end-all o'er him spread ;  
And issuing forth his limbs the wingèd soul to Hades fled,  
Her lot bewailing, parted from youth and vigour blest :—  
And bright-helm'd Hector, as he lay, the dead man thus address'd :—  
“ Patroclus, why advise me of bitter death ? who knows  
But Thetis' son himself the first life by my hands shall lose ?”—  
He spake, and on him trampling his brazen shaft forth drew,  
And thrust him from it prone on earth ; and waved it high, and flew  
To reach the chariot-driver of swiftfoot *Æacide*,  
*Automedon*, the godlike squire ;—but still he vainly tried :—  
For him bore off the coursers,—bore off those coursers swift,—  
Immortals, whom the Gods had given to *Peleus*, peerless gift !



## BOOK XVII.

NOR 'scaped it Menelaüs Atrides, loved of Mars,  
How fell the prince by Trojan hands, o'ermaster'd in the wars.  
Then rush'd he through the foremost in glittering arms aglow ;  
And ever round the dead he strode, as round her calf the cow ;  
As cow around her firstborn doth ever wailing run,  
So round Patroclus evermore ran Atreus' ruddy son.  
And still broad shield before him he held, and thrust his lance,  
Intent to scare whoe'er should dare against his friend advance.

Nor then the son of Panthus, lord of the ashen spear,  
Had failed to mark Patroclus fall, but came, and planted near  
Bespake he Menelaüs :—" Ha ! Atreus' son divine,  
'Thou lord of nations, turn, and leave my dead, and spoils of mine !  
For none before me struck him, nor Trojan, in the strife,—  
Nor proud ally ;—then leave to me my prize and honours rife ;—  
Lest thee I smite too, and despoil thy honey-flavour'd life !"  
Thereat in mighty dudgeon cried Atreus' ruddy son :—  
" O Father Jove, unseemly vaunt is right and meet for none !  
Now surely neither leopard, nor lion, nor wild boar,—



The monster that of all the field is strongest evermore,—  
Is arrogant as these are, this doughty Panthoide breed :—  
But neither Hyperenor erst, stout queller of the steed,  
Did youth and strength advantage then, when he dared withstand  
Me to my face, and called me worst and weakest of our band !  
Ne'er did this man, I tell thee, returning on his feet,  
Gladden his parents and his spouse come forth his kiss to meet.  
Thy strength too will I slacken likewise, if 'gainst me so  
Thou stand in arms : then turn thee back, and 'midst thy battle go,  
Ere harm o'ertake thee :—deed once done, lo ! even a fool may know !"  
So spake he, but prevail'd not ;—and answer'd Panthus' son :—  
" Ha ! great Atrides,—now my brother's death shalt thou atone,—  
Of whom so loud thou vauntest !—whose spouse, in bower new-wed,  
Thou hast made a widow, and bow'd down,  
With many a weary grief and groan, our parents' ancient head.  
Now surely shall I loose them from doleful sorrow's bands,—  
Panthus revered, and Phrontis mild,—  
If head of thine and armour spoil'd I cast into their hands !  
Hold then !—the fight no longer shall stay for idle breath !—  
At once will I the issue try of victory or death !"  
He spake, and hurl'd his javelin, and bruis'd the rounded shield ;  
The sharp steel pierced not through, but there was blunted and repell'd.  
Then Atreïde Menelaüs, with prayer to Jove he flung ;  
And struck his rival in retreat on the gullet, nigh the lung ;  
And following up the spearcast a forceful thrust he made ;  
And through the tender throat forthright issued the shining blade.  
Fell he with din and clatter ; his arms around him clash'd ;  
And all his sleek and shimmering hair,

Which with the Graces' might compare,  
With gold and silver fillets fair, with gouts of blood was dash'd.  
And as an olive sapling, apart in garden fed  
By copious waters bubbling up, fair grown with branching head,  
Rock'd by the gusts of many a breeze, with flowerets white dis-  
pread ;—

Comes all at once a tempest, with whirlwind sweeping round,  
And twists and tears it from the trench, and flings it to the  
ground ;—

So Panthoïde Euphorbus, lord of the ashen spear,  
Did Atreïde Menelaüs then lay low, and spoil'd his gear.  
And as a dauntless lion, in desert mountains rear'd,  
Seizes a heifer from the mead, the goodliest of the herd ;  
With strong teeth breaks her collar first, and then laps her blood,  
And all her entrails tears, and sucks the hotly-reeking blood :—  
Loud bark the dogs at distance ; far off the herdsmen bawl ;  
Nor any dares the beast attack, but shrink in terror all :—  
So of the Trojans no man ventured with generous rage  
The valiant Menelas to meet, and hand to hand engage.  
Then Panthoïde's armour quickly his own the prince had made,  
But that divine Apollo mark'd, and grudg'd him, and forbade ;  
And urged against him Hector, the War-god's peer in fight,  
Assuming Mentès' form and face, who led the Cicone might,—  
Now Hector thus address'd he :—" Lo ! vainly runn'st thou thus  
To seize the steeds unseizable of the seed of Æacus ;—  
For mortal man to drive them were hard, most hard to tame,—  
But for Achilles, who from an immortal mother came.  
Meanwhile the son of Atreus fights o'er Patroclus slain,

And now our bravest chief Euphorbus casts he on the plain ! ”  
So spake the God, and strode he midst the murderous moil again.

Then fell there bitter anguish o'er Hector's spirit dark ;  
Forward he glanced, and straight beheld  
The Grecian spoiling helm and shield ; the Trojan bare and stark  
Lay on the ground extended, blood gushing from his wound ;  
Then through the foremost ranks he dash'd with glittering helmet  
crown'd ;

And shouted he and clatter'd like noise of crackling fire ;  
Nor did Atrides fail to fear, so roar'd he in his ire.

Then Menelas sore troubled his own bold heart bespake :—

“ Ha ! should I leave these glorious arms, and this dead friend for-  
sake,

Who lies here for my honour,—then surely every Greek,  
Whoe'er the deed beholds, on me despiteful scorn would wreak.  
But if alone 'gainst Hector and these his friends I fight,  
Nor deign to yield, much fear lest they close and surround me quite.  
For here bright-crested Hector leads all the Trojan host :—

But why debate so with my heart, with doubts and terrors toss'd ?  
Would man, the Power opposing, the loved of heaven control ;  
Then quickly on that luckless wight will dire disaster roll !

Then let no Grecian grudge me that I to Hector yield ;  
For 'tis of God,—of God he fights :—were Ajax in the field,  
Then would we twain together e'en against the opposing Power  
Renew the strife, and haply drag this dead man from the stour,  
Back to his friend :—no better way 'mid ills that o'er us lower ! ”  
Such thoughts awhile revolving he with his soul convers'd :

'Gainst him meanwhile the hosts of Troy advanced, and Hector first.  
So step by step he yielded, oft turning towards the dead :  
As lion of the tufted mane by dogs and men bestead,  
By shooting scared and shouting from the farmyard and the byre,  
His generous heart-blood clotted thick,—so grieves he to retire :—  
So from the dead Patroclus Menelaüs still gave ground,  
And stopp'd, and turn'd, soon as his friends he reach'd, and glanc'd  
    he round

For mighty Ajax speering, the Telamonian hight :  
Him soon perceiv'd he on the left, the furthest of the fight,  
Heartening his friends, and urging all to combat ;—such the fright  
Which on them king Apollo had cast, such panic made :  
Then off he strode, and standing by bespake him swift and said :—  
“ Hither, good Ajax!—never our slaughter'd friend give o'er !  
So to Achilles may we bring his naked corse,—no more !—  
For lo ! already Hector hath spoil'd the shining brass ! ”  
He spake, and stirr'd the hero's breast :  
So through the foremost Ajax press'd with ruddy Menelas.

Lo ! Hector now was dragging Patroclus by the heel,  
And from his shoulders hoped to shear his head with trenchant steel,  
And cast away the body to the dogs that range the field :  
Came Ajax nigh, uprearing like a tower his mighty shield.  
Then back amidst his fellows Hector retired, and clomb  
His chariot-seat, and gave the spoil, and bade them bear it home,  
To be his pride and glory : lo ! o'er Menœtius' son  
Threw Ajax his broad shield, and stood, covering him all alone.  
As o'er his whelps a lion, whom hunters in a wood

Encounter, as he roams about, and leads his youngling brood,  
And roaring in his anger draws all his broad brow down  
In shaggy folds, and sheathes his eyes ;—so by that hero strown  
Stalk'd Ajax, and beside him stern guard Atrides held,  
The loved of Mars, and in his breast the passionate sorrow swell'd.  
Then Glaucus frown'd on Hector, and chid him with despite ;  
Glaucus that led the Lycian youth :—

“ O Hector, fair in form forsooth, yet lackst thou much in might !  
Vain is thy name for valour !—a recreant skulker thou !  
Bethink thee how alone to save thy towers and turrets now,—  
Thou with the Trojans only, whose is this fatherland !  
For Lycian none shall with thee march the Grecians to withstand,  
And guard the Trojan city :—'twere little joy for us,  
With furious foes unceasingly to strive and struggle thus !  
For how amidst the medley shouldst thou a worser save,  
Thou base one, who to the Argive hosts hast left Sarpedon brave,  
To be their prey and plunder ?—him whom thou calledst friend,—  
Him, who was erst thy stranger guest ;—whom thou shouldst most  
defend ?

Troy town he mainly succour'd ; for thee he freely bled,  
While living ; now thou canst endure the dogs should eat him dead  
Wherefore my men I counsel,—if they my words will heed,—  
Homeward to wend,—for bitter end to Troy is now decreed !  
Ah ! would such dauntless courage the Trojan warriors mann'd,—  
Such as alights on man that fights  
From brunt of foes and bitter slights to save his fatherland ;—  
Right soon then to the city should we Patroclus bear :—  
For could we but this corse secure, and forth the combat tear,



Then should the Grecians yield us the arms Sarpedon bore ;  
And we our dead should bring to Troy, and to his friends restore :  
So great the chief whose servant Patroclus we have slain ;  
Bravest of all the Greeks and best, he and his valiant train.  
But thou hast quail'd at Ajax, nor dared to meet him now  
View'd face to face ; for he, methinks, is better man than thou ! ”  
Then frown'd bright-crested Hector, and thus the prince address'd :—  
“ Nay, Glaucus, brave one as thou art, vaunt not thyself the best ?  
Once thine of all the Lycians deem'd I the soundest head :  
But now I blame thy judgment much for that which thou hast said ;  
As though from giant Ajax I shrink, and shun his steel ;—  
I dread not rustling of his lance, nor rumbling of his wheel !  
But Jove's high purpose ever transcendeth human will ;  
Even so the valiantest he daunts, and baulks of triumphs still ;—  
Again to fight he pricks them, himself :—but come thou near,  
Sirrah ! and stand thou by my side, and see what deeds I dare !  
Or will I play the coward, as sayst thou, all this day ;  
Or some one of the Greeks will I,—the bravest in the fray,—  
Make quit his hold, and from this dead Patroclus scare away ! ”  
He spake, and to the Trojans he shouted loud and far :—  
“ Ye Trojans, and ye Lycians, and  
Ye Dardans, fighters hand to hand, be men, and mind the war ;—  
What time I gird around me Achilles' glorious gear,  
Which from Patroclus, slain by me, I stripp'd, myself to wear ! ”  
So cried bright-crested Hector, and left them where they fought ;  
And ran pursuing, swift of foot, and soon his fellows caught  
Who bore Pelides' arms of fame, and toward the city brought.  
Apart from tearful battle he changed his armour there :—



His own he gave his Trojans bold to sacred Troy to bear ;  
And dared the immortal armour of Péléides to don,  
Which erst the Gods, bright host of heaven, gave Peleus for his own ;—  
He to his child ;—but wax'd not old in the sire's array the son !

Him when the Cloud-amasser saw, where he sate apart,  
In great Achilles' armour clad,  
His head he shook, with sorrow sad, and mutter'd in his heart :—  
“ Ha ! wretch, that deem'st so little of death that clips thee close,  
Donning the immortal armour of the chiefest of thy foes,  
Who all men else makes tremble ; whose comrade dear even now,  
Patroclus strong, Patroclus mild,  
Thyself hast slain, and rudely spoil'd his bosom and his brow :—  
Yet greatness will I grant thee, fit guerdon yet will give,  
For that from battle thou shalt ne'er return at home to live,  
Nor shall Andromache these proud Peleïan arms receive.”  
With eyebrows darkly drooping he nodded as he spake :—  
But Hector fitted to his breast the mail of heavenly make ;  
And Mars the terrible War-god his limbs in harness sheathed,  
Swell'd all his nerves with lusty strength, and inward vigour breathed.  
Then up, and strode he shouting amongst the famed allies ;  
And flaring in those arms so bright  
Like Peleïde's self, a form of fright, he loom'd before their eyes !  
So each and all approach'd he, and cheer'd them all with speech ;  
Mesthles and Glaucus he address'd, and Medon, all and each ;  
Thersilochus, Deisenor, Phorcys, Hippothoüs,  
Asteropæus, Chromius, and the augur Ennomus ;—  
With wingèd words address'd them, and call'd them to his side :—

“ Hear me, ye multitudinous hosts of neighbouring clans allied !  
’Twas not for sake of numbers, ’twas not from need of hands,  
That each from home I hither call’d, and sway’d to my commands ;  
But that our wives and children from the spoiler ye might guard ;  
Therefore my people’s goods I waste to feed ye and reward,  
And fire your force and courage :—then march ye all forthright,  
Whether ye perish, or survive the dalliance of the fight.  
And him who drags Patroclus,—though dead, yet drags away—  
And casts him ’mid the Trojan ranks, when Ajax yields the day,  
Him will I fee, and honour, with half the spoil divine,—  
Half take myself,—and his renown shall aye be peer with mine !”  
He spake, and ’gainst the Grecians forthright the succours press’d  
With brandish’d darts ; and much they hoped the batter’d corse to wrest  
From Telamonian Ajax :—fools they ! for o’er the dead  
Full many a life from them he won, and levell’d many a head !  
But thus to loud-voiced Menelas the Telamonian said :—  
“ Ha ! Jove-born Menelaüs, my friend, I dare no more  
Hope for us twain, if for none else, good speed from Ilium’s shore.  
Not for Patroclus’ body so much I tremble now,—  
The lifeless flesh which soon shall sate the Trojan hound and crow,—  
As for mine own dear safety I fear, my friend, and thine ;  
So Hector with like cloud of war o’erwhelms our battle line,  
But to ourselves like bitter death doth ever baleful shine !  
Then call we on the Grecians, whatever chief be near !”  
He spake, nor loud-voiced Menelas was slow his cry to hear ;  
But to the Greeks call’d he aloud, and raised his warlike cheer :—  
“ Friends all, ye chiefs and leaders of the great Achaian host,—  
Ye that beside the Atridæ twain,

The sovereign kings that rule and reign, aye feed at common cost,—  
Commanders all and captains, whose worship springs from Jove!—  
Now hard it were to spy out each,  
Their ears to reach with general speech, this din of war above!  
Then come ye nigh and hearken, and all indignant see  
Patroclus cast to dogs of Troy their graceless sport to be!"

He spake, and swift-foot Ajax Oïlean shrewdly heard;  
And first was he through all the fight to hasten at his word.  
Idomeneus delay'd not, nor Merion fail'd to hear,  
Bold liegeman of Idomeneus, manslaughtering Mars his peer.  
And who by heart could render the names of all the rest,  
Who next the Grecian battle led?—  
Nor less, with Hector at their head, forward the Trojans press'd.  
And as against the outflow of a Jove-descended flood  
Big ocean-billows roar and dash, and booms the sea-beach loud  
With breakers in the offing;—with crash and din not less  
Advance the Trojans, and the Greeks about Patroclus press,  
All with one mind and motion, all bright in armour sheathed;  
While round their helms Saturnian Jove a darkling vapour breathed:  
For so he erst had favour'd Menœtiades the good,  
Even then when by Achilles' side that faithful servant stood.  
And now it griev'd and shock'd him that he should lie a prey  
To dogs;—wherefore the Greeks he urged to save his corse that day.

Yet first the Trojans baffle the Greeks with glancing eyes;  
Tremble the Greeks, and yield, and leave the body where it lies.  
Nor had the valiant Trojans slain one, with all their force:

Yet, while the Grecians yield a step, seize they, and drag the corse,  
One instant ; quickly rally the Greeks by Ajax press'd ;  
He next to Peleus' comely son  
Of all the host the comeliest one, in deeds of war the best.  
Rush'd Ajax 'mid the foremost, most like the fierce wild hog,  
Who in the uplands turns at bay,  
And scatters through the vales away the hunters, man and dog.  
So promptly glorious Ajax, brave son of Telamon,  
Scatter'd the Trojan ranks compact, against them rushing on ;  
When round the dead Patroclus press'd they, and vaunted high  
Themselves immortal fame to win, and drag their prize to Troy.  
Now him the son of Lethus by the foot, Hippothoüs, seiz'd,  
And with his sash his ancles bound ;—right well was Hector pleas'd !  
But soon fell mischief on him, which none could meet to ward ;  
For Ajax caught him, hand to hand, and smote his helmet hard.  
Then crest and plume together fell stricken on the sand,  
Riven by the weight of mighty spear thrust home by forceful hand :  
And from the wound inflicted, and through the helmet's hole,  
Gush'd forth his brains suffused with blood, and fainted life and soul.  
Dropp'd from his nerveless fingers Patroclus' foot plump down ;  
Himself beside it headlong fell the prostrate corse upon,  
Far from fair-soil'd Larissa : nor lived he to repay,—  
So brief of date,—his parents' care,  
His breeding and his training rare, by Ajax slain that day.  
Again at Ajax darted Hector with shining spear ;  
Mark'd he, and but a little shunn'd the steel he aim'd so near :  
Schedius it struck and wounded, son of brave Iphitus,  
The bravest of the Phocian bands, who dwelt at Panopeus.

And ruled a host of warriors ; it struck his shoulder-blade,  
And on the tough bone shrewdly driven a thorough rent it made :  
He fell, and round him, as he fell, his brazen armour bray'd.  
Ajax replied, and Phorcys, stout Phænops' son, he smote  
Right on the navel, while beside Hippothoüs' corse he fought :  
The bulging of his cuirass he broke, and with the thrust  
Scatter'd his entrails ; prone fell he, and grasp'd the bloody dust.  
Then back the foremost Trojans, and back brave Hector stept ;  
Shouted the Greeks, and dragg'd the dead,  
Hippothoüs, Phorcys, heels and head ; and so their arms they kept.

And now the daunted Trojans, by the Grecian prowess driven,  
Had fled, and hurried up to Troy ;  
By their own might and courage high  
The Greeks had gain'd the victory, e'en 'gainst the doom of heaven ;—  
But saw and rush'd Apollo Æneas to arouse,  
With form and face of Periphas, the son of Epytus,  
That herald old, who tarried, his ancient sire beside,  
At home, in solemn rites engaged, of worth and wisdom tried :  
Now thus dissembled came the God, and spake to him, and cried :—  
“ Now, now defend the city !—now lofty Ilion save  
Yourselves, though Heaven his aid deny !—such stedfast men and  
brave,  
So confident of courage, victorious have I seen,  
Even though their numbers lesser far, their vantage nought had been !  
Now Jove himself full surely prefers ye to the Greeks :—  
'Tis ye that shrink on battle's brink, or fight with blenching cheeks !”  
He spake ; but king Æneas knew standing by his side



Apollo, Darter-from-afar, and loud to Hector cried :—  
“ Ho ! Hector,—and ye leaders all, ye Trojan and allied !  
Now shame on us, thus worsted before the foe to quail,  
And daunted all with nerveless hearts high Ilion's hill to scale !  
Yet now, even now beside me some Power hath stood, and said,  
Jove, sovereign Ruler, loves us well, and lends us all his aid !  
Then on against the Greeks forthright,—  
Nor let them thus, with labour light, bear off Patroclus dead ! ”  
He spake, and far the foremost before the host he leapt :  
The Trojans faced, and 'gainst the Greeks their stedfast battle kept.  
Then with his lance Æneas Leocritus o'erthrew,  
Son of Arisbas, Lycomedes's auxiliar bold and true :  
And martial Lycomedes, stung at his comrade's scathe,  
Advanced close up, and launch'd his dart,  
Pierced Apisaon to the heart, and loos'd his knees in death.  
Came he from rich Pæonia, and shone the first in fight  
After Asteropæus, chief of the Pæonian might.  
And brave Asteropæus smarted to see his fate ;  
Forthright he rush'd, impatient he the Grecian powers to mate :  
But yet he could not reach them, so closely were they press'd,  
All thronging round Patroclus slain, with shields, and spears in  
rest :  
And Ajax strode around them, with counsel and command ;  
Nor suffer'd one to lag behind, nor any forth to stand ;  
But ever made them close around, and combat hand to hand.  
So bade gigantic Ajax ;—and glisten'd all the ground  
With crimson blood, and thick and fast the Trojans fell around,  
Trojans, allies, and Grecians ;—for these too met their end ;



Yet fewer much fell these, for they  
Were ever mindful in the fray their comrades to defend.

So raged like fire the battle : and well ye might suppose  
Nor Sun survived, nor Moon endured, such mist fell thick and close  
Around the chiefs who wrestled there for Patroclus dead ;  
While Greeks and Trojans, all the rest,  
Fought at their ease, to view confest, bright radiance o'er them shed.  
And keen the Sun's rays darted ; nor fog or cloud was seen  
Or low on plain, or high on hill ; and with wide space between  
These skirmish'd with their javelins, or paused awhile from fight ;  
While those who in the centre strove, the bravest men of might,  
Were vex'd by mist and darkness, were worn by brazen dint.  
Meanwhile two men of noble breed,  
Antilochus and Thrasymede, yet lack'd of fame or hint  
Of the slaughter of Patroclus ; they deem'd him safe and sound,  
Yet raging in the front of war, and dealing deathblows round.  
These twain to watch the slaughter, their fleeing friends to save,  
Still kept their post, and stay'd apart ;—such counsel Nestor gave,  
Who bade them urge the battle from their black galleys aye :—  
The rest they toil'd, the rest they moil'd, all through the livelong day.  
With blood and sweat bedabbled their knees and thighs were dyed ;  
Their feet below were sore distain'd, their stout arms by their side,  
All round the liegeman, brave and good, of swiftfoot Æacide.  
As when a sturdy bull's-hide is given to men to stretch,  
Well steep'd in oil ;—they stand apart, and tug it each from each ;  
All o'er it spreads the moisture and gently enters in,  
While many tug, all standing round, and stretch the supple skin :—

So these, the Greeks and Trojans, the carcass tugg'd and tore,  
To right, to left, with little space behind them or before ;  
And these would drag it up to Troy, those downward to the shore !  
Roar'd wild the tumult round it ; nor could the God of war  
Protector Mars, nor Pallas fierce, begrudge that mighty jar,  
However to the vanquish'd foe aye fierce and stern they are !  
Such toil and joyless travail of many a man and horse  
Great Jove that day stretch'd far and wide around Patroclus' corse !

Nor yet forsooth Achilles had learnt his comrade's fall ;  
For from the ships remote they fought beneath the Trojan wall.  
Wherefore yet hoped and deem'd he not that his fere was slain,  
But that, the gates assail'd, alive he back should speed again.  
For well he knew the city he never should o'erthrow ;  
Nor with nor sans himself should storm the fortress of the foe.  
Such rede his mother often had taught him all apart,  
And oft to him interpreted the secret of Jove's heart :  
Yet she, the fates revealing, ne'er told him all his scathe ;  
That this, his dear familiar friend, had fallen and died the death.

Now these around the body their keen spears push'd amain,  
And straight against each other thrust, and slew, and spoil'd the  
slain.

And thus said one or other of the Greeks with brazen mail :  
" 'Twere shame, my friends, to turn and flee  
Down to our ships beside the sea, and basely crouch and quail :—  
Nay, rather yawn before us black earth !—'twere better far,  
Than yield this trophy to the foe

To drag to Troy, and compass so the glory of the war ! ”

And of the valiant Trojans thus some one cried, and said :

“ Friends ! even though such our doom decreed that round this Argive  
dead

We all should fall together,—let none his heart abate ! ”

So cried some Trojan to his feres, and wax'd their courage great.

So strove they, one and other ; and swell'd the iron blare

High to the brazen heavens, and cleft the realms of barren air.

But the horses of Achilles, far from the raging fight,

Wept tears when happ'd they first to hear

Of him, their guide and master dear, roll'd o'er by Hector's might.

And them, forsooth, their driver Automedon impell'd ;

And much with scourge impatient beat,

And cheer'd them much with chirrup sweet, nor threat nor curse with-  
held.

But neither back to the galleys on widespread Hellespont

They two would go, nor join the Greeks right in the battle's front.

But as a pillar stedfast stands o'er a dead man's mound,

Or woman's, so beside the car stood they, and towards the ground

Bow'd low their heads in sorrow ; and from their eyelids ran

Warm tears, so wept and groan'd they for their godlike chariotman.

Their beauteous manes were draggled, which through the yokerings  
broke

In streaming showers, and trail'd in dust on either side the yoke.

Jove mark'd their grief, and waved his head, and thus his soul bespoke :—

“ Ah ! why to kingly Peleus gave we your glorious brood ?

A mortal he :—immortal ye in youth and lustihood !

Beseem'd it, ye should suffer with men, and sorrows prove ;—  
Men, the most wretched race of all on earth that breathe and move ?  
Yet ne'er shall Hector drive ye, nor mount your glittering car :  
Enough ! I brook not he should gain more glory from the war :  
He boasts Patroclus slain, and his those arms and armour are !  
But I will give ye vigour,—your knees make lithe and light ;  
And ye shall bear Automedon right safely from the fight  
Back to the ships : the Trojans I still empower to slay  
Till to the benchful galleys down they drive the Greeks away,  
And sets the Sun, and sacred Night-fall intercepts the day."

He spake, and on the horses he breathed impetuous force :  
They from their manes flung down the dust, and held their sounding  
course

Right 'mid the Greeks and Trojans ; and on the chariot verge  
Automedon, with sorrow sad, yet waved his spear and scourge,  
High o'er the champain bounding, as kite on geese that hies ;  
Now swift from Trojan shout and rout escaping forth he flies ;  
And now right well and featly he turns, and onset makes ;  
Yet slays he not their men, whome'er pursues he and o'ertakes ;  
For in the glittering chariot he may not, all alone,  
Both launch the spear, and wheel or check the swift steeds hurrying on.  
At last a friend perceiv'd him, Alcimedon, and came  
And stood behind his car, and spake, and call'd him by his name :—  
"Automedon, this folly what God puts in thy mind ?  
What Power hath robb'd thee of thy wits, and left such dregs behind,—  
That thus against the Trojans foremost thou fight'st alone ?  
Slain is thy friend, and Hector boasts, and flaunts his armour won ;—

Æacides his armour!"—then replied Automedon:—

"Now who but thou, brave comrade, of all the Achaian name  
Can curb the courage and the force of this immortal team?—  
Who now,—as erst Patroclus, the peer of Gods in fight,<sup>1</sup>  
While yet he lived?—now fate and death encompass him with night.  
Then take the scourge and drive them, and take the reins and guide:  
Myself will from the chariot light, and combat by thy side."

Then with a shout the other leapt on the bounding car,  
And seiz'd the scourge and reins in hand;

Himself leapt down upon the sand; while Hector from afar  
Perceiv'd them, and Æneas bystanding he address'd:—

"Æneas, champion of our hosts that gird the brazen vest,—  
Lo! there I see the coursers Peleïan, sprung from heaven,  
Forth flashing on the front of war, by hands unworthy driven.  
So might I hope to seize them, if thou wouldst lend me aid:  
Their lords, methinks, will scarce withstand, and cope us twain array'd."  
He spake, and straight assented Anchises' gallant son:—  
Right on they strode, and rear'd their shields their shoulders broad  
upon;—

Stout plates of brass encircled the dry and tough bull's-hide;—  
And Chromius and Arétus both attended at their side;

And much they hoped to slay the twain,

And drive away across the plain their steeds of crested pride:—

Witless!—for not unbloody should they return that day

From the stalwart chief Automedon, whom sought they in the fray.

Pray'd he to Jove the Father;—the while his inmost breast

Swell'd high with strength and courage new;—and thus his friend ad-  
dress'd:—



“ Now keep the horses near me, that on my back and neck  
I feel their hot breath ;—much I fear I shall not Hector check,  
Ere on Pelides’ chariot and crested steeds he mount,  
And rout the ranks of Argives’ all, or fall himself in front.”

So saying, on the Ajaces he call’d, and Menelas :—

“ Ho ! ye that lead the Grecian hosts, all bright in burnish’d brass ;—  
Now bid the best and bravest still stand and battle give,  
And guard the dead, and check the attack ; but save ye us that live !

For through the tearful battle here Hector presses fast ;

And here Æneas, Trojans both, in valour unsurpass’d.

But these events and issues lie on the Immortals’ knees.—

I too will fling, and be the end fulfill’d as Jove decrees !”

He spake, and swung his javelin ; with all his vigour wheel’d

Flew the long-shadowing shaft, and smote Arétus’ rounded shield.

Nor could the shield resist it, by the brazen javelin riven ;

But through his belt the ponderous shaft, and through his loins was  
driven.

As when the vigorous youngster, with poleaxe stout and keen,

A bullock smites behind the horns, and cleaves the muscles clean ;—

He forward starts and tumbles : so sprang, so bow’d his head

The wretch, and sprawl’d he on the ground,—

With long dart sticking in the wound,—and mingled with the dead.

Then Hector his bright javelin aim’d at Automedon :—

He mark’d it threatening from afar, and shunn’d it rushing on,

And forward stoop’d ; behind him stood fix’d the javelin’s length,

And quiver’d in the soil, till Mars impetuous slack’d its strength.

Then hand to hand his falchion had either warrior plied,

But came the Ajaces striding fast, call’d to their comrade’s side,



And swift the combat parted ; for these the Trojan three  
Hector, Æneas, Chromius stout, espied, and turn'd to flee :  
And there they left Arétus dead, weltering in his blood ;  
And, light in fight, Automedon spoil'd him, and vaunted loud :—  
“ Ha ! now from wrath and sorrow some respite shall there be :  
For slain Patroclus I have slain a man, though worse than he.”  
He said, and in his chariot laid up the bloody gear,  
And climb'd himself, his hands and feet distain'd with gory smear ;  
Like dreadful lion, who has torn, and gnaw'd the stricken steer.

Now once more o'er Patroclus raged war with utmost strain,  
War cruel, tearful, terrible, by Pallas urged again :  
For she from heaven descended, by Jove broad-fronted sent  
Forth to incite the Greeks to fight ;—so now his mind was bent.  
And as Jove flings the rainbow across the sable sky,  
A sign to men of lowering war, or storm impending nigh,  
Storm such as stays the labours of men, and slays the sheep ;—  
So she behind a darkling cloud did midst the Grecians leap ;  
And roused she one and other : and thus she first bespake  
Stout Menelaüs standing by,  
Deigning the shape and sturdy cry of Phoenix sage to take :—  
“ Shame on thee, Menelaüs, shame shall there be and scorn,  
If great Achilles' faithful fere by ravening dogs be torn,  
Here, 'neath the Trojan rampart :—then on, and urge the rest !  
Nor leave the spot, nor quit your hold !”  
And heard her Menelaüs bold, and straightway thus address'd :—  
“ Dad Phoenix, veteran senior, fain would I fight, and stand  
The slain Patroclus to defend, would Pallas lend her hand

To ward these weapons from me, and give me strength to fight ;  
But Hector rages, fierce as flame, nor stays his javelin's might :  
And Jove vouchsafes him honour !” Then she her pride confess'd,  
For that herself of all the Powers the warrior first address'd.  
She braced his knees and shoulders, and gave him courage high,  
And in his heart she breathed the restless frenzy of the fly ;  
Which on man's skin alighting, though baffled oft and beat,  
Yet lights again, and bites amain,—she finds his blood so sweet !  
She with such fury fill'd him deep in his inmost heart :—  
So o'er Patroclus' corse he stood, and hurl'd his shining dart.  
One was there of the Trojans, Podes, Eëtion's son,  
Wealthy and good, whom mightily prized Hector, better none,  
For that his fere was he of old, and boon companion.  
Him ruddy Menelaüs, as he turn'd in haste to flee,  
Reach'd with the spear, and smote his belt, and through the steel  
drove he :

He fell, and clang'd his armour ; the conqueror seiz'd the corse,  
And from the Trojan ranks forthright haled it with all his force.

Then to Hector flew Apollo, the Far-accomplisher,  
In form of Phænops, Asius' son,  
Who from Abydos came, and none to Hector was so dear  
Of all the far-off succours : and standing close he said :—  
“ Now who, my prince, of all the Greeks hath so thy courage fray'd,  
As hath this Menelaüs, who wont but soft to be ?—  
Now off he strides, and bears away the prize of victory !  
He flouts the Trojans bravely ; he drags away the slain !  
Thy trusty liegeman hath he strown the foremost on the plain !”

He said, and shades of sorrow o'ercast the warrior's breast ;  
And through the foremost ranks aglow in brazen arms he press'd.  
And lo ! the Seed of Saturn his deep-fringed ægis took ;  
And lightening bright, and thundering loud,  
From Ida's summit gloom'd with cloud the glistening shield he shook ;  
To the Trojans gave he victory, with dread the Greeks he strook.

Peneleus the Bœotian was first turn'd, and led the flight ;  
His shoulder, as he faced the foe, was slit with flesh-wound light :  
The spear-head of Polydamas flew by, and grazed the bone ;  
For close the Trojan came, and smote with javelin featly thrown.  
And Hector wounded Leitus on the wrist above the hand,  
And slack'd the fury of his charge, and made him shrink and stand.  
Trembling he glanced around him ; for he could hope no more  
To combat, while his hand transfix'd the ponderous javelin bore.  
Then Hector rush'd upon him with fell impetuous shock ;  
But him Idomeneus repress'd ;  
With long lance smote his mail mid-breast, but shiver'd steel from stock,  
Shouted outright the Trojans ; while at the Cretan king,  
High rear'd above his chariot wheels Hector essay'd to fling.  
Him miss'd he by a little ; but Coëranus he smote,  
The chariotman of Mériones, and friend and follower stout.  
Now from his bark descending had Merion first of all  
Resolv'd to wage the war afoot, beneath the Trojan wall ;  
And triumph to the Trojans had surely been decreed ;  
But followed him his chariotman, and brought him car and steed,  
And bore him light, and lent him life, and saved him in his need !  
But he to murderous Hector his life resign'd ere long :

For 'neath the jaw and 'neath the ear, through the teeth and through  
the tongue

Rush'd Hector's steel resistless : then fell he from his seat :

And on the ground down dropp'd the rein :

Stoop'd Méridones, and from the plain pluck'd it with fingers feat :

And thus his chief address'd he :—" Now lash, and speed the car,

Till the swift ships we reach ; full well thou know'st how weak we are !"

Lash'd he the steeds, and reach'd the ships, despairing of the war !

Nor mark'd not valiant Ajax, nor Menelaüs brave,

How to the Trojans Jove himself success and succour gave :

And first cried Telamonius :—" Ye Powers ! now none so blind

But sees how to the Trojan host hath Father Jove inclined,

For all their shafts, whoever impels them, take effect,

Be he stout or weak ; so Jove forsooth drives them himself direct.

But bootless still and fruitless fall ours, and strew the plain :

Come then, and let us well advise how we may hale the slain

Back, and ourselves returning greet our comrades once again ;—

Who here regarding tremble, nor hope that Hector's might,

And aye resistless hands shall stay, or e'er these turn in flight.

And reach the sable galleys :—ah ! would some friend there were

Who to Achilles with all speed might run, and message bear !

May be he knows not yet the fate of him he loved so dear.

But of all our Grecian succours none such discern I can ;

So thick the cloud that wraps the field, and hides them, horse and  
man.

But thou, O Jove Almighty ! thou pluck us from the mist ;—

Drive thou away these shades of night ;—

Purge thou this film of mortal sight;—  
And kill,—but kill us in the light,—Father ! if so thou list.”

Weeping he spake : the Father his tears with ruth beheld ;  
Straightway the shades he scatter'd wide, and all the mist dispell'd.  
Shone forth the Sun to light them, and all the war display'd :—  
And then to loud-voiced Menelas turn'd Ajax, and thus said :—  
“ Now look thou, Menelaüs, mark if thou yet canst see  
Alive the brave Antilochus, stout Nestor's offspring he.  
Then bid him hie and hasten, and to Achilles tell  
The cruel fate which now so late his dearest friend befel.”  
He spake, nor did loud-cheerer Menelaüs disobey :  
Forthwith he went, as from the stalls a lion stalks away,  
Who after much assailing of dogs and warders loud,—  
That will not let him suck the fat, nor sup the bullock's blood,  
At watch and wake all night long,—a-hunger'd and enraged  
Darts he, but nothing gains, so thick the war of spears is waged,—  
Of spears and burning torches from many a stalwart hand,  
The which, for all his valiantness, he dares not to withstand ;—  
But with the dawn departs he, much griev'd, with moody heart ;—  
So from before Patroclus' corse did Menelas depart.  
He turn'd away unwilling ; for sore he fear'd, lest so  
The Greeks adread might yield the dead a trophy to the foe !  
And Merion much enjoin'd he, and much the Ajaces twain :—  
“ Ye leaders of the Grecian bands, stand fast and guard the slain !  
His goodness and his kindness keep ever fresh in mind ;  
While living was he ever good, while living ever kind ;  
But now to death and endless scathe his spirit is consign'd.”



Then off sprang Menelaüs and gazed on all sides round,  
Like keen-eyed eagle, whose is sight  
Keenest they say of fowls of flight beneath the skies profound ;  
Whom, though so lofty soaring, the swift hare shuns in vain,  
Though even beneath the tufted shrub she crouches on the plain ;—  
So thou, O Menelaüs, roll'dst then the piercing eye  
Through all the hosts, if Nestor's son thou might'st yet living spy.  
And there was he discover'd to the left of all the fight,  
Urging his comrades, man by man, and marshalling their might.  
Approach'd him Menelaüs, and quickly thus bespake :—  
“ Ha ! Jove-sprung hero, come and hear the tale I bid thee take !—  
Woe worth the dire disaster !—and thou thyself, I ween,  
This woe which whelms us, sent of God, hast sometime known and  
seen ;—

This triumph to the Trojans !—Patroclus, best of all  
The Greeks, lies dead, and sore amazement doth our host appal.  
But run thou to the galleys, that Peleus' son may hear ;  
And bid him come and save the corse, and back, though naked, bear :  
For Hector of the glittering crest hath stripp'd his gallant gear.”  
He said, and sore desponding the son of Nestor stood  
Silent awhile ; and both his eyes brimm'd o'er with sorrow's flood.  
Nathless the hest he heeded, and off with speed he ran,  
Leaving his arms with Ladocus, his valiant chariotman.  
And so afoot he started, all weeping as he went,  
To bear the tale of woe and wail to Achilles in his tent.

Nor Jove-sprung Menelaüs then pleas'd it there to bide,  
With the comrades of Antilochus,



Who war-worn, and abandon'd thus, much for their captain sigh'd.

He left them Thrasymedes to lend them powerful aid ;

But turn'd himself to guard the slain,—

Beside the Ajaces stood again, and call'd to them, and said :—

“ This scout to swift Achilles now straightway have I sent ;

Yet he, methinks, not now will come, for all his discontent ;

For bare of arms he may not encounter Hector's hand.

Then let us counsel take, how best the Trojans to withstand

Shorn of his aid ; and struggle the corse to hale away,

And from the deadly stour ourselves to 'scape with life this day.”

Then Ajax Telamonius rejoin'd, and answer made :—

“ O Menelaüs, famed in war, right fitly this is said :—

Do thou then, thou and Merion, stoop down and lift the corse,

And bear it swiftly from the moil ; and we, with all our force,

Staying behind, will combat, and all these hosts restrain ;

We of one name and courage both, we dauntless brothers twain,

Who here, each by his fellow's side, so long the war sustain !”

They stoop'd, and strain'd, and lifted the dead man, heels and  
head ;

Shouted the Trojan hosts behind to see them lift the dead :

And straight they rush'd against them, as hounds assail a boar

Stricken and sore bestead, that strain the hunter's speed before,

At first with ardour running and wild their prey to bite ;—

But should he turn in mighty strength, and dare them to the fight,—

Then back they bend, all quaking, and scud they here and there :

So first the Trojans throng'd and press'd, and thrust with sword and  
spear ;

But when the stout Ajaces turn'd both, and 'gainst them stood,

Their colour changed, nor any dared the venture bold make good.

So these with constant courage the dead man bore away  
Back to the ships, and o'er them stretch'd the rout of wild affray :—  
Like fire which smites a city, and rides o'er tower and wall ;  
And in the conflagration dire men's dwellings sink and fall ;  
And roars the violence of the wind impetuous over all !  
So rose the din tremendous of steeds and armèd men  
O'er these, while through the midst they bore Patroclus down the  
plain.

But these, as mules advancing with effort staunch and strong  
Draw from the forest on the hill, the dusty paths along,  
Stout beam, or mast for galley ; and ever strive they on,  
Their panting breasts and heaving chests with toil and sweat for-  
done :—

So patient these and stedfast still bore him ; and behind  
The Ajaces faced the foes' assault, and all their rage confined.  
As woody uplands stretching across the champain check  
The torrent's course, nor all his force their mighty mound can  
break ;

But through the plain his waters drain, or swell the level lake :—  
So stout and stedfast ever the Ajaces scatter'd back  
The Trojan throngs ; still rallied they, and press'd the dire attack.  
And two men ever foremost still press'd with mickle might,  
Æneas Anchisiades, and Hector flickering bright.  
And as a cloud of starlings or daws with clamour shrill  
Fly, when they view the kite afar,  
Fell harbinger of deadly war to every lesser bill ;—

From Hector and Æneas so shrank they in affright,  
The hosts of Greece ; so shrill they cried unmindful of the fight ;  
So fled they, ever casting their glittering arms away,  
Here, there,—within, without the trench ;—nor ceas'd the dire affray.

## BOOK XVIII.

SO Grecians all and Trojans like flaming fire they fought :  
But swift-of-foot Antilochus Achilles' leaguer sought.  
Before his crested galleys stood Peleus' godlike son,  
Pensive, and boding in his breast the deeds already done.  
And thus perturb'd the hero his own high heart bespake :—  
“ Alack ! why do the Greeks again this tumult shipward make,  
All o'er the champain scouring ?—ha ! will the Gods indeed  
Accomplish all the dire disasters of old time decreed,  
Whereof my mother warn'd me ?—that he, forsooth, the best  
And bravest of the Myrmidons, by Trojan hands oppress'd,—  
Myself even yet surviving,—should quit heaven's vital ray ?  
Ha ! surely brave Menœtius' son hath fallen, poor soul, to-day !  
I bade him, ha ! I bade him hurl back the hostile brand ;—  
Then turn again, and seek the ships, nor Hector's arm withstand ! ”  
Now while he thus consider'd, lo ! noble Nestor's seed  
Approach'd, shedding warm tears, and thus declared his bitter rede :—  
“ Ah ! son of valiant Peleus how rueful is the say  
Which I must bear, and thou must hear : woe worth the dreadful day !  
Dead lies the brave Patroclus, and o'er his corse they fight,—

His naked corse,—and lo ! his arms keeps Hector crested bright.”  
He spake ; and on Achilles dark clouds of sorrow shed :  
Grasp’d he gray dust in either hand, and flung it on his head,  
And his fair face disfigured, and slurr’d his tunic o’er,  
His winsome tunic, bright and gay ;  
And prostrate in the sand he lay,—  
Huge man extended huge and splay,—beat breast, and tresses tore !  
Then wail’d the captive women, the plunder of the war,  
Whom with Patroclus he had seized, and wafted from afar :  
Forth rush’d they from their chamber, and ran with shriekings loud,  
And o’er the prostrate chief their breasts they beat, their knees they  
bow’d :

And o’er against them mutter’d Antilochus with tears,  
Grasping Achilles by the hand, and sighing forth his fears,  
Lest his own throat the hero should slit with trenchant blade.  
With violent groans he storm’d at fate :—  
Heard him his mother, where sedate  
Beside her ancient sire she sate, in hollow seas embay’d.  
With shrill lament she greeted ; and straightway throng’d her round  
The Nereïd sisters, Nymphs divine, that swim the depths profound.—

Now these Nymphs are Glaucè, Thalia too, Cymodocè too,  
Nesaïè and Spio, Thoè too, and Hália brown-eyed ;  
Cymothoè too and Actæa, and Limnoréa,  
And Melitè and Iæra, and Amphithoè and Agavè ;  
Doto too and Proto, Pherusa too, Dynamenè too,  
Dexamenè too, and Amphinomè, and Callianira,  
Doris and Panopè, and famous-in-song Galatéa ;  
Nemertès too and Apseudes, and Callianassa :

And these are Clymenè, Ianira too, and Ianassa,  
Mæra and Orithyia, and beautiful-hair'd Amathéa :

These and numberless more, that dwell in the depths of the ocean.  
Came these, and throng'd the cavern so white with splendours pale ;  
And beat their breasts together all, while Thetis led the wail :—  
“ Now hear me, Nereïd sisters,—hear all, and learn and know  
What sorrows in my bosom reign, the terror, and the woe !  
Woe worth my luck in child-bed, and glorious birth I gave ;—  
My son, among the fairest fair, above the bravest brave !  
Upsprang he like a seedling, my glory and my joy !  
I train'd him like some garden plant ; and forth I sent my boy  
High on his crested ships to sail, and wage the wars of Troy !  
But him again returning no more shall I receive  
Back to his father's home ;—but he, even while he yet doth live,  
And gaze on sky and sunlight, grieves now with bitter woe ;  
Nor would it aught avail to soothe his pain that I should go :—  
Yet go I will, and see him, my darling child, and share  
The grief that, while he lags from war, impels him to despair.”

So from the cave she glided ; in tears they with her went ;  
And round them broke the broad sea-wave, and liquid passage lent :  
And when the Trojan champain they reach, they climb the shore  
In long array, where order'd stand  
The barks, drawn high upon the strand, their swiftfoot chief before.  
Then him still sorely groaning approach'd his mother mild,  
With shrill lament, and touch'd and stroked the forehead of her child ;  
And sobb'd she forth her wingèd words, and chid his wailing wild :—  
“ Why weep, my son ? what sorrow hath pierced thee to the heart ?



Say all, nor aught conceal of ill, that I may bear my part !  
For now is all accomplish'd which thou of Jove didst pray,—  
Then when, with hands to heaven uplift, thy curses cleft their way,—  
That at their ships the Grecians should be confounded all,  
For lack of thee, and dire distress their battle should befall !”  
To her, still sorely sobbing replied the swiftfoot son :—  
“ Mother, all this the Olympian well hath heard, and well hath done !  
But now, alas ! what boots it,—since my dear friend is lost,  
Patroclus, whom of all my feres loved I and honour'd most ;—  
Whom as myself I cherish'd !—him now I murder'd have !—  
And Hector tears his arms away,  
The glorious arms, the bright and gay,  
The wondrous gifts, which on a day the Gods to Peleus gave ;—  
That day they cast thee from them, and strow'd on mortal's bed !  
Would thou hadst dwelt with Nymphs divine,  
The deathless sisters of the brine, and he a woman wed !  
But now,—for thee too sorrow shall pierce, and infinite scathe,—  
Thou too shalt see my face no more,—thou too shalt weep my death ;—  
Life will I brook no longer, nor more on earth remain,  
If Hector fall not by my spear first, stricken on the plain,  
And for Patroclus' death repay the glory and the gain !”  
To whom once more the Goddess with tears her answer made :—  
“ Ah ! surely brief of date art thou, my child, as thou hast said ;  
Thy death too, after Hector's death, shall hardly be delay'd.”  
To her Achilles swift-foot impatiently replied :—  
“ Now would I die, now !—since I fail'd to stand my friend beside,  
And from the slayer to guard him : he far from friends and home  
Lies dead ; but me he pray'd to be the avenger of his doom.

But now,—since ne'er returning my dear home shall I see,—  
Nor hath Menœtius' son descried his guardian star in me,  
Nor all my other comrades whom Hector dire hath slain ;  
And still I sit superfluous here, mere burden of the plain ;—  
Myself, than whom none other of all our brass-clad host  
In war is mightier,—though speech may some make loftier boast ;—  
Now cease, I say, contention !—from Gods and mortals cease !  
Cease wrath, which even the sagest drives far from the ways of peace !—  
Wrath, which in human bosoms doth ever sweeter lie  
Than honey dripping from the comb, and soars, like smoke, on high !  
Such as in me Atrides the king hath made to glow !—  
But bygones shall be bygones now, for all my wrath and woe :  
The moody malice of my soul perforce will I forego !  
Even now will I go challenge the murderer of my friend,  
Hector ; my fate will I embrace, when Jove that fate shall send ;  
Jove and the Powers Immortal :—even Hercules the great,  
Dear though he was to Jove the king, he 'scaped not bitter fate ;  
But him the deathful doom destroy'd, and Juno's envious hate.  
And so will I too suffer, if such my destined lot,  
And lie in death, when death shall be ;—but now be glory got !  
Ha ! now shall many a matron, Trojan and Dardan, cry ;  
Shall long-robed matron wail and shriek,  
And wipe the tear on tender cheek, and raise the dirge on high !  
Now men shall know that long time from war have I refrain'd !—  
Then stay me not, my mother mild ;—I may not be detain'd."

Rejoin'd and answer'd straightway the silver-sandall'd Queen :—  
" 'Tis truly said, my child, and well befits the brave, I ween,

To guard his wearied comrades from death and bitter scathe ;  
But lo ! thy beauteous brazen arms bright-crested Hector hath,  
And bears them on his shoulders exulting in the prize ;  
Yet not for long, methinks, shall these find favour in his eyes ;  
For death even now awaits him :—but do not thou, my son,  
Yet plunge amid the moil of Mars, ere yet my work be done.  
For I will start with morning, and hither come, and bring  
Fair arms for thee from Vulcan's forge, the steel-compelling king.  
So spake she, and address'd him ; then paused, and turn'd away ;  
And to her sisters of the brine began she thus to say :—  
“ Now plunge ye, sisters, plunge ye on Ocean's bosom broad,  
And seek ye in his halls your Sire the venerable God ;  
And all these things declare ye : and I will hence repair  
To far Olympus, and the dome of Vulcan, craftsman rare ;  
If haply he will give my child illustrious armour fair.”  
She spake, and 'neath the waters straightway the sisters spring  
And Thetis of the silver shoon  
Clomb to Olympus, for her son illustrious arms to bring.

So hied she to Olympus :—but now the Achaian bands  
Fleeing with uproar loud and dread from murderous Hector's hands,  
Came routed to their galleys : and scarce would they have haled  
Patroclus from the storm of darts that all their hosts assail'd ;—  
For him again the Trojans surrounded, lord and squire ;  
And Hector, Priam's glorious son, with strength of flaming fire ;—  
Who seized by the foot and dragg'd him, and tugg'd with all his force,  
And loudly on the Trojans call'd contending for the corse.  
And thrice the twain Ajaces repell'd him, clad in might :

Yet he in pride and courage stout still constant urged the fight.  
Now rush'd he 'mid the medley ; now stood and cried amain ;  
But never an inch would yield or flinch, nor once let go the slain.  
And like as from his quarry stout herdsmen cannot scare  
The tawny lion hungering sore, nor drive him to his lair ;—  
So him those twain Ajaces from the corse could not repel ;  
And now he had pluck'd it quite away, and all had shouted, " Well ! "—  
But swiftly from Olympus to earth shot Iris down  
On errand high, and call'd to arms Achilles, Peleus' son,—  
Of Jove and all the other Gods unwitness'd, unbeknown ;—  
For forth had Juno sent her :—" Rise, Peleus' son ! " she cried,—  
" Rise, chief illustrious most of all, and take Patroclus' side !  
For whom this dire contention still rages without slack ;  
And there they slay, and there they fall ;  
Strain some to bear him to the wall, and some to hale him back,  
To the heights of windy Ilion ; and glittering Hector most  
Hales him, and tugs, and means to perch his head upon a post,  
Shorn from his comely shoulders : then up, no longer stay ;  
Nor let the accursèd dogs of Troy make merry with their prey !  
Thine were the shame and sorrow, if shame the dead betide."  
She spake, and heard her Peleus' son, and straightway thus he cried :—  
" Ha ! which of all the Immortals hath sent thee thus to me ? "  
Replied she :—" Juno sent me forth, who boasts Jove's queen to be.  
Nor knows the Scale-suspender Saturnian Jove on high ;  
Nor knows it one of all the rest,  
Who from the hoar Olympian crest the deeds of men descry."  
Then swift-of-foot Achilles rejoin'd, and answer gave :—  
" Ah ! how shall I go join the throng of Mars ?—my arms they have !

Nor will my gracious mother let me for war prepare,  
Till she return, and bring me back from Vulcan armour fair,  
Nor know I e'er another whose harness I can don,  
Nor bear, save only that big shield of the seed of Telamon.  
But he, I trust, still foremost doth with the foe contend,  
And dares the fight with mickle might about my slaughter'd friend."  
Address'd him wind-foot Iris straightway, and answer gave :—  
" Ah ! well we know, Immortals all, thy arms the Trojans have !  
Yet hie thou to the rampart, thus as thou art, and show  
Thy presence to the Trojans there, unarm'd ; perchance even so  
Shall they before thee tremble, nor closer onset dare :  
Wearied and worn the Greeks shall win brief respite from despair !"

So spake the swift-foot Iris, and flitted from his side :  
Rush'd forth Achilles, dear to Jove, and o'er his shoulders wide  
Flung Pallas her own ægis, with tassels fringed around ;  
And o'er his head she cast a shroud  
Of blinding mist, a golden cloud with flames resplendent crown'd.  
As from some island-city far off ascends to heaven  
Broad wreath of smoke, when all day long before her foes have striven,  
And through the day her people have strongly braved the fight ;  
But lo ! with setting of the sun their beacon-fires they light,  
And bright from pitch and pinewood shoots splendour through the air,  
For signal to their friends afar to haste, and help to bear ;—  
So from thy front, Achilles, shot radiance to the sky ;  
And strodest thou at the girdling trench beneath the rampart high,  
Nor mingledst with the Grecians ;—thy mother bade thee so.  
There did he shout ; nor far apart shouted Minerva too,



And breathed confusion and dismay far on the assailing foe !  
And loud as blares the trumpet of foes around the wall,  
Of foes to storm and sack that stride,  
Such was the voice of *Æacide* heard far, and mark'd of all.  
And when they heard *Achilles* that brazen uproar raise,  
The hearts of all were struck with dread ;  
The crested horses turn'd and fled, foreboding evil days !  
And daunted were their drivers to see that radiance flare  
High on the head of *Peleus' son*,—  
The dreadful flames that burn'd and shone by *Pallas* kindled there !  
And thrice divine *Achilles* loud shouted from the mound ;  
And thrice the *Trojans* and allies turn'd routed at the sound ;  
And twelve of them, their bravest, were strow'd upon the plain ;  
And lustily the *Greeks* at last bore off their hero slain,  
Clear of the shower of javelins, and laid him on a bier ;  
While round him throng'd his comrades bold, and shed the briny tear.  
And with them went *Achilles*, and shed warm tears of brine  
To see his friend, the loved, the leal,  
Mangled with many a dint of steel, high on the bier recline ;  
He, whom himself had summon'd, and bade with car and steed  
Go fight for *Greece*,—nor hail'd again return'd with happy speed.

And now the glorious Goddess, queen of the dark-brown eye,  
*Juno* the rapid *Sun-god* bade to the streams of *Ocean* hie.  
So set the *Sun* reluctant ; the *Grecians* near and far  
Paused now from might of sturdy fight, and stress of equal war ;  
The *Trojans* too from strife withdrew and loosen'd horse from car :  
And met they all assembled ere yet their meal they took,



Upstanding all, for none dared sit,  
Seiz'd by pale terror's ague-fit, nor rest nor respite brook ;—  
Since they had seen Achilles, so long from war conceal'd,  
Like blaze of fire, or meteor dire, far flash'd across the field !  
Then rose the son of Panthus to speak, of sapient mind,  
Polydamas, who look'd alone before him and behind ;  
Companion he of Hector, and born the selfsame night ;  
And this in speech, in spear-throw that, vaunted superior might ;  
And blandly he address'd them :—" Ah, friends ! take counsel meet  
Together ; for myself, I urge this moment for retreat.  
Return we to the city, nor wait the sacred dawn  
Here on the plain, the ships before, far from our walls withdrawn.  
Now while 'gainst Agamemnon this man so fumed and raged,  
So long the Greeks were easier fought, the war more safely waged :  
Kept I too watch right gladly before the ships all night,  
Hoping to seize and burn them all ; but now I quail with fright  
At the swift-foot son of Peleus ;—so fierce his soul, so proud ;—  
He will not linger on the plain,—  
He will not stay where strive and strain the Greek and Trojan crowd,  
In war's encounter joining :—our case shall harder be ;—  
Even for our city will he strive, and for our women he !  
Then hie ye to the city, and as I bid ye do ;  
So shall it be as I have said :—  
Now night divine his hand hath stay'd, and grants us respite too.  
But if he come to-morrow rushing in armour dight,  
And find us lingering here below,—then shall we rue his might !—  
Then happy he that 'scapes to Troy, and feeds not hound and kite !—  
Far be it from me to hear it !—then heed ye now my hest,

And all night through good counsel take, though wearied and distress'd ;  
While stand about the city our walls with portals high ;  
And door and door-post well compact, the assailants to defy.  
With dawn of day the rampart all arm'd will we ascend :—  
Then woe to him that dares with us about that wall contend !  
Back baffled to his galleys shall he be driven again ;  
His steeds shall weary of the course, far tramping o'er the plain !  
Nor he, for all his courage, to enter in shall dare ;  
Nor force the walls,—but long before the dogs his flesh shall tear.”  
Then frown'd bright-crested Hector, and thus the prince address'd :—  
“ Polydamas, most loath'd by me is this thy graceless hest.  
What ! shall we throng and huddle behind our city wall ?  
Are ye not sated with the work and irk that there befall ?  
Time was that Priam's city was famed of speechful men ;—  
For ‘gold-abounding,’ ‘brass-abounding,’ did they chant it then !  
But now from all our dwellings our choicest stores are lost,  
To Phrygia and Mæonia long by sale and barter tost ;—  
Such was Jove's wrath against us :—but now that Saturn's Son  
Hath given me fame, and at the ships great glory hath been won,—  
And to the sea the Grecians victorious I have driven :—  
Now, fool, no longer to the folk be such vile counsels given !  
No Trojan shall obey thee ;—myself will suffer none !  
But go, and, as I bid ye, do ;—and be all promptly done !  
First all, throughout the army, in bands your suppers take ;  
And each in turn his watchfire burn, and each in order wake !  
And whoso for his chattels and goods hath mickle care,  
Let him divide them with the folk, and deal them share by share :  
Better for us to carve them thus, than Greeks to rend and tear !

Then with the morn right early fierce war will we renew,  
Even at the hollow ships, and if the tale they tell be true,—  
And there stand forth Achilles,—his own the loss shall be !  
I will not shrink on battle's brink ; his shock I will not flee !  
Right well will I affront him, be his or mine the praise :  
Mars is for all alike, and oft who thinks to slay he slays !”

So then bespake them Hector ; and loud applauded they,—  
Senseless !—so Pallas, Power divine, their wits had snatch'd away !  
For Hector ill-advising shout all their loud applause ;—  
But no man for Polydamas, whose rede the warier was !  
Then, rank by rank, their suppers they took, their fires they burn'd ;  
While through the night the Grecians all for dead Patroclus mourn'd.  
And led the dirge Achilles, and his dear friend deplored ;  
And on his breast strong hand impress'd, and groan'd for him, and roar'd ;  
Like as the bearded lion, whose whelps in covert close  
A clown hath seiz'd ; he comes too late, and rages for their loss ;  
And far the robber's footsteps pursues o'er stock and stone ;  
And dogs his track, to pluck them back ; such fury drives him on !—  
So he the Myrmidons bespake with many a mighty groan :—  
“ Ye Gods ! how vain the promise I dared put forth that day,  
Heartening Menœtius in his hall to send his child away ;—  
How vain my pledge to bring him to Opus, crown'd with fame,  
From Ilium sack'd, with booty won, the victor's rightful claim !  
But whatsoe'er men purpose Jove doth not all ordain ;  
And here at Troy we both were doom'd like share of sward to stain.  
Nor me old horseman Peleus shall welcome to his hall  
Returning,—sire nor mother dear,—but here shall earth enthrall.

But since I thee must follow, surviving thus forlorn,—  
My friend,—thy rites I will not pay till hither I have borne  
The arms and head of Hector, thy mighty conqueror ;  
And slit the throats of twelve fair sons of Troy thy pyre before,  
In vengeance for thy slaughter : but so thou then shalt lie  
Beside our crested barks, and round the long-robed dames of Troy,  
And sad Dardanian daughters, shall o'er thee make their moan,  
And rue their days and nights of woe when we have plundering gone ;  
Their dwellings fair by us laid bare, their walls by us o'erthrown.”  
He spake, and on his people the hero call'd, and bade  
Set on the hearth a tripod big, to wash the gory dead.  
On the hearth they set the cauldron, and kindle wood beneath ;  
And in the cauldron water pour ;—  
The flames around it clinging soar,—the bubbling waters seethe.  
And when in brazen cauldron the bubbling waters boil'd,  
Then wash'd they him, fair trunk and limb, and with sleek unguents  
oil'd ;  
And stopp'd his wounds with balsam, choice balsam, nine years old ;  
Then on a couch the corse they put,  
And wrapp'd it round, from head to foot, with linen, fold on fold,  
With a fair white cloth above it : and so, around their lord,  
The Myrmidonians all night long Patroclus dead deplored.

Then Jove bespake queen Juno, his spouse and sister she :—  
“ So, dark-eyed Juno, Power august, so thou wouldst have it be !  
Now hast thou moved Achilles, the swift-foot, to the war :—  
Ha ! sure the curly-crested Greeks thine own dear children are ! ”  
To him the dark-eyed Juno rejoin'd, and answer made :—

“ Most reverendest Saturnian king, what is it thou hast said ?  
Such were the loves of mortals, contriving for their kind ;—  
Of men, inferior far to us in sense and godlike mind !  
Why should not I, the chiefest of Goddesses above,—  
Both first in date, and chief in state,—  
For that with thee I wed and mate, with thee, imperial Jove !—  
Why should not I in anger my curse on Ilium wreak ? ”—  
Now so did these great Powers august each with the other speak.

Now to the bower of Vulcan came Thetis silver-shod ;—  
The bower etern, the starry bower, far seen of every God ;—  
The brazen bower, which Poltfoot made for himself of yore :—  
There found she him begrimed so grim, writhing his bellows o’er,  
Plying his task ; for tripods he was forging, a full score,  
To stand inside his mansion the chamber walls around ;  
And ’neath their stedfast feet to each he golden swivels bound,  
That the quire of Gods assembled themselves might join self-roll’d,—  
Again at need might homeward speed,—a wonder to behold !  
So much was done and finish’d ; their ears not yet applied :  
These was he fitting, and with screws was bolting to their side.  
The which while thus he fashion’d with sleight and cunning hand,  
Approach’d him Thetis silver-shod, soaring o’er sea and land :—  
Came Charis forth and saw her, fair Charis brightly veil’d,  
The Craftsman’s spouse, and seiz’d her hand, and thus with greeting  
hail’d :—

“ Why, Thetis mantle-trailing, why comest thou to our door,  
Honour’d and dear ?—thou, all unwont to visit us of yore !  
Come, enter in, and we will give thee offerings of our store.”



So spake the glorious Goddess, and led the stranger in ;  
Then set her on a dainty throne right fair with silver sheen ;  
And thrust a stool beneath her ;—and to her spouse she said :—  
“ Hie hither, Vulcan, Thetis comes ;—and needs and craves thine aid.”  
Replied the Craftsman famous :—“ Ha ! this indeed is she,  
The reverend Goddess, strong to save, the same that rescued me,  
Then when my dam so shameless down cast me from the sky,  
And sought to put me forth from sight, for that my limbs were wry !  
Ha ! sore then had I suffer'd, but Thetis on her breast  
Receiv'd me, with Eurynomè, and lull'd my pangs to rest,  
Oceanus his daughters : with these nine years I toil'd,  
And store of curious things with them I moulded, bored and filed ;  
Pins, hooks, and twisted pendants, and rings I wrought and wound,  
In a polish'd cave, where wealth of wave resounding surged around.  
Nor knew it ever another of Gods or mortal men,  
Save Thetis and Eurynomè alone, who saved me then.  
Now comes she to my dwelling ; wherefore 'twere meet this day  
To fair-hair'd Thetis for my life full recompense to pay :—  
Then set for her the feast of love,  
And I my bellows will remove, and stow these tools away.”  
Thus saying, from the anvil the giant huge uprose,  
Halting ;—and shake his slender shanks beneath him as he goes.  
Then from the fire the bellows he took, and laid aside ;  
And in a silver chest he stow'd the tools wherewith he plied.  
With a sponge he wiped his visage, and hands all grimed with dirt,  
And brawny neck and shaggy breast,—and plunged into his shirt ;  
Then grasp'd his sturdy sceptre ; and halting forth he went,  
And on two female forms of gold, like living things, he leant.



Moved they beneath his pressure, with voice and sense endued ;  
With strength to stand, and all the skill of heavenly Powers endued.  
Assiduously they served him ; and forth he went, and came,  
And sate by Thetis, on the throne that glow'd like glittering flame ;  
And took her hand, and spake her bland, and call'd her by her name :—  
“ Why, Thetis mantle-trailing, why comest thou to our door,  
Honour'd and loved ?—thou, all unwont to visit us of yore !  
Say, how shall I content thee ? my heart, be sure, is won ;  
Be it such a thing as I can do, or such as may be done ! ”

And straightway answer'd Thetis, while many a tear she shed :—  
“ Vulcan, of all the Powers on high what one so ill hath sped,—  
Hath borne such load of sorrows, as Jove hath shower'd on me,—  
Such pains and cares and mortal woes, a Goddess though I be !—  
For me of all the Sea-nymphs alone with man he wed,  
And bade me lie in Peleus' arms, and mount a mortal's bed,—  
Ah me ! how much unwilling !—my spouse in sad old age  
Lies, all accurst, at home ;—but me now other cares engage.—  
A son the Olympian gave me, to be born of me and bred,  
Chiefest of heroes ;—like a plant rear'd he his gracious head !  
I train'd him like a seedling ; and forth I sent my joy,  
High on his crested ships to sail, and wage the wars of Troy !  
But him again returning no more shall I receive  
Back to his father's home ; but he—even while he yet doth live,  
And gaze on sky and sunlight,—grieves now with mickle woe ;  
Nor would it aught avail to soothe his pains, if I should go.  
The handmaid whom the Grecians chose for him from the sack,—  
King Agamemnon from his tent hath snatch'd that handmaid back.

For this griev'd he distracted :—meanwhile the Trojans stout  
Confined the Grecians in their camp, nor dared they sally out.  
And lo ! the Grecian princes, they sought his aid with prayer ;  
And gifts they vow'd, a shining store ;—he turn'd, he would not hear ;  
Himself he would not succour ;—but forth his friend he sent  
In his own arms, and bade him fight ;—and succours with him went.  
Came these, and fought victorious at the Scaean gates all day ;  
And Troy even then had they o'erthrown,  
So bravely fought Menæti'us' son, the foremost in the fray :  
But him in all his glory Apollo slew, and gave  
Hector the prize of victory,  
The glorious armour ;—wherefore I bend here a boon to crave :—  
Ah ! grant thou shield and helmet to my swift-fated son ;  
And shapely greaves with buckles graced, and brazen mail to don ;  
For those he had his comrade hath lost, and fail'd of trust,  
Slain by the Trojans,—wherefore he rolls sorrowing in the dust.”  
Replied the Craftsman famous :—“ Be thou of courage good ;  
And be this care no care to thee :—ah ! would my cunning could  
So from grim death defend him,—so ward impending fate,—  
As I can give him splendid arms,  
With all that man beholding charms, and magnify his state !”

He spake, and there he left her, and to his bellows hied,  
And turn'd them to the fire ; their work they at his bidding plied.  
Their bags in order twenty through twenty funnels blew ;  
And as he urged and press'd them still, through each the tempest flew :  
And each in turn relax'd from toil as he his force withdrew.  
Brass flung he in the furnace, tough ore of brass and tin ;

And precious gold, a glittering store, and silver cast he in ;  
Firm on its stedfast basement bade the big anvil stand ;  
And hammer huge and shapely tongs grasp'd he in either hand.

Then first he forged and fashion'd a buckler broad and stout,  
All richly graved, and round the disk a shining rim he wrought,  
Thrice plated, bright and dazling ; the belt with silver shone ;  
And with five folds the shield was braced,—  
With many a fair device enchased,—such skill was his alone !

Thereon the Earth he fashion'd, there Sky and Sea were seen ;  
The changeless Sun, the Moon at full, and all the starry sheen  
That girdles round the welkin, and crowns the dusky night ;  
The Pleiads and the Hyads there, and there Orion's might,  
And Arctos, stedfast in her place, the Wain of mortals hight ;  
Who turns about, and ever Orion eyes askance ;  
From Ocean's baths exempt alone of all that starry dance.

And on the shield he fashion'd of men two cities fair ;  
And in the first they weddings make, and marriage feasts prepare ;  
And brides from forth their chamber they lead with torches bright,  
Along the streets, and Hymen call :  
“Hymen, O Hymen,” shout they all, and nuptial songs recite.  
The youngsters danced in measure, with sound of harp and flute ;  
The women standing at their doors look'd on amazed and mute.  
Meanwhile at place of market in crowds the people stood ;  
Two townsmen were disputing there for price of dead man's blood :  
One urged that all was quitted, and to the folk appeal'd ;

The other still receipt denied, and claim'd the fine withheld.  
An umpire both demanded ; the while, on either side,  
The townsfolk, favouring this or that, with loud contention cried.  
The heralds ranged the people ; and on a polish'd stone  
The seniors in the circle grave made each his stately throne.  
The heralds, loud proclaiming, to each their sceptres lent,  
To rise in order, and pronounce their dread arbitrament.  
And in the midst before them lay gold, two talents' weight,  
For who should best adjudge the right, and crown the long debate.

But round that other city two bands of warriors closed,  
All bright in arms ; and this the choice of doom which they proposed :—  
Either to yield possession of half their proud estate,  
Or should their homes be scorch'd with fire, laid waste and desolate.  
But these no whit would hearken, and aid in arms prepared  
Their bands in ambush to support ; and kept their women guard,  
And with their infants on the wall watch with the seniors shared.  
So march'd these forth, and led them Mars and Minerva too,  
Chased both in gold, both golden-clad, great both, and plain to view,  
And fair like Powers immortal ; beneath them and less great  
The mortal men :—now when they came where they should lie in wait,  
On the margin of a river, where place for watering was  
For herds and flocks, there sate they down, all mail'd in burning brass.  
Two scouts they set before them for flocks and herds to spy ;  
Pace briskly on the flocks and herds, two herdsmen strolling by  
Their jocund panpipes playing, all witless of the snare ;  
The scouts espy, and on them leap,  
Cut off the strolling kine and sheep, and smite the herdsmen there.

In camp the foemen sitting the struggle hear from far ;  
Then swiftly on their steeds they bound, and gallop to the war :  
And quickly all arriving they stay their battle near,  
And fight they by the river's side, and thrust the brazen spear ;  
And there were figured Strife and Rout, and Death, the grisly Fear.  
One creature she had wounded, one yet unhurt she held ;  
By the feet right through the fray she dragg'd another from the field ;  
And flaunted on her shoulders a mantle bloody red :—  
So there, like living men, they sought  
Encounter, foe with foe, and fought and slew, and dragg'd the dead.

There too a field he fashion'd, fresh-broken with the share ;  
Wide tilth, thrice labour'd, soft and warm ; and o'er it here and  
there

Strode many a lusty plougher, and drove his sturdy team :  
And straightway when with share revers'd back to his balk he came,  
His comrade met, and gave him sweet wine-draught from a flask ;  
Again they strain'd from verge to verge, and bent them to their task.  
Blacken'd the glebe behind them, and show'd, though chased in gold,  
Most like to soil of new-turn'd land,—a wonder to behold !

And next a plot he fashion'd of harvest-bearing land,  
And in it reapers deftly reap'd, advancing, hook in hand :  
Thick fell the swathe in handfuls, and cumber'd all the ground ;  
And some the binders grasp'd, and with straw wisp and lanyard bound :  
Three binders o'er them labour'd, and follow'd boys behind  
Each bearing armfuls, sheaf on sheaf, for the three before to bind.  
Amidst them stood rejoicing, but never a word he spoke,



The master on the furrow'd ridge ; and pages 'neath an oak  
Prepared apart his dinner, with slaughter'd steer for meat ;  
While women for the hinds prepared, and shook much flour of wheat.

And there a fruitful vineyard the God essay'd to make,  
Beautiful, golden ; but the grapes therein he pictured black.  
This plot with stakes of silver stood thickly set within ;  
The ditch was blue with lead, the hedge was drawn around in tin.  
A single path led through it, whereon the gatherers strode,  
And ever pluck'd the fruitage fine that grew beside the road ;  
And merry youths and maidens bore on crates the luscious load :  
While harp'd to them a harper, a child their troops among ;  
And shrill he twang'd the silver string, and winsome lay he sung  
With delicate voice and tender, with delicate voice and sweet :  
Caught they the sound, and chanted round,  
With hum and shout, and smote the ground in time with flickering  
feet.

There too a herd he fashion'd of squarebrow'd oxen stout,  
Form'd all of gold and tin, that from the stalls came bellowing out :  
Forth to the pasture from the yard they rush'd with roaring rout.  
Beside the sounding river roam'd on the grazing kine,  
Where through deep reeds the waters roll'd ;  
And herdmen follow'd four, of gold, and nimble dogs were nine.  
Lo ! lions twain tremendous down on the foremost leapt ;  
And seiz'd a bull ; he bellow'd loud ; but off their prey they swept :—  
Follow'd the dogs and youngsters :—but lo ! those lions rüde  
Tore they stout hide of lusty bull, and lapp'd his fat and blood :



In vain the herdsman cheer'd their dogs ; in vain they loud halloo'd :  
The dogs they dared not seize them, but turn'd away and quail'd ;  
Then turn'd again, and yelp'd amain, but ne'er the brutes assail'd.

There too a dainty sheepecote the famous Craftsman made ;  
A sheepecote all with crib and stall, and sheltering sheds array'd ;  
And flocks of sheep with silver fleece in pleasant valley stray'd.

There too the illustrious Craftsman had graved a dancer's maze,  
Like that by Dædalus devised, that work of ancient days,  
The which for Ariadne on Gnossian plains he wrought :  
And youths and maidens footing there,  
Brave youths and maidens bright and fair, by the wrist each other caught.  
And lo ! the buxom maidens were clad in mantles light ;  
The men in woven tunics stout, like unguent glistening white :  
And these wore dainty chaplets about their temples hung ;  
The men beside them dirks of gold from silver baldrick swung.  
Now these with practised footsteps all round in circles ran,—  
As when the potter sits and tries  
His shapely wheel,—and round it flies as fast as felloe can.  
Again they step together their order'd lines along ;  
And gazed there on them as they danced a much admiring throng ;  
While 'mid the crowd two tumblers kept time to harp and lay,  
With many a vault and somersault, and made them merry play.

And there too graved he Ocean with power stupendous fraught,  
The rim around, which clasp'd and bound the shield compactly  
wrought.

And thus when he had fashion'd the buckler stout and broad,  
A corslet bright as flame of fire for Thetis forged the God.  
He forged for her a helmet to crown her warrior's brow ;  
A ponderous casque, all fair enchased, with golden plume aglow ;  
And greaves he made of glittering tin, to guard his limbs below.  
But when the illustrious Craftsman these pieces all had made,  
He took, and at the Goddess' feet the glorious trophy laid.  
Down soused she like a falcon, and cleft the clouds of heaven ;  
Down from the Olympian crest of snow  
She bore the dazzling arms below, by gracious Vulcan given.

## BOOK XIX.

NOW Morning saffron-mantled upsprang from Ocean's flow,  
Light bearing to the Powers above and mortal men below.  
Came Thetis to the galleys with the offering of the God ;  
And found she there her darling son on dead Patroclus strow'd.  
How shrill he cried !—his comrades what sad lament they made !—  
Lo ! in the midst she takes her stand,  
The Power august :—she grasp'd his hand, bespake him soft and said :—  
“ My child, now must we suffer this loved one here to lie,  
Griev'd though we be :—the Gods themselves they doom'd him erst to  
die !

But thou, receive from Vulcan these glorious arms so fair ;—  
These arms which none of mortal men hath borne, take thou and bear !”  
So spake she, and that armour before Achilles laid ;  
And rattling piecemeal on the ground the various armour bray'd.  
Lo ! all the Myrmidonians were startled with affright :—  
They shudder'd, nor did any dare affront that armour bright.  
But Achilles, when he saw it, right furious man was he !  
Flash'd forth his eyes his brows beneath, flash'd like a star to see :  
All gladly seiz'd and grasp'd he the guerdon heaven-conferr'd ;

Gazed on the colours various,  
And fair device, and Thetis thus bespake with winged word :—  
“ Mother, a God this armour, a God hath sent on earth ;  
Such gear as heavenly hands might frame, but none of mortal birth ;—  
Now will I arm for battle : yet shrewdly do I fear  
Lest flies engendering in the wounds of him I prize so dear,  
Shall feed on his fair body,—for ah ! the life is fled,—  
And turn to foul corruption all the honours of the dead !”  
Replied the Silver-sandall'd :—“ Be this no care of thine ;  
To drive from him the wanton hordes of insects shall be mine.  
Dread not the flies that covet the slain of Mars for prey !  
But surely know, his flesh, even though twelve months complete it lay,  
Should still continue firm and fresh,—aye, fresher than to-day !—  
But go thou, and to parley the Grecian heroes call ;  
Renounce thy wrath against the king, great folkherd, chief of all :  
Then up, and arm for battle, in strength and courage dight !”  
She spake, and in his bosom breathed right valiant lust of fight :  
Then down the dead man's nostrils did she with careful hand  
Drop ambrosy and nectar red, that firm his flesh might stand.

But he, divine Achilles, along the seabeach went,  
Shouting and bellowing, and the Greeks call'd he from ship and tent.  
Came all that wont to tarry by the galleys on the shore ;  
The steersman from the tiller came, and they the food that bore :  
Came these then all to parley ;—for lo ! shone forth to sight  
Achilles' self, their battle-star, long veil'd from gloomy fight !  
And came the twain together, halting, the squires of Mars,  
Ulysses sage, and Tydeus' son, the bulwark of the wars,—

Both on their javelins leaning ; for still their wounds were sore :  
Came these, and marshall'd in the front sate down the host before.  
And folkherd Agamemnon Atrides follow'd near,  
Wounded ; for him Antenor's son  
Coön, in sturdy battle done, had struck with brazen spear.

So muster all the Grecians, and seats for parley take :—  
Uprose Achilles, swift-of-foot, amid the host, and spake :—  
“ Better for both, Atrides,—ha ! better this had been  
For thee, for me, then when we strove  
In wrath, and peace asunder rove, all for a girl, I ween !  
Now would that in my galley had Dian shot her dead,  
That day, Lyrnessus when I took, and wide her ruins spread.  
Then no such crowd of Grecians had bit God's earth, and died,  
Struck to the dust by hostile hands all for my wrath and pride !  
For Hector and the Trojans the glory and the gain !  
For the Grecians long remembrance left of our so fell disdain !  
But bygoness be they bygoness,—forget we when we may,—  
And rule our hearts perforce, nor give the cherish'd passion way !  
Lo ! now cease I from anger henceforth :—'twere wicked spite  
Ever to fret in wrath, and fume :—  
Come then, bid we the Greeks resume their arms, and face the fight :  
So shall I try, advancing forthright against the foe,  
Dares he keep leaguer at our ships :—ha ! one and all, I trow,  
Will bend the knee, and featly flee, and shun my javelin-throw ! ”  
He spake, and loudly shouted the greave-clad Greeks for joy,  
When Peleïdes, the generous-soul'd, his mortal wrath put by.  
And out spake Agamemnon the Grecian chiefs among,

There, from the seat whereon he sate, nor rose he in the throng :—  
“ O friends, O Mars’ companions, ye champions of the host,  
Mar not with noise the speaker’s voice, nor let his words be lost.  
Even for the practised speaker hard is the task to speak :  
In noise can no man say nor hear ;  
The shrillest voice no more is clear, the strongest tones are weak.  
To Peleïdes Achilles is this my speech address’d :  
Attend ye all, and mark my words, and ponder them, the rest !  
Oft have the Greeks aforetime enjoin’d me this to say ;  
Oft have they blamed me, press’d and urged, and chid the long delay.  
Yet was not I blameworthy, but Jove and forceful Fate,  
And the Fury, she that roams the dark, Erinnyes, name of hate !  
By these,—I say,—these only, that day was I undone,  
When from Achilles’ hands I snatch’d the prize himself had won.  
Ah ! how could I withstand them ? how, wretched wight, enthrall  
Jove’s venerable daughter Curse, the fiend that curseth all ?  
Fell fiend, her feet move softly, nor treads she on the earth ;  
On heads of men she steps at will,  
Breeds them all harm, and binds them still, all men of mortal birth !  
So cursed she once the Father, great Jove, of all believ’d  
Greatest and best,—Almighty he ;—  
But subtle Juno, female she, with wiles great Jove deceiv’d ;  
When erst at fair-crown’d Thebè Alcmena’s months had run,  
And fain was she to bring to birth stout Hercules her son.  
Then ’midst the Powers Immortal made he his boast, and cried :—  
‘ Gods all, and Goddesses give ear,  
That which my heart would utter, hear !—and list what fates betide !  
This day shall Ilithyia, blest Birthpain, bring to light



One who shall rule o'er all around,  
Of all my mortal seed renown'd the first in power and might.'  
Then him the crafty Juno bespake with bitter taunt :—  
' Fool'd shalt thou be, nor haply see fulfilment of thy vaunt.  
But come, Olympian, swear me,—swear me by Hell profound,  
That of thy mortal children he shall rule o'er all around,  
Who this day 'twixt his mother's feet shall light upon the ground.'  
So spake she ; but the Father fail'd he her craft to see ;  
Then swore an oath by Hell profound ;—and curst full sore was he !  
For Juno from the summit of high Olympus flew,  
And soon Achaian Argos reach'd, where lay, as erst she knew,  
The spouse of Perside Sthen'lus, great with a generous son ;  
Nor yet seven months had pass'd away,—  
She drew the infant forth to day, ere yet two more were run.  
But the labour of Alcmena now at full time she stay'd,  
And with her powerful hand withheld mild Ilithyia's aid ;  
Then flew the tale herself to tell, and thus to Jove she said :—  
' Jove, Father Jove, bright light'ner, come hearken to my word ;  
This day a valiant wight is born, to be the Argives' lord ;  
Eurystheus shall they call him,—son of stout Sthenelus he,—  
Of Perseus' line, and blood of thine, and fit their lord to be !'  
She spake, and deep within him he felt the trenchant blow ;  
And by her shining hair he seiz'd fell Curse that mock'd him so ;  
Then swore, with oath tremendous, what doom should her befall :  
Ne'er should she tread Olympus bright,  
Ne'er climb again the starry height, fell Curse, that curseth all !  
And with that oath he flung her down from the starry peak,  
Wheeling her round and round, and bade the ways of men go seek.—

Nor ceas'd he still to rue her, when his dear child he saw  
Straining for aye with tasks unjust, by hard Eurystheus' law:—  
So I too, when the Grecians before great Hector fell,  
Even at the sternposts of their ships sent by his hand to hell,  
Then knew I, then confess'd I the curse which hurt me first:—  
But since 'twas Jove that stole my wits, and I from heaven was curst.  
Now will I make atonement, and full acquittance pay:—  
Then arm thou for the field thyself, and lead our hosts to-day.  
Lo ! here I stand and promise those goodly gifts to make,  
Which at thy tent Ulysses sage yestreen did undertake :  
Or if thou wilt, await them, though burning for the war ;  
The gifts my people from the ship shall bring to soothe the jar ;  
Thyself shalt see, and know that they my free peace-offering are."

Then-swift-of-foot Achilles thus hasten'd to rejoin :—  
" Most great Atrides, king of men, these gifts, they still are thine,  
To give them or withhold them ;—and so 'tis meet they be.  
Enough :—the war right presently,—the glorious war mind we !  
Here stay we not, nor linger !—great deeds are yet to do :—  
Then as ye see Achilles push, so push ye foremost too !  
And as ye see Achilles first break the Trojan line,  
So ye with spear and brazen gear each one in combat join !"  
Then politic-soul'd Ulysses respake, and answer gave :—  
" Not so, Achilles, godlike chief,—bold man, forsooth, and brave,—  
Not so impel the Grecians, yet fasting, to the fray,  
To fight beneath the Trojan wall, to fight the livelong day.  
Full long shall be the battle, when once we join outright ;  
And Gods on either side inspire their courage and their might.

But urge our warriors rather here at their ships to feed,  
With bread and wine ; for this is health, and strength for present need.  
For all day long can no man, to setting of the sun,  
With sword in hand the foe withstand, if meat and drink be none.  
For though his courage urge him insatiate still to smite,  
Yet unbeknown fail flesh and bone, and thirst and hunger bite ;  
And yield in crush of battle rush the knees no longer light.  
But who, fill'd full with victual, affronts his foes all day,  
Stout is the spirit in his breast,  
Nor bow his limbs for lack of rest, tiil none be left to slay.  
Come then, break up the parley, and bid the folk prepare  
Their dinners, and the king of men shall set his offerings fair  
Here in the midst before us, that all may see and know ;  
And thou thyself shalt rest content, and soothe thy spirit so.  
And then great Agamemnon shall swear an oath, and say,  
Ne'er hath he sought the maid in love,  
Nor ventured joys with her to prove, as man with woman may.  
Then thou thyself shalt treat us with kindness, and consent ;  
And straightway shalt thou go, and feed right richly in thy tent,  
Full recompense accepted : so, Atræides, shalt thou  
Henceforth more just and equal be to all men else than now :  
Nor shalt thou rightfully complain  
If injured man speak scorn again,—for well he may, I trow !”  
Replied king Agamemnon :—“ Thy speech I gladly hear :  
Well hast thou reason'd, counsell'd well, and made the right appear.  
So will I do thy bidding, and plight my willing troth ;  
Nor will I break the solemn pledge,—so heaven attest mine oath !  
Nathless, let brave Achilles, though Mars impatient urge,

Yet bide awhile, and bide ye all, even on the battle's verge.  
Assembled, till the presents forth from the tents be brought ;  
And faith be pledged, and favouring Gods by sacrifice be sought.  
Now charge I thee, Ulysses ;—thou duly heed my words ;—  
Of all the Panachaian youth choose thou the chiefest lords,  
And bid them from my galley the goodly offerings bear,  
Promised yestreen, and with the gifts bring they the women fair :  
While swiftly through the leaguer shall sage Talthybius run,  
To fetch a boar for sacrifice to Jove, and to the Sun !”  
And then Achilles swift-foot rejoin'd and answer made :  
“ Most reverend king, hereafter this were better done and said ;  
When breathing-time between whiles from war shall be allow'd,  
And all the sinews of my strength by toil be bent and bow'd.  
But now lie these before us, whom Priam's hateful son  
Hector hath slaughter'd, and of Jove immortal glory won ;—  
And call ye twain to dinner?—ha ! liefer would I bid  
The sons of Greece fare forth to fight, ere sit they down and feed !  
Yea, let them combat fasting ; and at the close of day  
Prepare the feast, and drink and eat, when wrath has had its way !  
For me, nor drink nor victual shall come betwixt my teeth,—  
My comrade stretch'd upon the floor,—  
My comrade's feet towards the door,—my comrade lost in death,—  
Till all my wrath be sated :—hark ! how his dear friends moan  
O'er him !—then no such food for me,—  
But blood and blows my fare shall be, and many a dying groan !”  
Him politic-soul'd Ulysses then answering thus respeaks :—  
“ Achilles son of Peleus, thou the goodliest of the Greeks,—  
Far stronger thou and stouter to wield sharp sword and spear ;

Yet sense of mine, and judgment fine, from thee the palm may bear.  
For I was born the elder, and more have learnt than thou :  
Be patient then, and heed my words, and to my counsel bow.  
With striving and with fighting full soon men wearied are,  
When mighty swathes of warriors slain lie levell'd by the war :  
And brief the time for reaping, when Jove inclines on high  
The scales, which hold the fates of men, to conquer or to die !  
Then let us not go fasting, and with the belly mourn ;  
For mortals perish day by day, and dust to dust return !  
What rest were then from sorrow ?—nay, rather let us lay  
Our dead men straightway out of sight,  
Whoe'er they be, with constant sprite, and mourn them, each his day ;  
And let the brave survivors, from toil awhile releas'd,  
Take thought for food and drink, and taste the soul-sustaining feast ;  
And then, their limbs defended with brass enduring, all  
More dauntless meet the terrible foe,  
Still answering bravely blow for blow ; nor list for other call  
To urge them forth to battle :—my cry a curse shall be  
On whoso lingers at the ships and waits for call from me !  
Then onward, all together, ye gallant Greeks, and breed  
Fierce war against the sons of Troy, stout quellers of the steed !”

He said, and sent together old Nestor's either son ;  
Meges and Thoas with them went, and with them Merion ;  
And with them Lycomedes and Melanippus went ;  
And off they started, seven in all, for Agamemnon's tent.  
And swift the word was utter'd, and swift the deed was sped :  
They from the tent seven tripods bore,



And vases, burnish'd bright, a score, and horses twelve they led :  
And forth they brought the women, all skill'd to weave and spin,  
Seven, and of that fair train the eighth Briseïs dainty-skin.  
And there weigh'd out Ulysses ten talents' weight of gold ;  
He first, and other chiefs of Greece their tale of presents told,  
And in the midst disposed them : then up Atrides stood ;  
And from the girdling crowd stepp'd out  
Talthybius, like a God to shout,  
And to the king the boar he brought to shed the destined blood.  
Then with his hand Atrides pluck'd forth the dirk which aye  
Beside his sword's long scabbard hung, and shear'd some hairs away,  
The first-fruits of his off'ring ;—then rais'd to Jove on high  
His hands and cried ;—and all the Greeks stood there in silence by,  
Attending, as beseem'd them, the sovereign's voice to hear ;  
While gazing on the welkin wide he thus exclaim'd in prayer :—  
“ Now Jove be first my witness, chiefest of Gods and best,  
And Earth below, and Sun above ;—and ye my vows attest,—  
Ye Furies, which deep earth beneath the perjured soul infest !—  
Ne'er on the maid Briseïs my rude hand have I laid,  
To coax her love, or force to prove ; but ever hath she stay'd  
Inviolatè in my chambers ;—and if this witness borne  
Be false,—the Gods inflict on me the pains of the forsworn ! ”  
This said the victim's gullet with ruthless steel slit he :  
Talthybius rais'd the carcase up, and in the hoary sea  
Heaved it among the billows, to be the fishes' food :  
But 'midst the assembled Greeks to speak Achilles next upstood.  
“ Ha ! Father Jove ! ”—exclaim'd he ;—“ how hast thou curst man-  
kind !



Atrides could not thus inflame my soul with passion blind ;  
Nor could he, 'gainst my pleasure, the damsel tear away,—  
Impotent !—'twas the God that chose to curse the Greeks that day !  
Now hie ye all to dinner ;—then join the fight who list !”—  
So spake the chief, and sans delay the assembled hosts dismiss'd.—  
They broke ring quick, and scatter'd each to his ship and tent :  
The gifts the Myrmidonians took, and back their footsteps bent,  
To the galleys of Achilles : there in his tent they laid  
The gifts, and bade the captives rest in the womens' chamber stay'd :  
The grooms drove off the horses, to join their master's brood.—  
But when Briseïs, sweet as Love, the dead Patroclus view'd,  
And saw the mangled body, down dropp'd she with a shriek  
Upon it, all collaps'd, and press'd  
With either hand his noble breast, soft neck and beauteous cheek.  
And thus she murmur'd weeping, this dame as Goddess fair :—  
“ O thou, most sweet to wretched me, thou loved beyond com-  
pare !—  
Alive, dear friend, I left thee, when hence I went forlorn ;  
Dead, dead, thou chiefest of the host, wait'st thou my sad return !—  
What grief on grief o'erwhelms me ! the spouse my parents chose  
I saw before our city slain, the prime of all my woes :  
And brothers mine were slaughter'd, three, of one mother all ;—  
But you, when 'neath Achilles' hand I saw great Mynes fall,  
And fell his noble city ;—you raised my drooping head ;  
You promised me another spouse, Achilles' self, to wed ;  
You vow'd that in his galley to Phthia I should come,  
And with his Myrmidons should make my marriage-feast at home.  
Then must I weep thee sorely, thee dead, thee, ever kind !”

So spake she weeping ; and her train their heads with tears inclined,  
All as for him ; but each in sooth for her own sorrow whined.

Then the chiefest of the Grecians all throng'd the hero round,  
And much besought him food to take ; he still refused and groan'd :—  
“ Nay, spare me, I beseech ye,—if ever a friend will hear—  
Exhort me not with food and drink my sorrowing sprite to cheer.  
Thus will I bide till sunset, and ever constant stay.”—

He spake, and all the other chiefs departed, each his way :

But stay'd the twain Atridæ, and stay'd Ulysses bold ;

And Nestor and Idomeneus, and Phoenix, horseman old,

His constant sorrow soothing ; but vainly must they strive,

Till he in jaws of bloody war should deeply plunge and dive.

And then times past recalling, with groans aloud he cried :—

“ Ah ! sooth, poor wretch, of friends most dear,

How prompt, how apt, attending here, hast thou my board supplied ;

Then when the Greeks were eager against the foe to dart :

Now liest thou slaughter'd by the spear ;—and ah ! my sorrowing heart

Leaves meat and drink untasted, though both are here at call,

For thy dear sake, and grief for thee :—for what could worse befall ?

Not though they said my father were lost, who makes his moan

In Phthia now, and sheds warm tears, for loss of such a son,

Far in a strange land fighting for hateful Helen's sake :

Nor for my child in Scyros bred,

My Pyrrhus fair, though he were dead, such moaning would I make.

For erst I hoped and augur'd that I alone should fall

Slain far from Argos, nurse of steeds, beneath the Trojan wall ;—

And thou wend home to Phthia,—and thou from Scyros bring

My child on swift and sable bark, and make him there a king ;  
And give him all my worship, with cattle, slaves and gold,  
And mighty mansion, roof'd and ceil'd ;—for now my parent old  
Is dead, methinks, and buried,—or draws his scanty breath,  
With ills of age and sad delay  
Harass'd and sick, expecting aye the tidings of my death.”  
So spake the hero weeping, the princes round him moan,  
Remembering each the loves he left in homestead of his own.

Moved was the Seed of Saturn all ruthful for their sake ;  
And Pallas thus with wingèd words address'd he, and bespake :—  
“ My child, hath this brave hero been quite cast off by thee ?  
Hath great Achilles care of thine ceased utterly to be ?  
Lo ! now before the crested galleys he sits alone,  
Lamenting still his comrade dear,—  
His food untouch'd, untasted near ; all else to dinner gone !  
But hie thee now, and nectar and sweet ambrosia pour  
Deep in his breast, his waning strength and spirit to restore.”  
Spake he, and urged the Goddess, already prompt, to fly :—  
She like a heron broad-wing'd, shrill-voiced, shot earthward from the  
sky !

And there the Achaians straightway were arming, line by line :—  
Came she, and in Achilles' breast pour'd ambrosy divine,  
His knees lest hunger loosen : then to the cloudy hold  
Of Jove, her sire august, she went ;  
While forth from every ship and tent the Grecian armies roll'd.

And as thick sleet and snowdrift fly freezing forth from Jove,

Blown by the gusts of Boreas keen, that springs from heaven above ;  
So thickly from the galleys bright bickering helms advance,  
With bossy shield, and strong convex of mail, and ashen lance.  
Their radiance smote the welkin, and shores and plain around  
Laugh'd with the glistening sheen of brass ; and thunder'd all the  
ground

With din of footmen tramping ; while glorious from afar  
Godlike Achilles in the midst was arming for the war !  
Lo ! gnash'd his teeth, and lighten'd his eyes like fire aglow ;  
So deep into his breast had sunk the intolerable woe :—  
And so, 'gainst Troy and Trojans with mortal wrath inflamed,  
Donn'd he the gracious gifts divine for him by Vulcan framed.  
The greaves with silver buckles first o'er his shins he placed ;  
And next the mail which guards the breast he fasten'd at his waist :  
Then swung he from his shoulders the silver-hilted brand,  
Brazen, and eke his big stout shield, well fitted to his hand,  
He seiz'd ; whence flash'd a splendour far, as of moonbeam bright :—  
And as to seamen on the wave shines forth a stream of light,  
Which from some lonely beacon burns on a lofty hill ;—  
But them far o'er the fishy deep,  
Far from their friends the tempests sweep, and drive reluctant  
still ;—

So from Achilles' buckler, with godlike gravings fair,  
Shot forth a gleam of lightning beam, refulgent through the air.  
And last his ponderous helmet high on his brows he stay'd ;  
And like a star the helmet shone, with tufted plumes array'd ;  
And round it roll'd those plumes of gold which Vulcan's hand had  
made.

Then made essay Achilles, and tried his arms each one,  
If shape to shell were fitted well, and lithe were his limbs to run.  
And lo ! like wings they lift him, the leader of the rout.  
Then from the case his father's spear he plucks, huge spear and stout,  
The which none other Grecian could wield, but only he ;  
The Pelian ash, from Pelion's side  
Which Chiron to his sire supplied, dread heroes' death to be !  
Automedon the horses, and Alcimus they took ;  
And with the shapely shining thong fast bound them 'neath the yoke ;  
And thrust they bit and bridle deep in their mouths, and drew  
Backward the reins, and o'er the well-compacted chariot threw :  
Automedon he flourish'd the glittering scourge in hand ;  
Then featly on the chariot leapt, to heed his chief's command.  
Behind him rode Achilles, all arm'd and brazen-bright ;  
Most like Hyperion high in heaven, illustrious lord of light !

Then to those steeds Peleian the master call'd aloud :—  
“ Ho ! Xanthus bay, and Balius gray, Podarge's glorious blood !—  
Now mind ye me your master in better plight to bear  
Victorious to the Grecians' back,  
From war surceas'd and spent attack,—nor leave me lifeless there,  
As erst ye left Patroclus ! ”—then him beneath the yoke  
Xanthus, with lordly head reclined, the swift-foot steed bespoke :  
To the ground his mane dishevell'd was forth the yokering flung ;  
And whitearm'd Juno, queen of heaven, lo ! Juno loosed his tongue :—  
“ And we even yet, dread master, will speed thee safe this day :  
But now draws nigh thy doom to die ; nor ours the fault I say ;—  
But thee great God, believe me, and violent Fate subdue :

Nor then by sloth or slack of ours the foe Patroclus slew,  
Nor from his back the powers of Troy that radiant armour drew :  
But he of Gods the chiefest, fair-hair'd Latona's seed,  
'Twas he that smote him in the van,  
And gave to Hector, God to man, the glory of the deed.  
And we could gallop as swiftly as ever the Westwind strode,  
Whom lightsomest of the Blasts they call :—  
But thou too, doom'd art thou to fall by a man and by a God !”  
So as he spake portentous his tongue the Furies tied :  
And swift-of-foot Achilles thus indignantly replied :—  
“ Why death forbode me, Xanthus ? no need of this from thee !  
Full well I know my doom below, death's victim here to be,  
From sire apart and mother : yet not the less perforce  
Will I endure, and flout and rout the Trojans, man and horse !”  
He said, and shouting in the front held on his thundering course.



## BOOK XX.

SO by their crested galleys round thee, O Peleus' son,  
Thee thirsting for the war, the Greeks their glorious host led on :  
And front to front the Trojans high on the plain's ascent :—  
Meanwhile sage Themis to the Gods by Jove's commandment went,  
On many-daled Olympus a parliament to call ;  
And rode she here, and strode she there, and gave them summons all.  
Nor ever a Stream was absent save Ocean's self alone ;  
Nor ever a Nymph of all the kind that in fair gardens won,  
And 'mid the river fountains and grassy meadows rove :  
So sped they all, and throng'd the hall of Cloud-amassing Jove.  
And there in polish'd porches were all the Powers array'd,  
Which for the Sire with sleight and might had dext'rous Vulcan made.  
So sate they all assembled ;—and far-off Shakeland heard ;  
And forth he issued from the tide  
The last, and sitting by their side he thus his quest preferr'd :—  
“ Why call us, Jove bright-light'ner ? why thus to parley bid ?  
About the Trojans and the Greeks hast thou some purpose hid ?  
For now the war and tumult are thickest, closest press'd.”  
To whom the Cloud-amasser Jove his answer thus address'd :—

“ Well know'st thou, great Earthshaker, my plan and purpose why :  
For Greeks and Trojans both I care ; I love them, though they die !  
But I from high Olympus regarding far and wide  
Will watch the fight with equal sprite : do ye no longer bide,  
But hence ! and when the rout ye reach,  
Join ye the Greeks and Trojans each, and aid ye each his side.  
For if Achilles singly against the Trojans fight,  
No whit will they his prowess stay, but turn and flee outright.  
First saw they him, and trembled : but now, his friend laid low,  
Waxes his wrath ; and haply he  
Shall even outrun the Fates' decree, and all their towers o'erthrow ! ”  
So spake the Seed of Saturn, and direful war awoke ;  
And lo ! the Gods with diverse mind their ways diversely took.  
Hied Juno to the galleys, and with her Pallas sped ;  
And Neptune, Girdler of the land,  
And Mercury, with helpful hand, nor less with crafty head :  
And with them Poltfoot Vulcan in angry dudgeon went,  
Limping ; yet deftly in all haste his slender shanks he bent.  
To the Trojans Mars bright-crested, and Phœbus all aglow,  
Unclipp'd of hair, and Dian fair, rejoicing in the bow ;  
Latona, Xanthus, Venus eke,  
Sweet Venus of the dimpling cheek, a glittering army, go.

Now while the Gods were absent, withdrawn from sight of men,  
And flash'd Achilles on the field,  
So long from mortal view conceal'd, prevail'd the Grecians then ;  
And trembled every Trojan, and shook his knees with fear,  
When they the swift-foot hero saw with threatening shield and spear.

Most like the bloody War-god :—but when amid the rout  
Of mortal men the Olympians came, then Discord dire leapt out,  
And cheer'd them all to battle ; and loud Minerva cried,  
Now standing at the girdling ditch the Grecian wall beside ;  
Now on the long-resounding shores she shouted far and wide !  
And furious Mars against her his voice with tempests blent ;  
Now from the topmost towers of Troy with cheer the skies he rent ;  
To Simoïs' stream now rushed, and climb'd Colone's fair ascent !  
So Grecians both and Trojans the blissful Powers enraged ;  
Then join'd in fight, and God with God prodigious combat waged.  
And roar'd with terrible thunder the Sire of Gods and men  
Aloft, and Neptune shook below the immeasurable plain :  
And reel'd the mountain-summits, and shudder'd all the spurs  
Of many fountain'd Ida's hill, and waved her belt of firs.  
Trembled the Trojan city, trembled the Grecian ships ;  
And Hadès, king of Shades below, in darkness and eclipse.  
From his throne he leapt affrighted, and shouted, lest above  
Neptune, the Shaker of the land, should Earth's foundations move,  
And rive the firm-set rocks, and his grim obscene abodes,  
To the Gods in heaven abominate, reveal to men and Gods !  
So dire the noise and uproar when came the Blest to blows :—  
And lo ! 'gainst Neptune's kingly might,  
With bow in hand, and arrow bright, Phoebus Apollo rose :—  
'Gainst Mars stood blue-eyed Pallas ; and with the Spouse of Jove  
Fair Dian, wont her shafts to wing,  
Fair Golden-spindle, Sounding-string, Apollo's sister strove :—  
Hermes the featly herald with Lato join'd in fight ;  
And last, against the Lord of flame,

The burly swirling River came,  
Whom Gods Immortal Xanthus name, of men Scamander hight.

So one against another the Immortals stood and fought :  
But through the medley most of all Achilles Hector sought :—  
With blood of seed of Priam most long'd he to imbrue  
The War-god fierce, insatiate Mars, who thirsts the battle through.  
But Apollo the Protector, still vigilant to save,  
Æneas 'gainst Achilles sent, and strength and courage gave.  
Of Priam's son Lycaon the form and voice he took ;  
And thus Apollo, seed of Jove, the godlike chief bespoke :—  
“ Æneas, lord of counsel, where now thy speech so bold,—  
And threats amidst our kings at home so lightly made of old,  
With great Achilles Peleïdes exchange of strife to hold ? ”  
Replied Æneas straightway :—“ Why taunt me thus, my friend,  
And urge me all unwilling 'gainst Pelides to contend ?  
Ere now have I adventured to cope with him in fight,  
Then when from Ida's pastures fair he turn'd my feet to flight ;  
Then when he came Lyrnessus and Pedasus to seize :  
But saved me Jove, and gave me strength of limbs, and nimble knees.  
Ha ! else had fell Achilles and Pallas laid me low ;—  
Pallas who lit him on his way  
Trojans and Leleges to slay, with brazen javelin-throw.  
Wherefore the fell Achilles may never a man withstand ;  
For aye beside some God doth bide, and guard him with his hand.  
Yet to the mark his javelin itself flies straight and true ;  
Nor stops it short, but smites and drives the foeman's body through.  
But would some God attendinghold me in equal scale,

All brazen though he boast to be he should not soon prevail.”  
Then straightway thus address'd him Apollo, seed of Jove :—  
“ Come, hero, come, and thou with prayer the Powers Immortal move !  
For thou, they say, from Venus divine descent mayst claim ;  
He too descended from a God, but God of lesser name :—  
Venus from Jove, but Thetis, she from the ancient Sea-god came.  
Then right against Achilles thy spear advancing set ;  
Nor let him scare thee from the field, howe'er he storm and threat ! ”  
So on that chief of armies courage and strength he breathed ;  
And lo ! among the first he strode in glittering armour sheathed.]

Nor fail'd the white-arm'd Juno Anchises' son to ken  
'Gainst great Pelides striding straight amid the moil of men.  
She call'd the Powers together, address'd them, and bespake :—  
“ Now, Neptune, thou, and Pallas, thou,—good heed I bid ye take,—  
And mark the impending issue ;—against Achilles, lo !  
Marches Æneas, helm'd and mail'd ;—'tis Phœbus bids him go !  
Come, let us scare and stay him ; and by Achilles stand  
Each, to breathe courage in his heart, with strength to brace his hand ;  
And say, for him the stoutest of Gods their care employ ;  
And they but weak and feathers' weight who erst have stood for Troy.  
Then let us from Olympus hie all, to share the fray,  
Lest midst the rout of Tro'ians stout he suffer aught this day :—  
No more we ask :—hereafter full surely shall be sped  
His mortal doom, whate'er at birth,  
Dropp'd by his mother on the earth, Fate spun him with her thread.  
But if he fail our purpose by voice from heaven to hear,  
Much will he quake if Power divine



Opposed he meet : so dire the sign when Gods to men appear !”  
Then answer'd kingly Neptune, the Shaker of the land :—  
“Juno, refrain from angry speech, and reckless wrath command !  
I care not, I, to mingle the Gods with mortal war ;—  
Not our allies, I say,—for we the mightier are by far.  
Nay, let us hence, and sit we apart, and watch the fight  
From the common path retired, and leave the strife to mortal wight.  
But if or Mars or Phœbus be first to join the fray,  
And meet Achilles in the field, and him from battle stay ;—  
Then we too straight beside him the dire debate will join ;  
And soon, methinks, these hasty Gods, to flight will they incline,  
And by o’ermastering force compell’d reseck the seats divine !”  
So spake black-crested Neptune, and to the rampire led,  
Which the men of Troy for Hercules erst heap’d with Pallas’ aid ;  
Then when he fled the monster which chased him from the shore,  
And cower’d behind the lofty mound, and trembled evermore.  
There with black-crested Neptune the great allies reclined,  
And bade impenetrable mists about their shoulders wind.  
But o’er against them, seated on fair Colone’s crest,  
Phœbus Apollo, lord of light, and Mars the Stormer rest.  
Now these apart communing their several counsels plied ;  
Nor cared they to commence the war accurst on either side :  
But Jove with thunder from above gave signal far and wide !

So warriors now and horses fill’d all the glittering plain ;  
Glitter’d the plain with mail of proof,  
And with the crash of rushing hoof clatter’d the ground amain :  
And two, the best and chiefest betwixt the battles set,



Æneas hight, Anchisiades, and great Achilles met,  
Each for the combat eager : and first with nodding crest  
Æneas, threatening loud, advanced ; but still before his breast  
He held his stalwart buckler, and shining javelin shook :  
And 'gainst him Peleus' son forthright his course impetuous took ;  
Most like a ravening lion, whom men to kill essay,  
Assembled, all the country side ;—first holds he on his way  
Of shout and rout regardless ; but when some sturdy youth  
With javelin hits him, down the beast crouches with gaping mouth :  
With foam his jaws are dabbled, growls forth his courage staunch ;  
And with his tail on either side he lashes flank and haunch,  
Rousing himself to combat ; then glaring o'er the field  
Right forth he springs, and kills the first, or 'mid the first is kill'd.  
So then rush'd forth Achilles with strength and courage high,  
To meet Æneas bold of heart ; and when the twain drew nigh,  
Godlike Achilles swift of foot was first to speak and cry :—

“ Ha ! why so far, Æneas, beyond the ranks advance ?  
Durst thou with me the battle try, and measure lance with lance ?  
Hopedst thou to rule the Trojans, stout quellers of the steed,  
With Priam's staff and Priam's might ?—  
Nay, though thou kill me in the fight, not such should be the meed  
Allotted thee by Priam :—for hath not Priam sons ?  
Is he not staunch himself, nor light his children to renounce ?  
Or shall the Trojans yield thee choice plot to plant or sow,  
Cornland or fruitland, fair and rich, if me thou should'st o'erthrow ?  
Ah ! hardly shalt thou earn it !—bethink thee, how before  
I drove thee headlong, spear in hand :—remember'st thou no more

How once alone I caught thee, and from thy bullocks beat,  
And hotly down the Idæan steeps pursued thy flying feet ?  
Then turn'dst thou never afleeing,—then look'dst thou never back,—  
But to Lyrnessus fled'st adread ;—

Lyrnessus then, by Pallas led,  
By Father Jove and Pallas sped, gave I to storm and sack !  
Then many a captive woman, her sun of freedom set,  
I seiz'd ; but thee the Gods preserv'd ; thee Jove protected yet.  
Now will he not defend thee, methinks, nor save thee more,  
Whate'er thou castest in thy mind, whate'er he did before !  
Then hie thee hence, I charge thee, and midst thy fellows go ;  
Nor me abide, lest ill betide :—things done a fool may know !”

To whom Æneas straightway rejoin'd, and made reply :—  
“ Pelides, think not thou with words to daunt me, like a boy.  
For well can I too flourish with braggart speech and jeers :  
But we each others' kindred know, our fathers and forbears :  
We know them from tradition, and lays of men of eld :—  
But mine ne'er saw'st thou face to face, nor thine have I beheld.  
Now thee bold Peleus' issue do men declare to be ;  
And bore thee Thetis, mother mild, fair Nereïd of the sea.  
But I for sire Anchises, Venus for mother boast :  
Now of these pairs to one a son shall even this day be lost !  
For with no child's defiance will we retire content ;  
Nor stay, be sure, with fight unfought, nor part with life unspent.  
But wouldst thou scan me further, and all my lineage trace,—  
Then hear, for nought will I disguise ;—nor few men know my race.  
First Jove the Cloud-amasser did Dardanus beget,

Who built Dardania's ancient hold ; nor on the champain yet  
Was holy Ilium founded, for social clans to fill ;  
But yet on Ida's slopes they lodged, the many-fountain'd hill.  
From Dardanus next issued Erichthonius the king,  
The wealthiest he of mortals all of whom men say or sing.  
Three thousand mares he number'd, that in his marshes stray'd ;  
Mares all, and with their tender foals these mares three thousand play'd.  
These beauteous fillies feeding the blood of Boreas stirr'd ;  
And with form and force of a coal-black horse he courted all the herd :  
And twelve of Boreas' seed conceiv'd, and twelve the foals they rear'd.  
These when they briskly gallop'd on the corn-abounding mead,  
How light was their skip on the ripe ear's tip,—nor broke they a stalk  
in their speed !

And again, when they gallop'd briskly on broad-waved Ocean's verge,  
How they scudded away on the slender spray of the silver-crested  
surge !—

Then sprang from Erichthonius Tros, king to be of Troy ;  
Of Tros three noble sons were born,—was each a gallant boy !—

Assaracus and Ilus, and godlike Ganymede ;

The fairest he of mortal men, that spring from mortal seed.

Him for his beauty ravish'd the Gods, to wait on Jove,

And pour him wine, and dwell for aye among the Blest above.

But Ilus next had issue august Laomedon ;

Laomedon Tithonus 'gat ; was Priam eke his son.

From him too Hicetaon, Lampus and Clytius came ;

Assaracus gave Capys light ;

Capys Anchises, godlike wight ; from whom my birth I claim ;

While Hector springs from Priam :—such are my birth and blood.—

But Jove, of all things mightiest far,  
Can mortal merits make or mar, as aye him seemeth good !  
But let us here no longer, like children, wrangle thus,  
Standing at rest amid the fray, in words contentious :  
Much have we both to utter of insult, mock and scorn ;  
Not by a galley hundred-bench'd could all that load be borne !  
Men's tongues are glib and pliant with speech of every sort ;  
And to and fro their voices fly with insult and retort.  
Then why debate and quarrel like goodwives in the street,  
With noisy words and empty brag, with violence and with heat ?  
With words thou shalt not stay me, nor curb my generous haste,  
Ere I affront thee hand to hand, in brazen arms encased ;—  
Then on at once, and spear with spear each of his foe make taste !”

He spake, and drove his javelin against the opposing shield,  
Tremendous, and the sounding orb rattled therewith and reel'd :  
And from his breast Achilles held forth the disk in fear,  
Deeming Æneas' javelin long would through it shrewdly shear.  
Vain fear !—he knew not, witless, how hardly is it given  
For man to baffle or to break the glorious gifts of heaven !  
Nor then thy spear, Æneas, right through the buckler rode,  
That mighty spear :—the golden orb withstood it, heaven-bestow'd.  
Two plates the steel had conquer'd, yet three remain'd to win ;  
For five in all had Poltfoot made, of brass, of gold and tin.  
The outmost twain were brazen, of tin the inmost pair ;  
One midst of all was gold, and this had stay'd the ashen spear.  
Then next in turn Achilles his tapering javelin flung  
And 'gainst Æneas' rounded shield the whirling weapon swung.

He smote it on the border run round with thinnest brass,  
And where, the metal plates above, thinnest the bull's-hide was.  
The Pelian javelin pierced it right through, and rang the shield ;  
Æneas crouch'd, and o'er his head the disk in fear upheld :  
And off above his shoulders the spear-head rush'd to earth,  
And sever'd both the binding hoops in the buckler's ample girth.  
And there he stood astonied, and mark'd the quivering lance ;  
And o'er his startled senses roll'd the darkness of a trance.  
Then furious rush'd Achilles with terrible battle cry,  
His keen blade drawn ; Æneas grasp'd a stone that lay thereby,  
And swung the mighty boulder ;—not two could lift the stone,  
Such men as now are,—but right well he sway'd it all alone !  
Then straightway had Æneas his godlike rival crush'd,  
Shivering his helm or trusty shield, as he against him rush'd ;  
Or with his sword Pelides had closed, and pierced his breast ;—  
But Neptune, Shaker of the land,  
At the instant mark'd them, stone and brand, and thus the Gods  
address'd :—  
“ Alas for brave Æneas !—alas, that he should fall  
And slaughter'd by Pelides' hand descend to Hadès' hall !  
So hath the rede of Hector seduced him to his hurt,  
Witless !—nor can the Darter's aid distressful death avert !  
But why must he all blameless suffer for others' sin,  
All fecklessly and fruitlessly, and lose while others win ?—  
He who the Powers supernal with gifts doth ever charm ?—  
Come, let us save him now from death, and ward the impending harm !  
Ha ! wroth will be the Father if him Achilles kill :  
The Fates are charged his life to spare ; the Fates must save him still :



Else bare the stock and branchless of Dardanus should be ;—  
Most loved of all the seed of Jove, of sons and daughters he.  
For lo ! the race of Priam Saturnius puts away :  
And now Æneas, mighty lord, the Trojan powers shall sway ;  
His children, and his children's children after him for aye !"—

Then spake, and answer'd Juno, queen of the dark-brown eye :—  
" Shakeland, reflect thou and perpend,  
Thyself this Trojan must defend, or leave him here to die.  
For we 'mid all the Immortals, myself and Pallas great,  
Have sworn with many a dreadful oath to ward no Trojan's fate ;—  
Not though in flame consuming all Troy should waste and burn ;  
Not though the heaven-built towers divine the Grecian heels should  
spurn."

But when this answer heard he, the Shaker of the land,  
Off strode he 'mid the fight and rout, and shock of spear and brand ;  
And came he where Æneas and famed Achilles strove ;  
And o'er the Grecian's eyes a mist diffused he from above :  
And lo ! Achilles' weapon from bold Æneas' shield  
Pluck'd he, and laid it at his feet extended on the field.  
Then seiz'd he on Æneas, and rais'd him from the ground,  
And o'er the ranks of men and steeds sustain'd him with a bound,  
Till on the verge he lighted of all the plain afar,  
Where fought the Caucon aids array'd, last on the skirts of war.  
There Neptune came beside him, in all his power confess'd ;  
And thus the Shaker of the land his wingèd words address'd :—  
" Which of the Gods, Æneas, impels thee thus to fight,  
And rashly with Pelides cope, that matchless man of might ?



Braver than thou, and dearer to the Powers august is he :—  
Then yield thou, nor his arm await,  
Lest even beyond the doom of fate destruction fall on thee !  
But when at last Achilles shall death and doom ensue,  
Then on, and boldly in the fight be first to dare and do !  
For know, none other of the Greeks shall pierce thy buckler through.”  
Thus warn’d he and advised him ; and left him there alone :  
Then from Achilles’ eyes he roll’d the mist divinely blown ;  
And forth look’d he, and straightway saw all things far and wide ;  
And thus his own bold heart address’d, and thus impatient cried :—  
“ Ye Gods, what mighty marvel behold I with mine eyes ?  
Lo ! here the spear I swung and flung !—flat on the ground it lies !  
Where is he, at whom I aim’d it ?—ha ! surely he is dear  
To the Gods,—nor vainly did he boast, and mock my threatening  
spear :—  
The curst one !—but hereafter small stomach shall he have,  
Just now so gladly ’scaped from death, my power again to brave !  
Then on, and cheer the Grecians, brave heart ! and urge the fight :  
And bid the rest that stand for Troy make trial of thy might !”  
Then leapt he ’mid the Grecians, and cheer’d them, clan by clan :—  
“ Stay not, ye godlike Greeks !”—he cried, “ but forward, man ’gainst  
man !  
On, prompt and fierce, to battle !—’twere hard for me, I say,  
Stout though I be, to strive alone, and cope all Troy in fray !  
Not Mars, I swear, nor Pallas, that Gods immortal are,  
Could singly toil through battle’s broil, and breast such breach of war !  
But what may strength accomplish, stout hands and speed of feet,  
That will I do,—believe me true,—nor slacken, nor retreat.

So through the ranks opposing strive I and storm amain ;  
Nor ever a foe that meets my blow, shall boast of it again !”  
He spake, his comrades cheering,—and shouted Hector bright,  
To the hosts of Troy, and ’gainst Achilles vow’d himself to fight :—  
“ Brave friends, let not this vaunter confound ye and appal,  
For I too even the Gods could cope with words, if words were all :  
’Twere hard with spear to meet them, for mightier far are they :  
Nor shall Achilles all his words crown with effect to-day :—  
But half shall he accomplish ; from half must he retire :—  
Then ’gainst him will I stoutly stride, though his were hands of fire ;  
Though like his hands to furious flame, like stedfast steel his ire !”  
Cried he, his comrades cheering : they shook their spears on high,  
The Trojans, eager and confused, and rang their clattering cry.

Approach’d Apollo Phœbus, and thus the prince address’d :—  
“ Hector, advance not thou, nor with the foe in front contest :  
But in the ranks remain thou, and ’mid the surge of war  
Await him, lest at hand he smite, or shoot thee from afar.”  
He spake, and Hector daunted behind the throng retired,  
Scared by the warning of the God ;  
Achilles mid the Trojans strode, with force and fury fired ;  
And terribly he shouted :—Iphition first he slew,  
Brave chief, Otrynteus’ son was he, and his a numerous crew.  
Him to renown’d Otrynteus the Naiad Neïs bore,  
’Neath lofty Tmolus’ crest of snow, on Hyda’s grassy shore.  
Him issuing forth Achilles stopp’d short with javelin stroke,  
Right on the skull ; the rifted skull in twain asunder broke.  
He fell with brazen clatter ; and o’er him vaunting cried

The victor :—" Lie thou prostrate here, of Troy the flower and pride !  
Here die !—by lake Gygæa thy sires have held their seat ;  
Thy lineage bear their ancient rule  
At home, by Hyllus' fishy pool, and eddying Hermus fleet."  
So o'er him sung the victor ;—his eyes were wrapp'd in shade ;  
And in the foremost ranks of war  
The hosts of Greece, with steed and car, his body bruis'd and bray'd.

Demoleon next Achilles, Antenor's offspring,—brave  
To urge the fight, or stay the flight,—a prey to Hades gave.  
Right on his brow he smote him, the brass-check'd helmet through ;  
Nor could the brazen casque resist, but on the javelin flew,  
And smash'd the bone impatient, and drabbled brain and blood  
Deep in the concave of his skull, and quench'd his fiery mood.  
And next betwixt the shoulders smote he Hippodamas,  
Swift as he 'lighted from the car to flee before his face.  
He belch'd forth life, and bellow'd, most like the bellowing bull,  
When for the lord of Helicon stout youths the victim pull ;  
And smiles approving Shakeland, nor heeds his cries and groans :—  
So roar'd he, while the noble sprite fled forth his flesh and bones.  
Then spear in hand advanced he 'gainst Polydorus brave,  
Priamides, whom sore his sire from peril sought to save ;  
Nor will'd that he should combat ; the youngest of his race,  
Of all his sons the dearest he, and his the swiftest pace.  
Nathless then rush'd he witless, all vain his speed to show,  
First of the foremost, till he fell in death extended low.  
For him, beside him glancing, Achilles smote midloin,  
There where the buckles of the belt, the golden buckles join,

And draw the breast and backpiece together, folded o'er ;—  
There, through the navel from the back, the deadly weapon tore.  
On his knee he stagger'd groaning, his eyes in blackness shut ;  
And stooping press'd with either hand the weltering coil of gut.

But Hector mark'd his brother Polydorus in the throng,  
His bowels grasping in his hands, and bow'd the dust along ;  
With dew's his eyes were darken'd, nor longer could he bear  
To watch from far the fates of war, but with high brandish'd spear  
Forth rush'd he 'gainst Achilles, his fiery force to try ;  
And ha ! Achilles saw him come,—and ha ! his heart leapt high !—  
And vaunting thus exclaim'd he :—" The man, the man draws near,  
Who most of all my sprite has wrung, who slew my gallant fere !  
No more then will we linger thus on the bridge of war !"  
He spake, and with indignant scowl on Hector call'd afar :—  
" Sirrah ! come nigh :—the sooner death's confine shalt thou reach !"  
But bright-helm'd Hector fear'd no whit, but answer'd speech for  
speech :—

" Think not with words, Pelides, me, like a boy, to daunt ;  
For I no less can flourish too with braggart boast and taunt.  
I know that thou art stronger in fight, far weaker I ;—  
But on the knees of Jove above at last these issues lie.  
And I may hap, though worser, to slay thee with my dart ;  
For keen too is my steel to pierce, and sore my blows to smart !"

He spake, and poised his javelin, and flung ; but with a breath  
Pallas Athene turn'd the shaft, and baulk'd the wing'd death.  
Lightly she breathed and gently ; but Hector's feet beside

The weapon back returning fell :—then loud Achilles cried,—  
And fierce he rush'd to slay him ; but him Apollo took  
Right easily, as can a God, and snatch'd him ere he strook,  
And in deep cloud involv'd him : then thrice against him dash'd  
Swiftfoot Achilles, sword in hand ;  
And thrice he waved the brazen brand, and thrice the cloud he gash'd :  
But when he rush'd the fourth time, most like a God in might,  
With terrible shout then roar'd he out his fury and despite :—  
“ Ha ! dog, now death thou 'scapest, thou shunn'st it nearly now,  
Saved by Apollo, he to whom belike thou makest thy vow,  
Then when 'mid crash of javelins thou speed'st thy fearful way :—  
Yet doubt not I will end thee quite, when next we meet in fray ;  
If God, so be, there stand for me :—now others will I slay,  
Whatever Trojans fleeing with speed I may o'ertake.”  
Then turning, Dryops through the neck he pierced, while yet he spake.  
Before his feet he tumbled :—the victor left him there,  
And struck Demuchus to his knee,—  
A sturdy wight and big was he,—and stay'd him with his spear ;  
Then smote him with his sword, and spoil'd his life and spirit dear.  
Then Lagon, son of Bias, and Dardan, both he threw  
Down from their car, and this with spear and that with sword he  
slew ;—  
Tros too, Alastor's offspring :—now Tros towards him ran,  
And clasp'd his knees, and urged with prayer  
To stay the dreadful sword, and spare his youth of little span.  
Alas ! he knew not, witless, how vain the ruthless cry :  
No milksop was the foe, and mild, but stern to slay or die.  
He clasp'd his knees, all eager, in prayer ; but with the sword



Achilles smote him on the pap ;  
The dark blood spouted on his lap, and night was o'er him pour'd.  
To Mulius next advancing he flung, and pierced his ear ;  
And through the skull on the other side came forth the pointed spear.  
And next with glittering falchion he smote Echeclus' pate ;  
And all the reeking blade ran red ;  
While o'er his eyes their shadows shed dark death and matchless Fate.  
Deucalion next he wounded ; where at the lower joint  
The forearm sinews reach the hand, there pierced his javelin's point.  
With shatter'd limb he waited the coming death in view ;  
And with his sword Achilles smote,  
And fairly sever'd head from throat ; and head and helmet flew :  
From the spine the marrow spouted, and down in dust he lay.  
Then after Rigmus, fair of face,  
Who came from fertile fields of Thrace, the conqueror strode away.  
Midbreast with spear he smote him, and fix'd the weapon stood ;  
And rolling headlong from his car he welter'd in his blood.  
Nor less the affrighted driver, while car and steeds he wheel'd,  
Struck through the back, fell plump to earth, and steeds and chariot  
reel'd.  
And as fire heaven-descended flares fierce o'er slope and steep,  
From spur to crest of sultry hills, and burns the forest deep ;  
And roll'd by winds on every side the flames impetuous sweep ;—  
So with his lance Achilles hither and thither tore,  
Like Power divine, and smote and slew, till earth lay black with gore.  
As when his broadfaced bullocks the labourer yokes, to beat  
White barley on his threshing floor ;  
Fine grows the meal-dust evermore beneath their pounding feet ;—



So stout Achilles' horses on arms and bodies trod ;  
With blood the axle dripp'd below, the car above with blood.  
Some from the horse-hoofs spatter'd, some from the wheeltires rain'd ;  
While o'er the plain the conqueror flew,  
Renown impatient to pursue ;  
And rag'd his hands the battle through, with gore and mire distain'd.

## BOOK XXI.

**B**UT when they reach'd the passage of the wide-abounding flood,  
Of Xanthus, eddying Stream divine, of Jove's immortal brood,  
The Trojans there he sunder'd ; and some the champain o'er  
Drave he towards Troy, the way the Greeks had scour'd the day before.  
Affrighted and confounded, when Hector raged in arms ;  
That selfsame way the Trojans now were pour'd in shimmering  
    swarms ;—

But Juno flung before them thick fog to check their flight :—  
And half were crowded at the stream, the swirler silver-bright ;  
And in they fell confusedly, and echo'd with the sound  
The mighty waters, and the banks on either side around ;  
With many a splash and many a shout  
Fell they, and roll'd in mortal rout, swept in the gulfs profound.  
And as from fireblast fleeing the locusts swarm and throng  
Impetuous towards the river's side, while rush the flames along,  
And plunge they in the waters ; so by Achilles then  
The floods of Xanthus, roaring wide,  
Were choked, through all their eddying tide, with crush of cars and men.  
But he the Jove-descended there on the river's marge

His lance against a tamarisk leant, and made his furious charge  
On with his drawn sword only, most like a God in might ;  
On dreadful deeds his soul was set, and smote he left and right ;  
And with his falchion smitten the Trojans shriek'd aloud,  
And groan'd amain, and all the waves were purpled with their blood.  
And as the lesser fishes the monstrous dolphin flee,  
And throng the shoals of bays and creeks, far scudding from the sea ;—  
He gorges all he catches ;—so 'neath each ledge and bank,  
That dreadful river-stream adown, the timorous Trojans shrank.  
But he, now tired of slaying, twelve from the river led,  
Twelve youths, to pay him quittance for his dear Patroclus dead.  
These twelve with terror trembling he seiz'd, like fawns forlorn,  
And bound their hands behind with thongs from their own tunics torn ;  
And to his comrades gave them down to his ships to lead :—  
Himself again leapt forth amain, to make more Trojans bleed.

And there a child of Priam he found, Lycaon hight,  
Escaping from the stream, whom erst himself had seiz'd one night,  
When forth on Priam's garden he rush'd, and caught him there  
Fashioning splinters of wild fig, new car-rails to prepare.  
On him then great Achilles, a sudden mischief, fell,  
And o'er the seas a captive brought to Lemnos' shore to sell.  
To Eunéus, son of Jason, the stripling there he sold ;  
The Imbrian prince Eëtion,  
The father's guest, releas'd the son, bought with much store of gold,  
And to Arisbè sent him ; 'scaped thence the wandering boy,  
And days eleven made glad his heart among his friends at Troy,  
All safe return'd from Lemnos ; now on the twelfth again

The God into Achilles' hands deliver'd him to be slain,  
Thrust forth with slow reluctant steps to Hades' gloomy reign.  
Him when Achilles swift-foot perceiv'd, disarm'd and stripp'd  
Of helm and shield and ponderous spear,—so from the stream he  
slipp'd,

To the ground his armour casting, his sweat and toil to slack ;—

Then lo ! his own courageous heart Achilles fierce bespoke :—

“ Ye Powers ! what mighty marvel behold I with mine eyes ?

Ha ! sure, these Trojans I have slain,

And laid in misty gloom, again to upper earth shall rise !

Behold ! this man returning, escaped the dreadful day,

Whom I to beauteous Lemnos brought, and sent a slave away !

Nor have the seas confined him, the hoary seas profound,

That bar unwilling man from man, and sunder ground from ground.

Then let him try and taste now the sharpness of my spear ;

And we shall know, discovering so, shall he once more appear ?—

Or shall deep earth retain him, that binds the strong man fast ? ”

So paused the chief, considering brief ere yet the shaft he cast.

Drew nigh the youth astounded, and sought to touch his knees ;

Ah ! much he sought grim death to 'scape and shun the dire decrees !

But he, the great Achilles, his javelin rais'd and threw ;—

Down bent the wretch, and clasp'd his knees, and o'er his shoulders  
flew

The shaft, for life-blood thirsting, and stood alighting near :

He with one hand still held the knee, with the other clutch'd the spear :

Close clutch'd it, nor would leave his hold ; and thus he cried with  
prayer :—

“ I bend to thee, and pray thee, O thou, in pity save !

Behold thy suppliant, Jove-born king ! thy blessèd boon I crave.  
With thee I dwelt aforetime, and brake with thee my bread.  
Then when from sire and country torn,  
By thee to Lemnos I was borne, far o'er the billows sped ;  
My price an hundred beeves'-worth : that sum I gave thrice o'er  
For ransom, and now twelve days past reach'd I the Trojan shore,  
From many a toil and hardship : and now has cruel Fate  
Restored me to thy hands again ; such Jove the Father's hate !  
Ah ! brief of days she bore me, my mother Lathoë ;  
My mother, daughter of the king  
That ruled by Satnio's silver spring ; and Priam's spouse was she,  
One among many another : of her sprang children tway ;  
Both hast thou strown upon the field ; both brothers thou wilt slay.  
The first was Polydorus, whom midst the ranks afoot  
Smotest thou, and slew'st with javelin keen ;  
And here, this hour at last, I ween, shall evil be my lot.  
Nor may I now escape thee, since Fate hath brought thee near :  
But this thing will I tell thee yet,—O heed it thou, and hear !—  
Not Hector's mother's offspring, not his whole brother I,  
Who slew thy friend so brave and good ;—then list thou to my cry !"  
So spake the child of Priam with supplicating word ;  
But all unhonied the reply the cowering abject heard :—  
" Fool, tell me not of ransom, nor hold me in debate :—  
Time was, ere yet Patroclus fell and met the doom of Fate,—  
Then was I fain to pity the suppliants at my knees ;  
And many a foe I saved alive, and sent across the seas.  
But now not so :—nor any shall henceforth 'scape from death ;  
And seed of Priam least of all,—

Whom God forsooth, at Ilium's wall, shall cast my spear beneath !  
Die thou, my friend, too !—wherefore thus grudgingly complain ?  
Lo ! he,—far better man than thou,—Patroclus' self lies slain.  
See me !—how gay and gallant,—how tall a man and fair ;  
And mine a sire of worth and birth,—and me a Goddess bare !  
Yet death impends o'er me too ;—me too shall Fate lay low,  
At morn or eve, or midday hour ;—,whene'er the appointed foe  
Shall reach me, be it with javelin hurl'd, or arrow from the bow."

He spake ;—Lycaon's courage fell dead, his knees dropp'd slack ;  
He let the javelin go, and with both hands outstretch'd, sunk back.  
Then drew his sword Achilles, and on the shoulder-blade  
Close to the neck the suppliant stabb'd ; the sharp steel entrance  
made,

And lay all deeply buried : prone fell he to the ground,  
Prostrate, and blood, a purple stream, was dabbled all around.  
By the foot Achilles seiz'd him, and cast him in the flood  
For waves to waft ; and thus he cried, and vaunted thus aloud :—  
" Lie there now with the fishes, which from thy gory gash  
Shall lick the blood ; but mother dear, nor friends thy wound shall  
wash,

Nor lay thee out for burning, nor o'er thee sob and weep ;  
But thee to Ocean's bosom broad Scamander's surge shall sweep.  
Ha ! leaping down the current, o'er blackening waters fresh  
The fish shall peer, that seeks for cheer Lycaon's yellow flesh !  
So perish all the Trojans, till sacred Troy we gain,—  
I chasing ye, and slaughtering still,—ye fleeing o'er the plain !  
Nor shall the abounding River defend ye, eddying fast,



Howe'er ye slay him store of bulls,  
Howe'er amidst his silvery pools your steeds alive ye cast !  
Ill fate shall still attend ye, till for Patroclus dead  
Ye make atonement every one,  
And for the Grecians sore fordome, shorn of my sovereign aid."  
So spake he, and the River, ha ! mightily wroth wax'd he ;  
And much he ponder'd how to check Achilles' rampant glee ;  
And from the Trojans how to ward destruction's dreary dree.

Meanwhile the son of Peleus his shadowing javelin flung,  
And 'gainst the son of Pelagon Asteropæus sprung :—  
Whose sire did Peribœa, the Thracian princess, bear  
To Axius, broad-waved River deep, beside his fountain fair.  
Against him sprung Achilles ; and rising from the wave  
Met him this chief with javelins twain ; such courage Xanthus gave,  
Enraged the direful slaughter of valiant youths to view,  
Whom all along his shining stream Achilles ruthless slew.  
And when these two confronted, and met, advancing nigh,  
Godlike Achilles, swift of foot, was first to speak, and cry :—  
"Who art thou, and whence comest thou, that durst affront my hand ?  
Ha ! sons are they of luckless sires, that dare my force withstand !"  
Then bright in armour answer'd the son of Pelagon :—  
"O thou most valiant Peleïdes, well is my lineage known :  
From rich Pæonia wend I, and lead I from afar  
The stout Pæonians, spearmen bold ;  
And suns eleven this day have roll'd, since first I reach'd the war.  
From Axius, fairest River that flows in all the earth,  
From Axius, broad and brimming stream,

He whom my sire his sire doth deem, derives my godlike birth.  
Then lo! to arms, Achilles!"—cried he, that boaster rash,  
Defiant; and Achilles high uprear'd the Pelian ash:  
Waved he two spears together that onset to withstand;  
For skill'd was he at once to wield a spear in either hand.  
Then with the one he batter'd Achilles' buckler broad,  
Nor broke it; so the gold withstood, the forging of the God.  
But Peleïde his right elbow grazed light with flying wound;  
Follow'd the drops of purple blood;  
The shaft right o'er him rush'd, and stood still thirsting in the ground.  
Forthwith at Asteropæus his lance Achilles threw  
Direct, intent to slay; but wide the erring weapon flew;  
And on the bank alighted, and shook, embedded deep;—  
Then from his thigh his sword he drew right on the foe to leap:  
The Trojan tugg'd, but could not draw forth the Pelian spear:  
He wrench'd it thrice, but from the bank essay'd in vain to tear:  
Again he tugg'd the fourth time, and strove with all his might:  
But closed Achilles, sword in hand, smote him, and slew outright.  
He smote him on the navel; and all his entrails gush'd  
Reeking to earth; and o'er his eyes the dreary darkness rush'd.  
Leapt on his breast Achilles, and stripp'd his arms, and cried,  
Vaunting:—"So lie!—'tis hard, say I,—for all their power and pride,—  
For the River-god-begotten in combat to contend  
With those who from Saturnian Jove, the Almighty Power, descend!  
My sire forsooth is mortal, Peleus Æacides,  
Who rules the Myrmidonians all beyond the western seas;  
But Æacus was offspring of Jove, as all confess:—  
Now, as is Jove superior far

To all the streams that mightiest are,—the greater to the less,—  
So are Jove's sons superior to any River-born :  
And vainly stands thy sire at hand, to aid his child forlorn.  
For Jove, great Seed of Saturn, in vain would he defy :—  
Not Acheloüs, puissant lord, with Jove would battle try ;—  
Not Ocean deeply rolling, with power and glory crown'd ;  
From whom all Seas and Rivers run,  
And Springs and Fountains every one, and all the Pools profound :—  
For he too fears the lightning of all-o'ermastering Jove ;  
And the doleful crash when his firebolts flash from terrible skies  
above !”

This said, his brazen javelin from the river bank he tore,  
And left the dead man where he lay extended on the shore,  
With waters black bedabbled ; and round him fish and eel  
Made merry with his flesh and fat, and gorged their horrid meal.

Then started off Achilles the Pæones to smite ;  
Ha ! cower'd they on the river brink, when thus in standing fight  
They saw their chiefest champion slain by Peleïde's sword outright.  
Mydon he slew, and Mnesus, and there Thersilochus ;  
And Thrasius there, and Ænius there, and there Astypylus ;  
There slew he Ophelestes : and more would he have slain,  
When lo ! the mighty swirling River cried to him amain ;  
And from his deep pool rising, in semblance of a man,  
Exclaim'd :—“ Achilles, strongest thou  
Prodigious deeds to dare and do, beyond what mortal can,—  
For aye the Gods defend thee ;—themselves beside thee stand !  
But, if indeed Saturnian Jove hath yielded to thy hand

The souls of all the Trojans that 'gainst thee luckless strive,—  
Then forth my stream along the plain do thou their armies drive !  
For lo ! my pleasant currents are fill'd, and brim with dead ;  
Nor onward to the seas divine can now my streams be sped ;  
So choked are they with corpses ;—yet rageth still thy sword :—  
O spare me ! spare !—such awful scare confounds me, mighty lord ! ”  
Then swift-of-foot Achilles respake, and answer made :—  
“ So shall it be, Scamander, sprung from Jove, as thou hast said.  
But lo ! these haughty Trojans I will not slack to slay,  
Till I have thrust them close behind their walls, and made essay  
Of Hector's puissance, hand to hand,—  
Tried which the other can withstand,—and lost or won the day ! ”

He spake, and on the Trojans like a God impetuous press'd :  
And lo ! the swirling River deep Apollo thus address'd :—  
“ Woe worth the day, Apollo, Jove's offspring, Silverbow !  
Ill hast thou kept thy Sire's behest, who straitly bade thee go  
And stand beside the Trojans, to aid them and defend,  
Till on Earth's fertile fields the shades of lingering eve descend.”  
Lo ! as he spake, Achilles amidst his billows leapt  
Down from the cliff ; surged he and swell'd, and fierce against him  
swept :  
And raised he all his waters commingled, and drove on  
The corpses many about him throng'd, to death by Peleïde done.  
On the bank he cast the corpses, and roar'd he like a bull ;  
The living souls he sooth'd and saved,  
And hid in eddying depths enwaved, through many a shining pool.  
And dreadful o'er Achilles the surging billow curl'd ;

Crash'd on his shield the tumbling flood,  
In vain by stalwart knees withstood, around him waved and whirl'd.  
Seiz'd he and grasp'd an elm-tree, a big trunk, fair and tall,  
Which bursting down the crumbled cliff had settled, roots and all ;  
And with long boughs and branches the plenteous river drank.  
And falling in the watery flood had bridged it, bank to bank.  
So from the whirlpool springing essay'd the prince to run  
With nimble feet o'er all the plain, adread ;—and pause was none :  
For still pursued the River, blackening with crested wave,  
To stay Achilles from his work, and Troy from scathe to save.  
Ha ! leapt away Achilles, far as a lance may fly ;  
Fast as the furious fowl of Jove, black hunter of the sky,—  
Strongest of birds and swiftest ;—like that dread bird he sprang :  
And on his breast the brazen mail tremendous clang'd and rang.  
He cowering from the River still wheel'd, and wheeling fled ;  
Big River following roar'd behind, to overwhelm him, heels and head !

And as a gardener, leading a stream from sable spring,  
Still cleaves a channel, spade in hand, the watery wealth to bring,  
To feed the plants and seedlings that in his paddock grow ;—  
And still casts out the silt and grout, to let the moisture flow ;—  
And still, as flits the current all o'er the huddling sand,  
Rustles the swift-descending stream adown the sloping strand ;  
And presses on the leader's heels, and overtakes his hand :—  
So still the billowy River outsped Achilles then,  
Swift though he was : the Gods forsooth are greater aye than men !  
And oft as great Achilles, the swift-foot, turn'd and tried  
To overthrow the God, and know



If all the Immortals daunt him so, that dwell in heaven so wide ;—  
So oft the swelling billow of the Jove-born River crept  
High o'er his breast, and from the depths the prince astounded leapt ;  
And loosed his knees the violent wave,  
And o'er his feet deep sands it drave, and round him raged and swept.

'Then groan'd the great Pelides, and gazed on heaven so wide ;  
And, " Father Jove, lo ! Father Jove, is there no God,"—he cried,—  
" To stand with me, in mercy, and from this River pluck,—  
'Then leave me, leave me, if he will, whate'er my lot and luck ?  
None other of the Immortals so much hath wrought me ill  
As she, my mother dear, with hopes deceiving softly still.  
For she declared and promised that I at last should die,  
Struck by Apollo's rushing dart beneath the towers of 'Troy ;  
But first should I slay Hector, the bravest there of all ;  
So a brave man should a brave man spoil, and strength by strength  
should fall.

But now I death disastrous, and wretched fate have found,  
Confined and whelm'd in billowy wave,  
Like some mean swineherd, petty slave, in wintry torrent drown'd."  
He spake, and Neptune quickly, and Pallas came, and stood  
Close by, in shape like mortal men, and stay'd him in the flood :  
'Took each his hand, and pledged him, and cheer'd his spirit each ;  
And Neptune, Shaker of the land, then first began with speech :—  
" Be not cast down, Pelides, nor fear thou overmuch ;  
Such Powers will we auxiliar be, and friends in peril such !  
For thee, with Jove approving, myself and Pallas come ;  
Nor, by the flood to be subdued, is such thy destined doom !



Soon shall this Power be routed, as thou thyself shalt say :  
But this thing straitly we enjoin, nor fail thou to obey :—  
Stay not thine hand from slaughter, nor cease from mutual strife,  
Till close within the Trojan wall  
The Trojans thou hast huddled all, and Hector spoil'd of life ;  
Then seek again the galleys :—such glory grant we thee !”  
So spake the God, and 'midst the Powers return'd they fast and free.  
Then bravely strode Achilles, by rede divine impell'd,  
Forth on the plain, and weltering waves far o'er the champain swell'd ;  
And store of waves, and armour of youths in battle slain,  
Swam with the stream, and bodies strown ; and still he leapt amain  
Right on before the current ; nor could the torrent wide  
Restrain his course, nor slack the force which Pallas' self supplied.

Nor yet divine Scamander his furious force repress'd ;  
Yet more 'gainst Peleïdes he raged, and curl'd his billowy crest  
Upward aloft, and calling loud thus Simoïs he address'd :—  
“ Dear brother, this man's puissance together let us stay ;  
Else soon king Priam's mighty wall  
Will he o'erthrow and level all, and every Trojan slay.  
Come thou, and aid me quickly ; and furiously pour down  
Thy wealth of waves from founts and caves, and all thy channels  
crown,  
And rear a mighty billow this ruffian rude to stop,  
Who rages now with triumph high, and dares with Gods to cope.  
His strength shall nought avail him ; his beauty ill protect,  
Nor aught his glorious arms, I ween, which in our waters wreck'd  
The slippery sludge shall swallow ; and all his carcase o'er

Abounding sandheaps will I roll, and round him shingle pour  
Immense ; nor shall the Achaians his bones collect and save,  
So will I swamp them in the mud ;  
And there, in deep perturbèd flood, shall be the warrior's grave :  
Nor, when his friends would burial give, a barrow shall he crave !"  
He spake, and 'gainst Achilles with full collected force  
Rear'd he upright, with foam and blood gurgling, and many a corse ;  
And blacken'd deep the billow of the Jove-descended Spring,  
With lofty crest, and caught and clasp'd that bold Peleïan king.  
Ha ! shudder'd then queen Juno adread, and loud she cried,  
Lest burly River, swirling deep, should overwhelm him in his tide.  
And thus bespake she quickly Vulcan, her child so dear :—  
“ Up, Poltfoot, up !—for thou methinks art swirling Xanthus' peer.  
Thou with him join'st in battle : then up, and succour lend,  
And flash a mighty flame of fire ; and I will haste and send  
The storm of Zephyr landward, with white-wing'd Notus' gale,  
To parch and scorch and swallow up the Trojans, men and mail.  
But on the banks of Xanthus do thou the trees consume ;  
And his fair bosom scorch and scathe ;  
Nor stint thou of thy violent breath, howe'er he fawn or fume !  
Nor erst refrain thy fury till I myself require :—  
When I shall shout, then stay the drought, and bid thy flames expire !”

So spake the queen, and Vulcan launch'd he his flames so red ;  
And first he burnt the plain with fire, and burnt he there the dead,  
Heap'd up and throng'd in slaughter, by dire Achilles slain ;  
And all the glorious streams he stay'd, and scorch'd he all the plain.  
And as when Boreas blowing, on sultry summer's day,

Makes glad the gardener, scorching dry his water'd plot straightway,—  
So dried was all the champain ; and all the dead he burn'd ;  
Then 'gainst the River, maim'd and marr'd, his glittering flames he  
turn'd.

Burnt poplar, elm and alder, burnt lotus, flag and rush,  
Which on the pleasant river-bank grew waving rank and lush.  
And writhed the eels and fishes, which wont in currents clear,  
Adown the pleasant river stream to gambol here and there.  
So writhed they in the furnace by crafty Vulcan wrought ;—  
And all the River's strength was parch'd ; and cried he in his drought :—  
“ Now of the Gods, O Vulcan, may none with thee compare ;  
Nor with these fiery flames of thine the contest will I dare.—  
Then peace !—and let Achilles from Troy the Trojans drive ;—  
For what have I to do with war, to save their souls alive ? ”—  
He spake, with flames tormented ; boil'd up his waters sweet ;—  
And as a cauldron bubbling boils, impell'd by fiery heat,  
Wherein the shining fatness of full-fed swine they seethe ;  
And all the waters foam and swell, with crackling logs beneath ;—  
So foam'd the beauteous River, so boil'd his waters sleek ;  
Nor could he further run, but stay'd, choked with the steaming reek ;  
Such was the force of Vulcan the much-designing God :—  
Then to queen Juno pray'd he thus with wingèd words aloud :—  
“ Why has thy son, O Juno, dared thus my streams assault ?  
Mine above all ?—of all the Powers  
That stand and prop the Trojan towers, mine is not most the fault !  
Yet cease I at thy bidding ;—and let him cease also !  
Then this moreover will I swear ;—  
For these no longer will I care, to ward their day of woe,

Though 'neath the Greeks all Troy should fall, and flare in fire aglow!"  
But when the whitearm'd Goddess this promise heard him make,  
Then straightway Vulcan, her dear son, address'd she and bespake :—  
"Stay, Vulcan, stay, my glorious son ;—  
Unmeet it were such ill were done to God for mortals' sake !"  
She spake, and straightway Vulcan quench'd he his fiery force.  
The Stream returning to his bed resumed his tranquil course.  
And when the power of Xanthus was quell'd, the rivals twain  
Relented ;—so did Juno both indignantly restrain.

Meanwhile a dire contention 'mongst the other Gods befel ;  
And diversely and oppositely they thought, and fought pell mell.  
Roar'd the broad earth resounding, and fierce around them stirr'd  
The clangourous trumpets of the sky ; and Jove the Father heard,  
There where on high Olympus he peaceful sits afar ;—  
And blandly smiled the Father mild to view the Gods at war !  
Nor kept they long at distance ; for Mars commenced the fray,—  
The bull's-hide-burster,—and against Minerva push'd his way,  
With brazen spear, and spitefully began he thus to say :—  
"Ha ! graceless thou and restless, why sting the Powers to strife,  
With recklessness and fretfulness, and angry passions rife ?  
'Twas thou, I say, that sent me Tydides Diomed  
To wound me ;—thou that seiz'd his spear,  
And drove it, flashing far and near, to pierce, and make me bleed.  
Ha ! now, I say, shalt thou repay that fell accursed deed !"  
He said, and smote her ægis, the disk with golden fringe ;—  
Dread shield, which Jove's own bolt of fire doth vainly strike and  
sing.

With spear the bloody War-god smote hard this shield upon :  
 She yielded to his strokes and stoop'd, and clutch'd a mighty stone ;  
 Black, rough and big, she seiz'd it, with powerful hand to wield,  
 A stone which ancient men had set to sunder field from field.  
 With this the furious War-god high on the neck she reach'd,  
 And loos'd his knees, and cast him down ; o'er acres seven he stretch'd.  
 His hair in dust was dabbled, and clash'd his arms around ;  
 Pallas Athenè smiled to see ;  
 And vaunting thus derided she the sprawler on the ground :—  
 “ Ha ! witless one, pretending 'gainst me in arms to stand !  
 Hast thou not yet my strength discern'd ?  
 Hast thou not all my puissance learn'd, and cower'd beneath my  
     hand ?  
 Thus by thy Mother's Furies thy crimes shall be repaid ;  
 'Gainst thee her wrath deviseth ill,  
 For that for Troy thou fightest still, the Greeks hast thou betray'd.”  
 Then turn'd she round, and scornful her glittering eyes refrain'd ;  
 And Venus took him by the hand, and led him vex'd and pain'd ;  
 And groan'd he much, and groan'd he loud, and scarce his sense  
     regain'd.

Now when to white-arm'd Juno her errand stood confess'd,  
 To Pallas straight she turn'd, and thus her wingèd words address'd :—  
 “ Ha ! Atrytonè, daughter of ægisbearing Jove !  
 See how the man-destroying Mars  
 She leads securely through the wars, this graceless queen of love !—  
 Then up thou, and pursue her ! ”—She spake, and Pallas rush'd  
 Right gladly, and with stalwart hand her tender bosom push'd,



That strength and spirit fail'd her : so Goddess eke and God  
Sank down on fair abounding Earth ; and Pallas jeer'd aloud :—  
“ Would such were all the others, whoe'er lend aid to Troy ;  
Such all who 'gainst the brass-clad Greeks their arts and arms employ !  
Would they were brave as Venus ;—and stout as she who dares  
Bring aid to Mars, and rude in wars with me her strength compares !  
Then we this fight full surely long since had fought and won,  
And home return'd from Ithum burn'd, and all her strength undone ! ”

She spake, and white-arm'd Juno her mirth with smiles confess'd :—  
And Shakeland Neptune, mighty king, Apollo thus address'd :—  
“ Why stand we here at distance ? it were not meet to stay  
While others fight ; and base it were for us to shun the fray,  
And so regain Olympus, the brazen halls of Jove :  
Begin !—for thou the younger art ;—nor me doth it behove,  
The elder-born and wiser, to rush to battle first.  
Ha ! witless, thoughtless ! mind'st thou not how was our purpose curst,  
When at this Ilian stronghold such evil fate we bore,—  
We Gods, alone of all the rest,—  
When erst we came, at Jove's behest, to toil and labour for  
Laomedon the valiant, and serv'd at gage a year ?  
Then did I crown the Trojans' town with ramparts broad and fair,  
That none might burst the bulwark : and thou with care divine,  
Phœbus, on many a wooded steep  
Of Ida's hill didst tend and keep his splay-foot crook-horn'd kine ?  
But when our term of labour the gladsome Hours had told,  
Then did this proud Laomedon the price by force withhold ;  
And with loud threats he spurn'd us :—our feet, forsooth, and hands



Vow'd he to bind, and cast us forth  
To the island slave-marts, south and north, to serve on foreign  
strands ;—

Ha ! and with steel relentless the ears of both to crop !—  
But we reluctant homeward hied,  
Indignant at our wage denied, for which he bade us stop.  
His people wouldst thou favour ?—nay, with us rather try  
To wrap their hateful hold in flames ;  
That with their seed and comely dames these Trojans all may die !”  
To him replied Apollo, the Darter-from-afar :—

“ Nay, Shakeland, wise I should not be,  
If I, for mortals' sake, with thee should join in stress of war ;  
For mortals, wretched creatures, like leaves who bloom a day,  
And taste the yield of fertile field, then feckless fade away !  
Then cease we from the combat : let these alone contend !”  
He spake, and turn'd, nor dared his father's brother to offend.

But him his sister Dian, dread leader of the chace,  
With scorn reviled, that woodmaid wild, and chid him to his face ;—  
“ Ha ! fleest thou thus, Far-darter ? and thus dost thou resign  
To Neptune easy victory, and vaunt o'er thee and thine ?  
And witless, darrest thou flourish thy bow so vain and slight ?  
Nay, boast not thou in Jove's abodes,—  
As erst among the Immortal Gods,—  
'Gainst Neptune, sovereign of the floods, to stand in arms and fight !”  
She spake, and lo ! Apollo, far-darter, held his peace :  
But Juno, reverend queen of Jove,  
With bitter words 'gainst Dian strove, the Cheerer of the chace :—

“Now graceless thou and reckless that darest 'gainst me to stand !  
’Twere hard for thee to match with me, though valiant, bow in hand !  
Though Jove, forsooth, ’mongst women hath thee a lion made,  
To slay them, whomsoe’er thou wilt, with slender shafts array’d ;—  
’Twere better in the mountains against the beasts to rage,  
And barbarous hinds, than deadly war with stronger Powers to wage !  
But war wouldst thou encounter,—then come, and quickly see  
How weak thy force with mine compared, that durst to match with  
me !”

Then with her left hand grasping both wrists, she holds them tight ;  
The bow at Dian’s back that hung she seizes with her right ;  
And with the bow and quiver bang’d she her ears right well ;  
And laugh’d, as she turn’d quick to flee, and down her arrows fell ;  
And fled the huntress weeping, and stoop’d, as ’neath the hawk  
The dove, that flies for refuge to the hollow of a rock.  
So fled the Goddess weeping ; nor stay’d her bow to take.  
And Hermes, featly Argicide, Latona thus bespake :—  
“With thee I dare not combat ; disastrous would it prove  
To join in strife with friend or wife of Cloud-amasser Jove.  
But thou among the Immortals demurely go, and boast  
That thou with force of stalwart hands hast coped me to my cost.”  
He spake, and stoop’d Latona the pliant bow to lift,  
And arrows scatter’d here and there amid the dusty drift ;  
And so her daughter’s weapons she took, and home she hied ;  
While Dian sought Jove’s brazen mansion on Olympus wide.  
And there fair Dian weeping embraced the Father’s knee,  
And round her shook her odorous robe ; but Jove Saturnian he  
Rais’d her, and placed beside him, and ask’d with smile serene : —

"Now which of all the Gods, my child, hath wrought this cruel teen,  
Offhand, as though in crime overt detected thou hadst been?"

Replied the garland-braided, the Cheerer of the chace:—

"Thy spouse it was, the white-arm'd queen, that did me this disgrace;  
That oft has pight in feud and fight the Immortals face to face!"

So talk'd the twain together with question and reply:—

Meanwhile Apollo enter'd in, and lodged in sacred Troy;

So cared he for the bulwarks of the goodly-built town,

Lest even in doom's despite the Greeks that day should break them  
down.

But the other Powers eternal straight to Olympus hied;

Scowl'd some abash'd and ill content, some vaunted and defied;—

And by the thunder-bearer Jove reclined they side by side.

Meanwhile Achilles routed the Trojans, man and car:—

And as when from a city in flames smoke climbs the heavens afar,—

So wrath divine hath waved it, and vex'd the folk amain,

And flung amongst them pain and woe;—

Achilles vex'd the Trojans so, and wrought them woe and pain.

Now Priam old was standing high on the heaven-built tower:

He mark'd Achilles, giant chief, and saw his people cower

Before him, throng'd and routed; nor was there help at all:

Then with a groan descending straight

Call'd he the warders of the gate, and urged them to the wall:—

"Fling wide, fling wide the gateways, to catch our fleeing rout:

See how Achilles pressing close the folk doth scare and flout!

Ah! dire disaster and disgrace impend, I nothing doubt!

But when behind the rampart receiv'd their breath they take,  
Then close the doors, and bar them well ;  
Much fear I lest this brood of hell through bound and bulwark break !”  
He said ; the gates they loosen'd, and back the bolts they drew ;  
Wide yawn'd the gates, and gave them light ; and rush'd Apollo  
through

To meet them and protect them : they from the champain ran  
Straight to the town and lofty wall,  
All parch'd with thirst, and dusty all, from Peleïde, horse and man.  
Waved he his shaft behind them ; and throbb'd the hero's breast,  
With lust of war and greed of fame his furious soul possess'd !

Then Troy the lofty-portall'd the Grecian kings had won ; —  
But lo ! Apollo Phœbus sent Antenor's valiant son,  
The godlike prince Agenor, and fill'd his generous mind  
With force to fight, and at his side  
Death's forceful hands himself defied, against the beech reclined,  
In cloudy mist envelop'd : but he,—when he beheld  
That bulwark-burster Peleïdes with conquering force impell'd,—  
Stood still, and much he ponder'd, and doubted in his breast ;  
And thus his own courageous heart indignant he address'd :—  
“Woe's me !—for flee I dare not amidst the fleeing rout ;  
So should I die a coward's death beneath this foeman stout !  
What if I leave my fellows to flee before his face,  
And swiftly turning from the wall seek out some covert place  
Across the plain to hide me ?—some nook on Ida's side ?—  
And plunging 'midst the thickets now come forth at even-tide.  
Fresh washen from the river, and purged of dust and sweat.

And so refresh'd to Troy return ?—but why, my soul, debate  
Thus with thyself considering ?—ha ! should he see me run,  
And following fast with rushing speed  
Catch me,—then were my doom decreed,—then were I all undone !—  
For stout is he exceeding, beyond all mortals fleet !—  
Nay, let me rather in the gate stand forth his shock to meet :  
For eke his flesh is tender for steel to bruise and gall ;  
He hath but one life, and he too,  
Though Jove vouchsafes him glory now,  
This Peleus' son, as men avow, is mortal, after all !”

He spake, and full-collected stood forth to meet the foe ;  
Swell'd high his breast with generous heat, resolv'd to dare and do.  
And as leaps forth the panther from shade of covert dark,  
To meet the hunter, fearless she, nor heeds the dogs that bark ;  
Nor from the attack refrains she, though he be first to fling  
And hit,—but spitted on the shaft still makes essay to spring ;  
Nor yields till him she reaches, or falls before him slain ;—  
So then Agenor, noble chief, refused to turn again  
Till he had proved Achilles ;—but stout before him stood  
All shielded close, with brandish'd spear, and call'd to him aloud :—  
“ Now vain thy boast, Achilles, and vain the witless thought,  
This day proud Troy to overthrow !—  
For know, full many a deed of woe shall o'er her yet be wrought !  
For we therein are many, and brave and stout are we ;  
And we will fight for Ilion,  
And we for parent, wife and son, to keep them safe and free :  
But thou shalt there thy fate ensue, all valiant though thou be !”

He spake, and hurl'd the javelin with forceful hand, and hiss'd  
The shimmering shaft, and struck his shin below the knee, nor miss'd.  
The greave of brass new-hammer'd with doleful clangour rang ;  
And from the stricken plate the steel away rebounding sprang :  
It struck but could not pierce it, the labour of a God :—  
Then 'gainst Agenor, godlike prince, the son of Peleus strode,  
In his turn ;—but Apollo dissolv'd the doubtful fray,  
And snatch'd Agenor in a cloud, hid from the light of day ;  
And bore him soft and silent all far from the war away.  
The Trojans eke he succour'd, and gave by craft to 'scape :  
For deign'd the Far-accomplisher Agenor's form to ape,  
And so before Achilles bent ;—chased he the ghostly Shape.  
Fast fled the Shape ; he follow'd far o'er the fruitful plain,  
And towards Scamander's swirling flood turn'd it, and drove amain ;  
And still it just outstripp'd him ;—so did the Power contrive,  
That he might ever hope to catch, nor ever quite arrive.

Meanwhile the rest confounded ran crowding to the wall,  
And all the town they fill'd and throng'd, so rush'd and crush'd they all :  
Nor cared they, once at shelter, their fellows' fate to bide ;  
Nor ask'd they which had featly sped, and which in war had died :—  
So rush'd they to the city, and in they plunged pell mell,  
Whose sturdy feet and limber knees had serv'd and saved them well.



## BOOK XXII.

SO trembling through the city ran these, like frighten'd deer,  
Then breathed from toil, and cool'd from heat, and drank, their  
souls to cheer,

Propp'd on the stately bulwarks of the high embattled wall ;

But drew the Grecians ever nigh, array'd and buckler'd all :

There Hector, chain'd by cruel fate,

Stood firm before the Scæan gate, nor fear'd for Troy to fall.

But thus to great Achilles Phœbus Apollo cried :—

“Why, son of Peleus, chase me thus, and cope me stride for stride ?

I am a God Immortal ; thyself a mortal art :—

Then dare not thou a God defy, nor play the braggart's part !

Mind'st thou no whit the Trojans, who now are pent in Troy

Scared by thy spear, and cower adread, while thou dost hither ply ?

But me thou shalt not slay ; by thee I am not doom'd to die !”

To him Achilles swiftfoot indignant answer made :—

“Ha ! darter-far Apollo, how,—

Most ruthless of the Gods,—hast thou deceiv'd me and betray'd,

That here from Troy hast turn'd me !—else many more had lain

Prone in the dust, and bit the ground, ere Ilium they could gain.

Now me hast thou defrauded of great renown this day ;  
And these right easily hast saved ;  
And well revenge of mine hast braved,—for nought can I repay.  
Now well would I requite thee, if man might match with God !”  
He said, and toward the Trojan towers in high disdain he strode,  
Swiftly, as strides the racer that wins the prize with ear,  
And fleetly flees with limber knees, and skims the plains afar :—  
So lightly did Achilles stout nerve and sinew ply.  
And Priam old from Ilium’s hold was first the foe to spy,  
Conspicuous on the champain, most like that orb of flame  
The star of summer, whose keen light,  
’Mid stars and planets glittering bright,  
Outshines the myriad fires of night, whom men the Dogstar name,  
Exceeding in his brightness ;—prodigious sign of ill  
To wretched mortals, fever-fraught, and plague-portending still.  
So flash’d the brazen breast-plate as fast Achilles fared ;  
And groan’d old Priam at the sight ; tore he his hair and beard,  
With hands to heaven uplifted ; and groan’d and call’d aloud,  
Imploring Hector, his dear son :—but resolute Hector stood  
Before the walls, determined Achilles to withstand :  
And ruthfully the senior spake, and stretch’d him either hand :—

“ Hector, my child, my darling,—this man withstand not thou  
Alone, apart from all, lest fate and death betide thee now,  
Slain by this dread Pelides ; for he is past compare  
Stronger than thou :—ah ! would the Gods held this man just so dear  
As I myself !—then quickly, a prey to fowl and hound,—  
Great joy to me !—the wretch should lie extended on the ground !—

He who hath made me childless of offspring many and brave,  
One slain, another sold and sent to the isles beyond the wave.  
Even now amidst the medley of Trojans, princes twain,  
Lycaon dear and Polydore,  
Those whom my queenly Lathoë bore, alas ! I seek in vain.  
But if among the Grecians captive these yet survive,  
For heaps of brass and store of gold,—  
Such store is hoarded in my hold,—shall they be bought alive ;  
So well did good old Altes endow the child I wed :—  
But if these youths, to Hades hurl'd, be number'd with the dead,  
Ah ! sore shall be my sorrow,—ah ! sore their mother's pain ;  
But to the people lesser grief,  
Than if, beneath the Pelian chief, thou, Hector, thou wert slain.  
But come within the rampart, my child, so shalt thou shield  
The Trojan men, and Trojan dames, nor to Achilles yield  
Such great renown ; nor thou thyself lie lifeless on the field !  
Me too regard with pity,—me, while I yet draw breath,  
Ill-used, ill-doom'd ;—whom Jove the Sire even on the verge of death  
Shall wear and waste with sorrow ;—me, who have wept and griev'd  
For slaughter'd sons, and daughters haled, and bridal beds bereav'd ;—  
And seen the little children dash'd fiercely on the stones,  
And spouses seiz'd by Grecians' hands, and dragg'd with sighs and  
groans.  
Myself too, last and latest, subdued by sword and spear,  
And spoil'd of life, shall ravenous dogs on mine own threshold tear :—  
Dogs which myself have nourish'd, my royal gates to guard,  
Even at my board, and cheer'd with food,  
Shall rage and fight, and lap my blood, and slumber in my yard !

Still is the youngster comely, when slain by Mars he lies,  
And slash'd by steel, and mangled all ;  
And, after death whate'er befall, shines he in warriors' eyes :  
But when the pate all grizzled, and beard that hoary is,  
With parts conceal'd that shun the light,  
Foul dog's disgrace,—no sadder sight to wretched men than this !”

So spake the senior sobbing, and tore his locks so gray ;  
But none the more the stedfast soul of Hector did he sway :  
Nor aught avail'd the mother, who wept beside her lord,  
And bared her neck, and show'd her breast, and cried with winged  
word :—

“ Hector, my child, regard thou my breast. if e'er my love  
Sooth'd thee therewith, and eased thy pains ; and let these tokens  
move ;

And haste within the rampart : thence fight with spear and stone,  
Nor meet the assailants hand to hand, and champion us alone !  
Rash man !—for should he slay thee I shall not tend thee dead,  
Here on the pyre,—my pleasant plant, fair produce of my bed !—  
Nor shall thy gracious consort :—but from thy loves afar  
Fierce dogs beside the ships of Greece thy tender flesh shall mar !”

So these together weeping their darling child address'd,  
With many prayers ; but firm resolve still Hector's soul possess'd.  
While still advanced the giant foe, and near and nearer press'd.  
And as a mountain dragon abides before his lair,—  
A dragon fed on evil drugs, and hot with cholerick fare,—  
And fiercely glares around him before his covert coil'd ;—

So Hector, constant not to yield,  
Firm on a buttress propp'd his shield, and high his courage boil'd.  
And thus the prince indignant his own stout heart bespake : —  
“ Ah me ! if now within the gates and walls retreat I make,  
Then first will be Polyd'mas to flout me and to chide,  
He who enjoin'd behind the walls inglorious to abide,  
That doleful night, when started Achilles to the war :—  
Then said I nay, nor deign'd to stay,—which had been better far !  
But now, since weak and wilful our people I have slain,  
I dread the Trojan men, and dames that sweep the flowing train,  
Lest one, less brave than I am, some lesser lord shall say :—  
‘Twas Hector, glorious overmuch, that slew our host that day.’—  
So men shall say ; but better, much better 'twere, that I  
Should meet Achilles face to face, and slay, and homeward hie ;  
Or slain by him before the town not all unhonour'd die :—  
Yet this will I consider :—shall I let droop and fall  
My bossy shield, and helm, and lean my lance against the wall,—  
And go and greet Achilles, and tender promise fair  
Of Helen, and the spoils therewith, and all that Paris bare  
In the hollow ships to Ilium, the source of all the war,—  
And to the Atridæ give them up, to waft them hence afar ?—  
And further to the Grecians shall I one half divide,  
Of all that goodliest is and best, pent in this city wide ?—  
And after to the Trojans make solemn oath and swear  
Nought to withhold, but all the rest,  
Whatever goodliest is and best, assign them for their share ?—  
But why thus doubt and dally considering, O my soul ?  
Nay, never will I bend to him, that storms without control,

The ruthless and the shameless !—who, when he me shall spy  
Unarm'd, will slay me, like a girl, my spear and shield laid by.  
For now converse we may not, nor dalliance hold, forsooth,  
Like youth and maid, in sun or shade,  
On sunny cliff, in oaken glade, fair maid and lusty youth.—  
Nay, better far encounter in deeds of warlike strife,  
And straightway prove whom glorious Jove will crown with fame and  
life !”

Awhile he paused debating ; but drew Achilles nigh  
Most like the warrior Mars, and waved his Pelian ash on high  
O'er his right shoulder brandish'd,—the dreadful spear ; and shone  
His armour bright like blazing light of fire, or rising sun.  
But Hector, when he saw him, shudder'd, nor longer there  
Dared stay, but left the gates behind, and scudded far with fear.  
And follow'd fast Pelides, and press'd with flying feet ;  
As hawk among the hills, than which is never a fowl more fleet,  
Stoops on the dove full swiftly ; she ducks and slanting flies ;  
He screams amain, and stoops again, intent to seize the prize.  
So straight flew he and eager : but Hector quaked adread ;  
And still beneath the Trojan walls with limber knees he fled.

And now they towards the station, and windy fig-wood strode  
Obliquely from beneath the wall, along the wheel-worn road ;  
And reach'd the springs abundant whence flows Scamander's stream ;  
Springs twain, of water warm the one, which ever reeks with steam,  
Like smoke of fire ascending, the other fresh and cool  
As hail or snow the summer through, or crystal from the pool.



And stood there by the fountains of stone broad lavers fair,  
Wherein the Trojan dames were wont to wash their raiment rare ;  
And there the Trojan maidens, in the ancient times of peace,  
Ere roar'd afar the noise of war, and came the sons of Greece.  
This way ran both together ; fled one, the other chased :  
Good was the wight that push'd before,  
But better still press'd evermore behind with fiery haste.  
For not for bull or bull's-hide contended these in speed,  
Such as the quittance is of men that seek the racer's meed ;  
But for the very life of Hector, queller of the steed !  
And as the whole-hoof'd horses their rapid races run,  
From goal to goal contending keen, for guerdon to be won,—  
A tripod fair or maiden,—where lies some warrior dead ;—  
So these the city to and fro their lusty courses sped,—  
Thrice,—all the Gods beholding :—then first the silence broke  
Saturnius, Sire of Gods and men, and thus the Powers bespoke :—  
“ Woe's me, my well-beloved one behold I with mine eyes  
Chased at the wall,—the gallant prince,—and much my spirit sighs  
For Hector, who has burnt me, on deep-ridged Ida's steep,  
Full many a haunch of slaughter'd beast,  
Or mounting to the topmost crest of Ilium's holy keep.  
But him doth now Achilles round Priam's hold pursue,  
With fiery feet :—then come, ye Gods, and say what we shall do :—  
Consider ye, and advise me, shall we prevent and save ;—  
Or shall Pelides do to death the prince so good and brave ? ”  
To him replied Minerva, queen of the light-blue eye :—  
“ O Sire above, bright-lightener Jove, dread Thunderer in the sky !  
What speech was this to utter ?—a man of mortal mould,—

A man wouldst thou from fate redeem, to death foredoom'd of old ?  
Do so ;—but know, we other Gods with thee no compact hold ! ”  
To her the Cloud-amasser rejoin'd and answer made :—  
“ Courage, Tritonia ! child beloved ;—nay, 'twas but lightly said :—  
I would not stint nor curb thee :—then do thy will, nor stay.”  
He spake, and prick'd her, nothing loath, to urge the deathful fray ;  
And down from high Olympus' crest she cleft her airy way.

And as when on the mountains grim hound pursues a fawn,  
Roused from her couch, and tracks her still through glade and o'er the  
lawn ;  
Nor him, though in the thicket she cower a bush behind,  
Baulks she, but still he beats about, until the prey he find ;—  
So could not Hector baffle that nimble Peleus' son :  
And oft as he essay'd beneath the Dardan gates to run,  
That so from tower and turret the sheltering darts might shoot,  
So oft Achilles rush'd before, and stay'd him, swift of foot,  
And turn'd him towards the plain ; but still sought he the Troyward  
route.

And as in dreams one cannot do that one longs to do ;—  
Nor can the fleer flee outright, nor can pursuer pursue ;—  
So could not he from him escape, nor him could he bring to !  
And how so long had Hector the fates of death delay'd,  
Had not Apollo come, and brought his last and latest aid,  
And all his limbs with strength had braced, and lithe his knees had  
made ?

Then to the Greeks Achilles to shake his head was seen.

Not suffering 'gainst the prince of Troy to dart their weapons keen,  
Lest other gain the glory, and he arrive the last :  
But when the fourth time to the springs they came, nor yet had pass'd,—  
Then lo ! from heaven the Father his golden scales let down,  
Wherein he set the dooms decreed,  
Two several dooms of deathful rede,  
Of Hector, queller of the steed, and Peleus' godlike son.  
He poised them by the middle, and Hector's fate declined,  
And sank to Hadès ;—and Apollo all his care resign'd !  
To Peleïdes came Pallas, queen of the bright-blue eye,  
And thus the prince with wingèd words address'd she, standing by :—  
“ This day, at last, Achilles, illustrious, loved of heaven,  
This day to us, the ships beside, great glory shall be given ;  
To us the slayers of Hector, insatiate of the fight :  
For now no longer from our force can Hector 'scape by flight ;  
Not though the bright Far-darter Phœbus do all he may,  
Casting himself before the Ægis-bearer's feet to pray.  
But pause thou here an instant, and breathe, and straight will I  
Go hence to tempt him, and persuade thy prowess to defy.”  
So bade him queen Minerva, and gladly he obey'd,  
And leaning on the brazen-pointed javelin-shaft he stay'd.  
And there Minerva left him, and straight to Hector hied,  
And took the form of Deiphobus, and with his voice she cried ;—  
And Hector thus with wingèd words address'd she at his side :—  
“ Brother, this swift Achilles doth surely press thee sore,  
Aye chasing thee with flying feet the Trojan towers before :  
Come, let us twain the shock sustain, and stand and flee no more !”  
Replied bright-crested Hector, and thus the Power address'd :—

“Ah! thou, of all my brotherhood,  
Of Hecuba's and Priam's brood, dearest to me and best ;—  
Now more do I regard thee,—now more admire than all ;  
For thou the peril hast defied  
My fate to share, while all beside still crouch behind the wall.”  
Again bespoke him Pallas, queen of the bright-blue eye :—  
“Ah! brother, much they knelt in prayer  
In turn, both sire and mother fair, with all their company,  
And begg'd me there to tarry ; so sore they fear and quake :  
But heart and soul within me mourn'd distressful for thy sake.  
But now forthright advance we,—and fight we both amain ;  
Nor spare the blow, but prove and know,—shall both of us be slain,  
And he our bloody armour bear  
To the ships,—or conquer'd by thy spear shall he too press the plain?”

So spake the blue-eyed Goddess, and false-beseeming led ;  
And now, when drew the champions nigh,  
Was bright-helm'd Hector first to cry ;—and thus he cried, and said :—  
“No more, thou son of Peleus, from fight will I retreat ;  
Thrice have I fled thee to and fro old Priam's royal seat ;  
Nor have I dared await thee :—but now my courage high  
Bids me withstand, and brave thy hand, to conquer or to die !  
Come then, and let us tender the Gods our deeds to view :  
For they will best our faith attest, and compact firm and true.  
For thee I will not mangle unseemly after death,—  
So Jove decree success to me, and snatch thy vital breath ;—  
But strown and stripp'd, Achilles, and spoil'd of arms divine,  
Thy corse will I to Greece restore ;—do thou the like with mine !”

But frown'd Achilles swiftfoot, and ruthless cried, and wroth :—  
“ Accursed, speak not thou to me of compact, and of troth !  
No faith 'twixt men and lions, 'twixt wolves and lambs is none ;  
But ever these each other hate, to harry or to shun :—  
So love and peace shall never 'twixt me and thee be blent,  
Till thou or I on earth be strew'd,  
And we the War-god rough and rude with the rud-red blood content !  
Then call up all thy valour, and skill and strength of old ;  
Behoves it thee now shrewd to be, now warrior brave and bold !  
Thou canst not longer 'scape me : lo ! Pallas speeds the blow ;  
And now shalt thou at once repay the loss and hurt and woe,  
For friends of mine and lovers laid by thy fell javelin low !”  
He said, and raised and brandish'd his shadowing lance, and threw ;  
And Hector saw it shimmering straight, and bow'd ; it o'er him flew,  
And deep in earth stood planted ; but Pallas pluck'd it out,  
And to Achilles gave it back, unmark'd of Hector stout :  
Then thus to Peleus' glorious son exclaim'd he with a shout :—  
“ A miss !—a miss !—Achilles, thou peer of Powers above ;—  
Nor yet to thee my fate to see vouchsafes imperial Jove !  
For so, forsooth, thou vauntedst !—ha ! weak were I and slight,  
From wordy windy braggart base to shrink, and shun the fight !  
Fleeing thou shalt not smite me in the back with javelin throw :—  
Nay, strike me through the breast forthright,—  
Advancing straight to meet thy might,—if God vouchsafes the blow !  
Now of my brazen javelin I warn thee to beware !  
Ha ! would the weapon, shaft and steel, stuck through thy body were !  
Then lighter on the Trojans the war henceforth should press,  
Relieved of thee, their direst curse, their dreadfulest distress !”



He said, and rais'd and brandish'd his shadowing spear, and threw ;  
It struck Pelides' shield amidst, nor miss'd it, straight and true,  
But far away rebounded :—ha ! wroth was he, I trow,  
That from his hand the weapon keen had borne a bootless blow !  
Nor other javelin had he ; but all distraught he stood,  
And on bright-buckler'd Deiphobus impatient call'd aloud.  
“ A lance !—a lance ! ” exclaim'd he : but lo ! was no man nigh :  
Then Hector knew he in his heart, and thus he raised his cry :—  
“ Woe's me :—the Gods full surely have set me forth for death :—  
For Deiphobus, I doubted not, stood here, the wall beneath.  
But no :—aloft he tarries ; 'twas Pallas mock'd my sight :  
And surely here fell death is near, nor boots to flee or fight.  
So was it of old appointed that Hector should be kill'd ;  
And so have Jove and Jove's own son, Far-darter Phœbus, will'd ;—  
Who erst so loved and kept me well ;—but now to Fate they yield !  
Yet would not I all bootless, inglorious, sink in doom ;  
But great deed done, long memory won, and name beyond the tomb ! ”

He spake, and from the scabbard he pluck'd his trenchant blade,  
The which depending, strong and long, against his flank was laid :  
And stooping for the onset he sprang, as down to earth  
The eagle, loftiest bird of flight, springs from the storm-cloud forth,  
To seize a lamb or leveret far on the champain seen ;  
So sprang the prince, and waved aloft his glittering falchion keen.  
And 'gainst him rush'd Achilles, his soul with fury fraught ;  
Broad breast conceal'd by mighty shield, fair disk divinely wrought.  
With radiant helm he nodded ; the helm with crest fourfold,  
Whence shook the graceful glittering plumes by Vulcan forged in gold.



And as goes forth at night-fall Hesper, bright star of even,  
And leads the quire with brilliant fire, fairest of stars in heaven ;  
So, bright as brilliant Hesper, flash'd forth the brazen sheen,  
When in his stout right hand Achilles waved his javelin keen.  
And ill meant he for Hector ; and peer'd he all around,  
For spot to smite his tender skin, unguarded from the wound.  
But him the brazen armour encased, that armour bright  
Which from Patroclus he had stripp'd ; nor left it spot to smite,  
Save where the neck and shoulders are join'd by collar-bone ;  
There lay the skin exposed and bare, where swifter death is none.  
Straight to the mark Achilles his shaft impetuous hurl'd :  
And with the piercing point forthright the tender throat he thirl'd.  
Yet shear'd she not the gullet, that brass-beladen thrust ;  
But yet might Hector somewhat say,  
And make reply, where prone he lay extended in the dust.

Lo ! o'er him cried Achilles :—" Ha ! Hector, didst thou say,  
Then when thou didst Patroclus strip, that thou shouldst 'scape this  
day,  
And we so little didst thou heed, unseen, and far away !  
Witless !—a fell avenger, much better man than he,  
Remain'd I at the shapely ships, his champion stout to be !  
Now I thy knees have loosen'd ;—and thee grim hounds and kites  
Shall foully tear ; but him the Greeks shall grace with funeral rites."  
Then him bright-crested Hector bespake with scanty breath :—  
" Ha ! by thine own, thy parents' life, adjure I thee in death :—  
Let not the dogs and vultures devour me on the shore,  
But O ! accept the gift of brass, and gold, a goodly store ;

Wherewith my sire and mother will satiate thy desire ;  
And send my body back to Troy,—no more do I require,—  
That there the Trojans, lords and dames, may grant the boon of fire !”  
But frown'd Achilles swiftfoot, and spake with ruthless rede :—  
“ Ha ! dog,—embrace not thou my knees, nor by my parents plead !—  
Now would my force and fury so wild and wood might be,  
Thy flesh to gnaw, and gorge it raw, for all thy crimes to me !  
Then think not I will baffle the vultures of their prey ;  
Not though ten times and twenty o'er such ransom they should weigh ;  
And other yet should offer ;—not though the Dardan king  
Should give thy weight in gold complete, thy corse he back should  
bring :  
So should not thee thy mother lay sadly on the bier ;  
Thee whom she bore herself ; but dogs and fowls shall gorge thee here.”

To him bright-crested Hector all dying answer made :—  
“ I view thee, as I knew thee well ; nor hoped I to persuade :  
So tough that heart of iron within thy bosom pent :—  
Now look for me thy curse to be, by Gods avenging sent,  
That day when with Apollo shall Paris thee o'erthrow,  
And in the Scæan gate, for all thy bravery, lay thee low !”  
Thus as he spake his spirit death's end-all overspread ;  
And forth the flesh the fluttering soul to nether Hadès fled,  
Her fate bewailing, youth foregone, and forceful lustihead !—

And him though dead Achilles the godlike thus bespake :—  
“ Die !—but my doom then meet will I when Jove shall counsel take,  
And with the other Powers above the dread decree shall make !”

He spake, and from the body pluck'd forth the brazen spear,  
Placed it aside, and from the limbs essay'd the spoils to tear,  
All bloody ;—while around him the Grecian warriors ran ;—  
And gazed they on the form and face of Hector, glorious man !  
And slash'd they all and gash'd him, as round the dead they stood :  
And each to other thus they cried, as each his fellow view'd :—  
“ Ha ! softer far is Hector to stroke and handle now,  
Than when his hand with burning brand set erst our ships aglow ! ”  
So spake they each, and all with wounds assail'd the prostrate foe.

But when Achilles swiftfoot had spoil'd the prostrate dead,  
Forth standing 'midst the assembled Greeks with wingèd words he  
said :—

“ Friends, Grecian chiefs and champions, with me the Gods have fought,  
And I this man have slain, than whom hath none more evil wrought,  
Not all his feres together : then on, ye warriors all,  
Soon shall we know, contending so, all arm'd around the wall,  
The Trojans,—will they flee from their fastness, Hector slain ;—  
Or will they dare, their champion lost, persistent to remain ?  
But cease from wordy babblings, my soul, and ask no more :  
Dead lies, unburied, unbemourn'd, Patroclus on the shore !  
The ne'er-to-be-forgotten while life and memory last ;  
While 'midst the sons of mortal men my limber knees move fast !  
Yea, though the dead forget we, when sunk in nether shade,  
Yet will not I even there forget my fellow lowly laid !  
Now raise we, chiefs and lordlings, the Pæan's grateful song ;  
And so return we to the ships, and bring our dead along.  
Much glory have we gotten ; on Hector have we trod ;—

Him whom the Trojans hail'd in Troy, and honour'd as a God !"  
He spake, and godlike Hector to cruel shame he put :  
Betwixt the ancle and the heel he bored through either foot,  
And pierced with thongs of leather, and to the chariot bound  
Behind, and let the beauteous head lie trail'd along the ground.  
Then to the chariot springing he raised the spoils on high,  
And lash'd the steeds ; away they leapt, not loath at speed to fly !  
Round Hector, as they dragg'd him, the dust impetuous whirl'd,  
While all along his glossy locks were foully swept and swirl'd :  
His head, so fair aforetime, was dabbled in the sand,  
Disgraced by foes, so Jove allow'd, in his own fatherland !  
So all his head was dabbled :—and raised her doleful wail  
His mother mild, and pluck'd her hair, and from her flung the veil.  
Her wretched son beholding ; and sore the father groan'd,  
And all the folk the city through with loud lamentings moan'd :  
And who but would imagine, that heard the doleful cry,  
That high-brow'd Ilium, fire-bestead, was blazing to the sky !  
And scarce the folk could hold him, that old man sore distress'd,  
From rushing through the Dardan gates ; and all he pray'd and press'd,  
And roll'd impatient in the mire, and each by name address'd :—  
“ Stay, friends, and let me singly,—so sick my soul with woe,—  
Forth issue from the gates, and seek the leaguer of the foe.  
This man would I go kneel to, this ruthless, cruel man ;  
My years may move his soul to ruth, if age and reverence can.  
And he too hath a father, Peleus, most like to me ;  
Who gave him birth, and rear'd him up the curse of Troy to be ;—  
Of me, beyond all others :—so many a gallant son  
Hath he o'erthrown me :—but though sore

Weep I for all who fell before, so much I weep for none,  
As for this noble Hector ;—him, even in Hell will I  
Lament ;—ah ! would his fate had been here in these arms to die !  
So had we sigh'd and sorrow'd both to our heart's content,  
Myself and she, his mother mild,—  
Ah ! wretched she that bore the child !—both o'er his body bent."

So spake the senior weeping ; with him wept boy and man :  
Led Hecuba the dames of Troy, and thus the dirge began :—  
" Ah ! why should I persever to live my life forlorn,  
Thy death survived ?—for thee, my child, we vaunted, night and morn ;—  
Thee all throughout the city :—for thou to Trojans all,  
To Trojan men and Trojan dames, didst stand for tower and wall :  
And thee as God revered they :—their strength and glory thou,  
While living :—but grim Death and Fate have reach'd and seiz'd thee  
now !"

So spake the matron weeping ;—but yet had nothing heard  
The spouse of Hector ; courier none had mutter'd yet the word,  
That 'neath the wall her husband remain'd, the gates outside ;  
But she, retired and deep recess'd, at home her distaff plied,  
And wove a web of double woof, embroider'd, purple-dyed.  
And call'd she on her maidens, her maidens neat and fair,  
Big tripod on the fire to set, and water warm prepare  
For spouse from fight returning :—ah ! cares assumed in vain !  
For all unwashen on the strand  
Him by Achilles' ruthless hand had blue-eyed Pallas slain !  
But when she heard the weeping and groaning on the wall,  
Then quaked her knees, and from her hand she let her spindle fall ;



And once again began she on her fair-hair'd maids to call :—  
“ Come, two of ye, attend me ; and with me learn the truth :  
For ah ! my mother's voice I heard ;—  
And beats my heart within me stirr'd, and leaps into my mouth !  
My knees wax stiff beneath me ; some danger sure is nigh  
For Priam, and for Priam's sons ;—alas ! what doleful cry !—  
Ah ! much I fear Achilles, lest Hector overbold  
Far o'er the champain he pursue, and from the town withhold,  
Alone, with none to succour : so will he curb at length  
That courage all too valorous, and all too lusty strength !  
For 'midst the crowd of warriors would ne'er my Hector fight ;  
But ever press'd before the rest, and vail'd to none in might.”

So calling, from the palace, like one distraught, she rush'd,  
Her heart all throbbing, and her maids beside her hurrying crush'd :—  
But when they reach'd the turret, and the sitters on the wall,  
She glanced around, and him she spied, despoil'd, dishonour'd all,  
And dragg'd by swiftfoot horses down to the Achaian ships ;  
And sudden dropp'd down on her eyes night's terrible eclipse ;  
And fainting fell she backward, and sobb'd her soul away,  
While far off slipping from her brows her glittering headgear lay ;  
The cap with braid and fillet, and veil which Venus gave  
That day, when from Eëtion's dome  
Bright-crested Hector brought her home, with dowry rich and brave.  
And brothers-in-law around her, and many a sister stood,  
Thronging, and stay'd her soul from death, and back recall'd the blood.  
And when once more reviving she breathed with heaving breast,  
Full oft she sigh'd, and sobb'd and cried, and thus the dames address'd :—



“Ah ! wretched Hector, wretched myself, one fate is ours :  
Thou born in Priam’s halls at Troy,  
In Placus-shaded Thebè I, Eëtion’s ancient towers !  
There from a child he bred me, he wretched wretched me !  
Woe worth the day he gave me light, my sire that should not be !  
Now thou to realms of Hadès, in earth’s abyss, dost go ;  
But me a widow in thy house leav’st thou in bitter woe ;—  
Our child yet but an infant, of wretched parents born ;—  
Nor thou the son in death canst aid, nor he the sire forlorn.  
For though the Grecian battle his tender years may shun,  
Yet aye hereafter shall he mourn with toils and cares fordome.  
Ah ! wretched child !—for others his landmarks shall remove !  
And aye the day that orphan makes doth fellow-sundering prove.  
Dejected mopes the orphan, his cheek distain’d with tears ;  
And in his need he wends his way, and seeks his father’s feres :  
He plucks one by the jacket, another by the coat ;  
Their ruth just reaches him a cup,  
To wet his lips with slender sup, but scarce bedews his throat !  
And him the reckless youngster whose parents both survive,  
Fresh from the feast, assails with blows, and forth essays to drive  
With bitter gibe and insult :—‘ Hence, ho !—thy sire, I say,  
Feasts not with us !’—then turns the child,  
And seeks his widow’d mother mild, and hides his face away.  
So Ástyanax my darling, whose food was wont to be  
Marrow and fatness only, when he climb’d his father’s knee ;—  
And who, when sleep o’ertook him, his pretty cares to lull,  
Lay snugly in his nurse’s arm,  
On plummy couch kept safe and warm, with dainty sweets fed full ;—

Ah ! now, his dear sire missing, shall he be stricken sore,—  
He, Ástyanax, the city's lord !—so call'd at Troy before :—  
For, Hector, thou the gates alone and walls didst keep of yore !  
But thee things foul and creeping beside the ships shall gnaw,  
Far from thy parents, when the kites have sated first their maw ;—  
Thee stripp'd, alas ! and naked !—for ah ! thy raiment rare,  
Thy mantles thin and glossy, wrought by hands of women fair,  
Lie piled within my chamber ;—and all these will I burn,  
And utterly consume with fire,  
Though thee they wrap not on the pyre ;—nor thee shall it concern :—  
But that the Trojan people, the women and the men,  
May see these glorious weeds of thine, and all their richness ken ! ”  
So spake she weeping, and her maids around her wept again.

## BOOK XXIII.

NOW thus throughout the city the Trojans sobb'd and cried :  
But when the Grecians to the shore, and Helle's flood had hied,  
Then all their hosts to ship and tent were scatter'd far and wide.  
The Myrmidonians only would not Achilles send  
Disbanded to their ships and tents : but bade them still attend.  
" My friends," he cried, " and fellows, brave warriors, swift of car,  
Loose not your coursers from the yoke, the thunder of the war ;  
But first to dead Patroclus draw near with car and steed,  
And weep with me my slaughter'd friend ;—for such the dead man's  
    meed !

Then, when with doleful dirges we cease our woe to slake,  
Our coursers swift will we unyoke, and all here supper take."  
He spake ; groan'd they together, while he the groaning led .  
Then thrice they drove their crested steeds around that hero dead,  
Weeping ; and moved them Thetis with lust of weary wail :  
The sands were moisten'd with their tears ; with tears the warriors'  
    mail :

So brave a chief bewail'd they, dread harbinger of rout :—  
Achilles on his bosom leant

His murderous hands with blood besprent, and thus began the shout :—  
“ Hail thou, all hail, Patroclus, even in the Shades accurst !—  
For now shall all accomplish'd be I vow'd and pledged thee erst,—  
Hector to fling for carrion to ravening kite and hound,  
And of the Trojans lordlings twelve to slay thy pyre around,  
In vengeance for thy slaughter !”—He said, and foul disgrace  
Meant he for Hector :—in the dust he stretch'd him on his face,  
Beside thy bier, Patroclus :—meanwhile their glittering weeds  
Of sturdy brass his men removed, and loosed their thundering steeds ;  
And down they sate by thousands at swift Achilles' prow ;  
While he the funeral feast prepared, for solace of their woe.  
And good steers, many a carcase, lay strown the steel beneath ;  
And sheep there lay, and bleating goats ; and swine with ivory teeth  
Were stretch'd on living embers, and dripp'd their greasy load  
On Vulcan's flame, while round the corse the blood in pailfuls flow'd.

But him, the lord Pelides, the Grecian chieftains led  
To Agamemnon : at their hest,  
Entreated much, and pray'd and press'd, though sorrowing sore, he  
    sped.

But when came these advancing to Agamemnon's door,  
Straightway they bade the heralds shrill make fire, and water pour  
In cauldron big for boiling ; and then the chiefs would fain  
Persuade Achilles from his limbs to cleanse the gory stain :  
But stoutly he refused them, and swore an oath, and cried :—  
“ Nay,—by the Power, Supreme and Best, that rules Olympus wide,—  
Must water none come nigh me, nor bath bedew my head,  
Till on the flame of funeral fire Patroclus I have laid,

And raised a mound, and o'er it have shed my locks for love :—  
Ah me ! for lo ! no second woe  
Shall reach my heart and rive it so, while yet on earth I move !  
But make ye now the supper, the funeral feast prepare ;  
With morn, Atrides, send thou forth, and wood for burning bear ;  
That strown as best beseems him, and with due rites array'd,  
The dead may take his dismal way beneath the nether shade.  
So quickly shall the body dissolve in furious fire,  
Put forth from sight, and all the host to other cares retire.”  
He spake, and all the Grecians gave heed, and did his hest ;  
Prepared the meal with heart of zeal, and all in common mess'd :  
And when their thirst and hunger were sated with the food,  
Each to his tent the warriors went, and lay in slumber strew'd

Meanwhile beside the margin of billowy Ocean's strand  
Pelides couch'd, and groan'd aloud, amidst his warrior-band,  
In the open space where flooded the waters o'er the shore ;  
Till slumber seiz'd him, and dissolv'd the cares that vex'd him sore,  
Diffused all softly round him : for faint and wearied all  
Was he with long pursuit of Hector 'neath the Trojan wall.  
Then like in form and stature beheld, and accents heard,  
With those fair eyes so beamy bright,  
All as in wonted raiment dight,  
The miserable Patroclus' sprite approach'd him and appear'd,  
And stood erect before his face, and breathed the wingèd word :—  
“ Thus sleep'st thou, thus forget'st thou thy comrade once beloved ?  
Not of the quick, but of the dead hast thou all mindless proved !  
Ah ! give me burial swiftly, that I Hell-gate may thread ;

For the shades below they thrust me fro,—the phantoms of the Dead !  
Nor will they let me mingle with the ghosts beyond the tide ;  
But all in vain I roam the plain before that threshold wide !  
And touch my hand, I pray thee ; for ne'er shall I return  
From Hadès to the realms of day, when thou hast bade me burn !  
Nor shall we sit together advising, blithe and gay,  
As erst in life ; for me grim Fate,  
That mark'd me from my vital date, hath yawn'd and made her prey.  
And thou too, great Achilles, thou peer of Powers divine,  
Beneath the embattled towers of Troy shalt yield to doom of thine !  
Yet one thing more I pray thee, one more I charge thee ever ;  
Lay not my bones apart from thine, nor love from love dis sever !  
But as we two together were in one palace bred,  
When me from home, for murder done, my sire to Peleus led ;—  
For I had slain unwitting Amphidamas his child,  
Wroth about dice ; then Peleus took and bred me, sage and mild,  
And made me thy companion ;—so in one common chest,—  
That ample ark, that ark of gold,  
By Thetis given thy dust to fold,—let both our reliques rest !”  
To him Achilles swift-foot rejoin'd, and answering said :—  
“ Alas ! why hither hast thou come, dear brother, honour'd head ?  
And why these dues enjoin me ?—yea, they shall all be done ;—  
And all thy charge will I perform, and make thy will mine own.  
But come more close beside me ; and yet a little space  
Will we let flow the wail of woe, and strain the dear embrace.”  
So spake the prince, and speaking stretch'd forth his hands to clutch ;  
But could not ;—thin as smoke the Ghost fled gibbering from his touch.  
Then all amazed Achilles upstart'd from his bed ;



And clapp'd his hands, and shriek'd amain ; and, " O ye Powers !" he  
said,

" Are Shape and Sprite in realms of night, but Life and Being fled ?

For lo ! this night before me stood weeping all and wan,—

And many a charge did me commend,—

The Ghost of him, my hapless friend ;—ye Gods ! how like the man."

He spake, and all his warriors inspired with lust of tears :

And lo ! while still they wept and wail'd, rose-finger'd Morn appears

On those poor reliques shining : then Agamemnon sent

The drivers forth, the men and mules, from every Grecian tent ;

And Mériones array'd them, and march'd the train beside ;

And so with woodman's axe in hand and stranded ropes they hied.

The mules they jogg'd before them, o'er hills and thickets through ;

And up they went, and down they went, and straight they went, and  
skew.

But when the slopes of Ida the many-rill'd they reach'd,

Then straightway 'gainst the loftiest oaks their vigorous steel they  
stretch'd,

And hack'd and hew'd incessant : the trunks with crashing sound

Fell ;—these the Grecians lopp'd and chopp'd, and fast on mule-back  
bound :

Swift sped the mules through bush and brake, and featly clear'd the  
ground.

The woodmen all together big logs and branches bore,—

So bade them captain Mériones,—and cast them on the shore,

Pack'd close, one 'gainst another ; for meant Achilles there

For his friend a mighty monument, and for himself to rear.

But when the legs abundant they side by side had laid,  
Then down they all together sate ; and he commandment made,  
And bade the Myrmidonians, his valiant people, yoke  
Each one his coursers to his car ;  
Rose they, and marshall'd as for war, their arms and armour took ;  
And mounted to their chariots, each driver and his peer ;  
Rode first the doughty chariotmen, the footmen closed the rear,  
A cloud of hundred hundreds ; and in the midst they bore  
Patroclus, and their tresses clipp'd cast all those reliques o'er :  
While strode behind Achilles, and held himself the head,  
Sorrowing ; for he with wail and woe  
Was ushering to the shades below his brave companion dead.

Now when the spot attain'd they which erst Achilles meant,  
Straightway the pile of wood they rear'd high to his heart's content.  
Then came to his remembrance one other duty there :—  
He stood at distance from the pyre, and clipp'd his yellow hair,  
Which for the God Sperchius luxuriant he had grown ;  
And gazing on the wine-dark wave exclaim'd he with a moan :—  
“ God of the flood Sperchius ! Peleus my sire in vain  
Vow'd thee this offering of my locks, if home I reach'd again ;  
And vow'd himself to slay thee a hecatomb complete,  
With fifty rams, the sires of sheep,  
There where thy hallow'd plot we keep, and spicy altar sweet !—  
Ha ! bootless was the promise ; unheeded his concern !—  
Then since to sire and fatherland no more shall I return,  
These to Patroclus, hero great, I consecrate and burn ! ”  
This said, those goodly tresses in the dead man's hand he laid ;

And lust of doleful wail inspired through all his hosts array'd.

And so the light of morning had risen upon their grief;  
But turn'd Achilles swift, and thus bespake the Argive chief:—  
“Let these now cease from weeping, Atrides! for thee most  
The Grecian warriors will obey, the champion of the host.  
Thou from the pyre disperse them, and bid them straight prepare  
The meal; while they, whose charge it is, shall for the reliques care.  
But let the chiefs bide with us.”—This when Atrides heard,  
Straightway,—“Go, wend ye to the ships!”—gave he the general word.  
Remain'd the charged attendants, and heap'd the wood for fire;  
And built an hundred feet each way the great funereal pyre.  
Then on the topmost platform the corse they sorrowing laid;  
And at the base their fleecy flocks,  
With many a splayfoot crookhorn'd ox, they slew and deftly flay'd;  
Then carv'd them all and sliced them; and with their fat cut out  
Valiant Achilles cover'd well the corse from head to foot,  
And round it heap'd the victims; then 'gainst the bier bade strew  
Pitchers of honey and of oil;  
And four stout steeds, with might and moil,  
His deep breast groaning with the toil, high on the pyre he threw.  
Now nine dogs had the warrior that round his table fed,  
And two of these he slew and cast on the pyre beside the dead;  
And last, twelve noble Trojans smiting, youths all, with brass,—  
Ah! cruel deed of dreadful fame,—  
Kindled the iron strength of flame, to burn the mighty mass.  
Then call'd he on Patroclus with loud lamenting breath:—  
“All hail, Patroclus, hail, my friend, even in the realms of death!

Lo ! of mine ancient promise fulfilment I decree !

Twelve noble youths, the flower of Troy, shall fire consume with thee :

But Hector from the flames I keep, the sport of dogs to be !”

Such was his threat : but Hector,—on him no dogs should prey ;

For Venus fair, Jove's daughter rare,

Long days and nights she watch'd him there, and kept the brutes at  
bay ;

And with her balm of roses ambrosial rubb'd him o'er,

Lest, dragg'd so rudely on the ground, his flesh should fester sore.

Then too Apollo Phœbus a darkling mist brought down

From heaven to earth, and all the place whereon the corse was thrown

Shrouded and overshadow'd ; lest the fierce Sun on high

Smiting his sinews, flesh and bone, should suck and scorch him dry.

Meanwhile thy pile, Patroclus, with fire was slow to burn :

To other method thereupon did swift Achilles turn.

Apart he stood, and pray'd he to the great twin Powers of air,

To Boreas and to Zephyrus, and vow'd them victims fair.

Then from a golden goblet he pour'd the frequent shower,

And pray'd them fan the fire to flame, and straight the dead devour,

And swiftly all the timber consume :—lo ! Iris heard

The potent prayer, and to the Winds bore she the wingèd word.

Now these at feast together were sitting in the hall

Of Zephyrus, fiercest of the Blasts ; came Iris, seen of all,

And press'd the marble threshold : up leapt they from their meat,

And call'd her, each one to himself ; but she refused the seat,

And cried :—“ No time for converse ! for back I wend my way

To Ocean's streams, the Æthiops' land,—

Where for the Gods, immortal band, their hecatombs they slay,—  
With these to share the banquet :—and now Achilles swift  
Boreas and sounding Zephyr prays to come, and vows a gift ;—  
That ye the flames may kindle, and burn Patroclus' pyre ;  
Whom all the Grecians weep and wail, attending on the fire.”  
So spake she, and departed :—with violent noise rose they,  
And drove the clouds before them dense, and reach'd the sea straight-  
way ;

And blew :—beneath their piping curl'd up the billowy sea :—  
And so to fertile Troy they came,  
And smote the pyre ; high leapt the flame, and crackled fierce and free.  
All night they waved tremendous the flickering jets of fire,  
With shrilling breath ; and all night long, beside the crumbling pyre,  
From a golden vase Achilles, with tway-cupp'd bowl in hand,  
Pour'd on the ground large floods of wine, and moisten'd all the  
strand ;

And call'd on sad Patroclus' ghost to hear and understand !  
As wails the father burning the reliques of his son,  
His new-wed son, whose doleful death hath left his parents lone ;  
So wail'd Achilles burning the reliques of his friend ;  
And ever crept he round the pyre, and groan'd, and made no end.  
But when proceeded Hesper, fair harbinger of light,  
With Morning following o'er the sea in saffron mantle bright,  
Then droop'd the flame, and waned and died, exhausted all his might.  
Back o'er the Thracian water the wild Winds wander'd home ;  
The Thracian Sea, roar'd fiercely he, and swell'd with all his foam.

Then turning from the burning Pelides bow'd, and lay



Wearied, and gentle slumber came, and stole his woes away.  
But when the Greeks assembled round Agamemnon press'd,  
Their clattering arms and rustling feet  
Roused him ; he started to his seat, and thus the host address'd :—  
“Atrides, thou and others, Achaians, chief and king,  
Now first upon the smouldering pyre the ruddy wine-drops fling,  
And quench the smoking embers, where'er the fire has burn'd ;  
Collect we then Patroclus' bones, from the others well discern'd.  
Right well may we discern them ; for midmost he was strown :—  
The rest around him, steeds and men,  
Burn'd on the verge, 'twere hard to ken, in heaps together thrown.  
These in a golden phial, all duly steep'd in grease,  
Place we, till I myself entomb'd from toils and sorrows cease.  
A tomb, not large,—already,—but such as serves for one,  
Have I commandèd to prepare ;  
Henceforth I leave it to your care, when dead am I and gone,  
That breadth and height be added by you that shall survive ;  
By you that in your galleys swift shall seek dear home alive.”  
He spake : the princes hearken'd, and all his hest obey'd ;  
And first with floods of ruddy wine the sparkling fires allay'd,  
Far as the flames had wasted ; down sank the embers deep ;  
Then all their dear friend's ashes they collected in a heap,  
And in a golden phial placed them, and wrapt in grease ;  
Then laid them in the tent, and o'er them threw a shining fleece :  
Next mark'd they off a circle round where the bones were burn'd ;  
Built there a chamber on the ground,  
High heap'd it with an earthen mound, and ceased, and homeward turn'd.  
But stay'd the host Achilles, and bade them marshal there



Their mighty ring ; then from the ships brought he his prizes rare,  
Tripods and arms and horses, and mules, a goodly store,  
And oxen stout with sturdy necks, slim girls, and iron hoar.

First for the chariot-drivers brave prizes he prepared ;  
For the best a damsel skill'd and fair, and tripod double-car'd,  
Of measures two and twenty : and to the next in speed  
A mare, unbroken, six years old,  
Of which should soon a mule be foal'd, for guerdon he decreed :  
But for the third a cauldron untouch'd by fire and white,  
That held four measures ; for the fourth two golden talents bright :  
Last for the fifth a beaker unscorch'd, with double cup :—  
And so amidst the assembled host thus spake he, standing up :—  
“ Atrides, thou and others, greave-arm'd Achaians, see !  
For chariotmen these prizes lie, their rich reward to be !  
Now were we all contending round any other's tomb,  
Then surely should I gain and bring the first of prizes home ;  
For well ye know my horses most swift of horses be ;  
Immortal they ;—which to my sire gave Neptune ; he to me !  
But I will stay for my part,—refrain my horses too ;—  
Of such a driver, stout and kind, their loss so sad they rue, '  
Their manes with water wont to lave, with unguents to bedew.  
For him they stand lamenting, with streaming locks depress'd  
Down to the ground ; so sad they stand :—but go ye, all the rest,—  
All ye that through the Achaian host  
Of car and coursers make your boast, and show me which is best.”—

So spake the prince, and muster'd the drivers, swift of speed :

Forth rush'd Eumelus, chief of men, far first, Admetus' seed,  
Of chariotmen most excellent : and next was Diomedé,  
The valiant prince Tydides ; who brought beneath his yoke  
Those steeds of Tros, which from Æneas gloriously he took,  
When him Apollo rescued : came third the seed of Jove  
Fair-hair'd Atrides Menelas ; and horses fleet he drove :—  
Æthè was Agamemnon's ; his own Podargus swift :—  
Now Æthè to the king of men  
Anchisiadè Echepolus then had given, a precious gift,  
When leave he sought and purchased to shun the wars of Troy ;  
In Sicyon wide at peace to bide, and all his wealth enjoy.  
This mare yoked Menelaüs all eager for the race :  
And fourth Antilochus came on,  
Neleïan Nestor's gallant son, and drove his steeds apace,  
The swiftfoot brood of Pylos : and standing by his side  
Spake prudent sire with prudent son ; and thus the veteran cried :—  
“ My son, the Powers Immortal from a child have loved thee still,  
Great Jove and Neptune, and inform'd with all the driver's skill ;  
Small need then to instruct thee :—for thou full well dost know  
To wheel around the goal ;—but lo ! thy steeds,—are none so slow !  
And some mishap, I fear me, their sloth shall work thee now :  
More swift thy rivals' steeds, but yet themselves less skill'd, I trow.  
Then think, my son, how featly to run, and win the course ;  
For lo ! the woodman works by skill more surely than by force :  
By skill too steers the pilot far o'er the wine-dark deep,  
And holds right on his vessel's track, though fierce the breezes sweep.  
So driver still beats driver by skill : with reckless soul  
Trusts one to speed, and lets the steed

Uncheck'd, unrein'd, with little heed start madly from the goal ;  
But the prudent man and skilful, though his the tardier pace,  
Still eyes the goal, and hugs it close, and starting on the race  
Holds well in hand his horses, and gives, yet keeps the rein ;  
And watches aye the man before that heads him on the plain.  
Lo ! stands a mark before thee,—thou canst not choose but see,—  
Stands there a dry stump, six feet high, the ruin of a tree,  
Oak or pine, yet unrotted by rain and tempest's force ;  
And stuck beside it two white stones, in the midway of the course.  
Thereto, and thence returning, smooth lies the course and clear :  
Whether the monument it be of one dead many a year ;  
Or did the men before us this for a goal contrive :—  
Here bids Achilles wend about, and backward speed the drive.  
Thereto thou close inclining drive steeds and chariot clear ;  
Thyself too on the wattled car still lightly leftward bear ;  
The off-horse lash and chirrup, and yield him all the rein ;  
The near-horse close about the goal still guide thou and refrain ;  
Nor graze it with the axle, but skirt it deftly round,  
E'en though it seem to touch and clash ;  
Lest thou thy horses hurt, and dash the chariot on the ground ;—  
Great triumph to thy rivals, to thee no small disgrace :—  
But thou, dear son, with care and skill still featly urge the race :  
For if just at this corner thou dost advantage make,  
Then none, be sure, that come behind shall catch thee, and o'ertake.  
Not though that famed Arion close at thy back he drove,—  
Adrastus' fleetfoot steed, who drew his race from Powers above ;  
Nor the horses of Laomedon, which in these pastures throve.”  
So spake Neleïan Nestor, and all his counsel gave ;

Then sate :—the fifth was Méridones, that car and coursers drave.

Then to their seats they mounted, and cast their lots each one ;

Achilles shook ;—and first sprang forth the lot of Nestor's son :

Came next to him Eumelus, and third the Atreïde seed

Brave Menelaüs ; next in course was Merion's lot decreed ;

And last of all, the best of all, Tydides Diomede.

So stood these five in order : the goal Achilles shows

At distance in the open plain ; then for the judge he chose

His father's follower Phoenix, and set to mark the race,

And with all truth and faithfulness the cars and men to place.

Then lo ! their whips they flourish'd, and plied the lash amain,

And loudly shouted to their steeds ;—they bounded o'er the plain

From the ships away, right swiftly ; and surged along their track

Breast-high a weltering whirl of dust, like cloud or tempest black.

Stream'd with the wind dishevell'd, and flew their manes so fair ;

Now dipp'd the chariots to the ground, now rose and leapt in air.

From their seats the drivers started, and panted every breast,

So yearn'd they all for victory ; and each his steeds address'd

With shout and hoot ;—they flew amain, and o'er the champain press'd.

And now the swiftfoot rivals the winning goal descried,

Returning shoreward down the course ;

Then proved his mettle every horse, and stretch'd his utmost stride.

The coursers of Eumelus first in the race were seen ;

The stallions next of Diomede,

These press'd him hard, the Troïan breed, and small the space between :

For seem'd they ever ready to spring into his seat ;

And on his back and shoulders broad their fiery breathing beat.  
Laid they their heads together, and gallop'd, bound for bound ;  
And now had valiant Diomede  
Eumelus pass'd with better speed,  
Or victory with equal meed had either rival crown'd ;—  
Had not Apollo Phœbus borne spite 'gainst Tydeus' son,  
Dash'd from his hand the glittering scourge, and all his work undone.  
Ha ! from his eyelids started hot tears, in wrath to see  
His steeds for lack of scourging slack,  
Eumelus galloping on his track from every rival free !  
But mark'd the deed Minerva, Apollo's guileful hurt,  
And to Tydides swift she sped, disaster to avert :  
To his hand the scourge she offer'd, to his horses fire she lent ;  
And after stout Admetus' son in ireful mood she went :  
His yoke she brast ;—the horses sprang diverse with a bound  
To right, to left ;—the pole unbraced fell rattling on the ground ;  
The driver from his chariot was flung the wheel beneath,  
His joints sore bruis'd, his nostrils choked with dust, and lips and teeth ;  
And both his eyes brimm'd o'er with tears, and stay'd were voice and  
breath.

Then veer'd aside Tydides, and drove his chariot wide ;  
Such vigour to his sounding steeds the gracious queen supplied ;  
With such a crown of high renown her chief she magnified.

And ruddy Menelaüs came closely following on :—

Then to his slow Neleïan steeds cried Nestor's eager son :—

“ On, on ! now stride and stretch ye, as swift as e'er ye may :—

I bid ye not with those contend, those steeds that lead the way ;—

For to Tydides' coursers gives Pallas power to win ;—  
But reach me these, Atrides' steeds, nor listless give ye in !  
Fly swift, fly swift, I charge ye, nor ye to Æthè yield ;—  
Æthè the mare !—ye glorious pair, the choicest of the field !  
Now this I warn ye truly, and this shall be your fate ;  
No more shall Nestor tend ye well ;—nay, he will slay ye straight,  
If we, so slack and heedless, forego the greater prize :  
Then follow fast,—then speed ye past ;—so will I soon devise  
How in the narrow way to head my rival as he flies.”  
He spake ; their master's warning they heard and heeded right,  
And all the faster rush'd awhile ; and soon appear'd in sight  
The narrow way he spake of, a fissure in the plain,  
Burst through by weight of wintry floods, and scour'd by driving rain.  
Kept in this path Atrides, and clash of wheels would shun ;  
But sidling from the path direct outran him Nestor's son,  
And just was cutting past him ;—when cried the king in fear :—  
“Ho! youngster, heedless chariotman,—ho! stay, nor sweep so near!—  
Behold the road how narrow! a broader lies beyond :  
Drive there as furious as thou wilt ;—  
But here shall both be spun and spilt, if car from car rebound !”  
He cried ; but all the faster drove on, still pressing near,  
Antilochus, and plied the lash, as one that did not hear.  
And far as flies the discus from lusty shoulder flung,  
Full flash'd with strength of youth,—so far his team fast-following  
sprung.  
But the mares of Menelaüs they slacken'd from the race ;  
Himself of purpose held them in, lest in that narrow space  
The teams should rudely jostle, and so the chariots foul,



And plunge the drivers in the dust impatient for the goal.  
But ruddy Menelaüs then hotly spake, and cried :—  
“Antilochus ! what mortal wight would e’er so rudely ride ?  
Curse on thee !—fools the Greeks were that ever call’d thee wise !—  
Yet shalt thou swear such feat was fair, or else forego the prize !  
Then call’d he to his horses :—“ Stint not, though vex’d ye be :—  
These steeds of his,—their feet and knees,—shall sooner tire than ye ;  
For youth and vigour fail them !”—He spake ; they heard the word,  
And strain’d the more, and nigh them bore, at the bidding of their lord.

Now sitting all in circle the Grecians view’d the race  
Flinging the dust along the plain ; first mark’d it from his place  
Idomeneus the Cretan ; and scann’d each steed and car ;  
For he without the circle sate,  
High o’er the warriors’ heads elate, and saw and heard afar.  
Heard he Atrides shouting, and mark’d the foremost steed,  
Bright bay all o’er,—his front alone  
With round white speck shone like the moon, in beauty first and speed.  
Upright he stood, and shouting the Grecians he address’d :—  
“ Ha ! Grecian chiefs and captains bold,  
These steeds do I alone behold, or see ye, all the rest ?  
The same not now are foremost, nor seems their lord the same ;  
But they that were the best and first, have chanced on hurt and shame.  
Those mares I mark’d, the foremost to gallop round the goal,  
Them now I nowhere view at all,  
From sea to hill, from ships to wall, where’er mine eyes I roll.  
Have the reins escaped the driver ? and fail’d his bootless skill  
Deftly to wheel around the goal, or bump’d he, driving ill ?

Ha ! there, methinks, he tumbled, and there his car he smash'd ;  
And there the mares broke clean away, and off in fury flash'd.  
But up ! and look ye likewise ; for younger eyes I need :—  
Yet 'tis, methinks, the *Ætolian* chief, the valiant *Diomedes*,  
That lord of warriors, son of *Tydeus*, queller of the steed ! ”  
Then swift *Oïlean Ajax* rebuked him roundly thus :—  
“ *Idomeneus*, why thus in haste ?—why thus impetuous ?  
See'st not these bounding horses, how speeds their eager flight ?  
Thou art not youngest of the *Greeks*, nor thine the liveliest sight !  
But aye art thou impatient in words ; small use, I trow ;—  
For others here can view more clear, and judge more plain than thou.  
And these that were the foremost, these mares still foremost are,—  
*Eumelus* his ;—he grasps the reins, and he bestrides the car ! ”  
To him the *Cretan* leader in angry mood respahe :—  
“ *Ajax*, thou paragon of scolds ; that wouldst this mischief make !  
In all things else far worsè than any of the host ;—  
So rude thy temper, rough thy speech ;—  
Come, let us wage a tripod each, or urn of precious cost ;  
And call we *Agamemnon* the quarrel to decide,  
Whose are the foremost steeds ; and thou shalt suffer for thy pride ! ”  
He spake ; right prompt was *Ajax* to answer, wrath for wrath ;  
And now had risen contention dire, and one had suffer'd scath,  
But started up *Achilles* himself, and cried amain :—  
“ No more, I charge ye, strive in speech, with anger and disdain,  
*Idomeneus* and *Ajax* !—it is not meet and right :—  
Another would ye both rebuke, should he such storms excite.  
But sit ye in the circle, and gaze ye on the race :  
Soon shall these, striving for the prize, attain this very place ;

Then shall ye know who first, who next,—who flees, who gives him  
chace.”

And now drew close Tydides, and spun his wheels along ;  
And aye he plied the thong of hide high o'er his shoulder swung :  
Gallop'd his horses swiftly far bounding o'er the plain ;  
And ever about the chariotman fell thick the dusty rain :  
Follow'd the shining chariot with gold and brass bedight ;  
Nor deeply cut the wheels behind that skimm'd the sand so light.  
Flew on, flew on the horses :—lo ! in the midst he stopp'd ;—  
And from his steeds much sweat to earth from mane and shoulder  
dropp'd.

Down from the car he vaulted before the warriors' eyes,  
And on the yoke his scourge he laid ;  
Nor Sthenelus then, his liegeman, stay'd, but promptly seized the prize ;  
And to his gallant comrades handed the maiden fair,  
And tripod with the double ears, down to the tents to bear,  
While he unyoked the horses :—meanwhile came rushing on  
With fiery steeds Antilochus, Neleïan Nestor's son ;  
For he by craft, not swiftness had Menelas surpass'd ;  
Yet Menelas still held him close, and urged him, following fast.  
And far as from the fellow stands forth the striding steed,  
Hurrying his master o'er the plain, with chariot whirl'd at speed ;  
And just with tail-tip touches the wheel, he runs so nigh ;  
And scant the space betwixt the twain, as o'er the field they fly :—  
So far was Menelaüs by Neleïdes outvied :—  
Now at the first did two tails' length these rival cars divide ;  
But quickly Menelaüs had made the distance less ;

Such was his gallant *Æthè's* speed,  
Swift *Æthè*, *Agamemnon's* breed, sleek mare with fluttering tress.  
And had that course been longer for both their teams to run,  
Then had he pass'd his rival quite, nor doubtful prize had won.  
Then *Mériones* came after, and he was left behind  
By *Menelas* one javelin's-cast ; for tardiest of their kind  
Were those his long-maned horses ; himself but little skill'd :—  
And last of all *Admetus' son* came footing o'er the field :  
His shapely car conducting his steeds he forward led ;—  
Beheld him swift *Achilles* great,  
And ruthful at his luckless fate rose in the midst, and said :—  
“ Comes last our best of warriors, and onward leads his pair :  
Lo ! let him have a prize alsò, a second, as is fair !—  
The first is for *Tydidès*.”—He spake, and all were moved ;  
And him would he have given a horse, for so the Greeks approved ;—  
But that the son of *Nestor* such favour did resent ;  
And pleaded right, and rose and stood, and answer'd ill content :—  
“ Wroth shall I be, *Achilles*, if thou this word fulfil ;  
For so wilt thou my prize withhold,  
Because, forsooth, his hand so bold did car and driver spill !  
Good he may be :—’twere better had he the Immortals sought  
With prayer ;—then had not he arriv'd far last of all the rout !  
But if this man thou pity, and if it please thee so,  
Gold hast thou stored within thy tent, and brass, a goodly show ;  
And sheep hast thou, and maidens, and steeds with limber knees ;  
Of which thou some mayst take and give ; a nobler prize were these,  
Than that which now thou wouldst present, the Grecian hosts to please.  
But I will not surrender this mare ; and let the wight

That dares with me contend in arms, stand forth for her, and fight !”

He said, and smiled Achilles, the swiftfoot sovereign lord,

Well pleas'd to hear Antilochus

His comrade dear ; and answering thus rejoin'd with wingèd word :—

“ Now, comrade, dost thou bid me some other prize bestow

From mine own store,—such will I give, and cheer Eumelus so :—

A breastplate will I give him, the brazen mail I stripp'd

From Asteropæus, with round rim of tin resplendent tipp'd ;

Rich is the mail and precious.” So spake the prince, and sent

Automedon his comrade dear to bring it from his tent.

Went he, and brought the breastplate : he to Eumelus straight

Tender'd the gift ; Eumelus took the prize with joy, and sate.

Then upsprang Menelaüs amongst them, full of rage

'Gainst Nestor's son, with aching heart : to him the herald sage

His sceptre lent, and order'd the folk to hold their peace ;

While he, the godlike prince, harangued amidst the kings of Greece :—

“ Thou, once discreet and courteous, what is it thou hast done ?

My glory hast thou brought to shame ; my steeds hast thou o'er-  
thrown,

Thine own before them flinging ; thine own, the worser far :—

But come, ye chiefs and champions all, ye that our leaders are,—

Judge ye betwixt us rightly, nor lean ye either way ;

Lest of the brazen-coated Greeks should some one justly say,—

‘ Lo ! Menelas hath prosper'd by falsehood and unright ;

And wins the horse, with worser steeds, by station and by might.’

Nay, but myself advancing just judgment will declare ;

And none methinks of all the host but shall confess me fair :—



Come hither, son of Nestor, Neleïan, seed of Jove !  
Here, as is meet, thy steeds before stand forth, thy truth to prove !  
Swear by the scourge thou bearest, and wave it in thy hand,—  
Touching their flanks, and calling on the Shaker of the land,—  
Not willingly, nor wittingly this fouling hast thou plann'd !”  
Then outspake thus, and answer'd the courteous Neleïde :—  
“ Hold, Menelas my lord ! for thou art first in worth and pride,  
And younger I and lesser ; the fault of younger years  
Thou know'st full well, whose wit is swift, but wisdom slight is theirs.  
Then keep thy heart in patience : the prize will I restore ;—  
Take it :—nay, dost thou still demand some greater gift, or more,  
Even such too would I yield thee, thou hero sprung from Jove,  
Rather than forfeit love of thine, and slight the Powers above.”  
So spake the son of Nestor, and led the gallant steed,  
And gave it to the prince's hand ; rejoiced he at the deed  
With soften'd heart, like dewdrop that melts on stalk and ear,  
When ripens o'er the bristling plain the harvest of the year :  
So melted Menelaüs, his moody wrath repress'd ;  
And thus with wingèd words the son of Nestor he address'd :—  
“ Now will I stint mine anger, good youth, and yield to thee ;  
For neither heedless wert thou wont, nor insolent to be,  
Aforetime ;—this time only raw years have had their way :  
Then shun again on better men such scurvy trick to play :—  
For scarce another of the Greeks could thus my temper sway.  
But thou, forsooth, hast labour'd for me, and suffer'd too,  
So have thy sire and brother brave, these wars and watchings through :  
Therefore I yield and give thee this steed, mine own of right ;  
That all may know how mild am I, how temperate in my might.”



He spake, and to Noëmon, who Neleïde's liegeman was,  
Gave he the steed away to lead, himself receiv'd the vase.

'Then Merion, fourth in order, took talents twain of gold :  
The fifth reward, the double cup, was none to have and hold.  
This through the ranks to Nestor did last Achilles take,  
And placed it in his hands, and thus that ancient king bespake :—  
"Take this, old man, and keep it in memory of the slain  
Patroclus, whom among the Greeks thou ne'er shalt view again.  
I will not thou shouldst wrestle, nor with the boxers smite ;  
Nor hurl the spear with javelin-men, nor run with nimble flight :  
This prize I freely yield to thee, thy gray hairs to requite."  
So to his hands he gave it : he took it and was glad ;  
And thus with wealth of wingèd words acknowledgment he made :—  
"Thanks be to thee, dear youngster, for words so meet and just ;  
For now no more my knees are light,  
Nor dart my hands to left, to right, forth from my shoulders thrust.  
Would I were young and lusty, would such my vigour were  
As when the Epeans did their rites around their hero's bier.  
Held they their rites in Elis for Amarynceus slain :  
The children of that reverend king did many a prize ordain.  
But of them none, Epean, or gallant Pylia he,  
Or stout Ætolian high of heart, proved ever a match for me !  
In boxing Cleomedes I worsted, Enops' son ;  
I flung Ancæus ; Iphiclus the swiftfoot I outrun :  
Phyleus and Polydorus with spear surpass'd I far ;  
Only the sons of Actor twain o'ertook me with the car.  
By numbers they outsped me, so yearn'd they for the meed ;—

Wherefore to them the best of all the prizes was decreed :—  
For they two rode together ; one grasp'd the reins alone,  
Only the reins he grasp'd ; his scourge  
The other swung, the steeds to urge, and drove them furious on.  
Such was I once ;—the younger such deeds must now engage :—  
Ah ! once with heroes I might vie  
In noble feats, but now must I give way to sorry age !  
Now on, and with due prizes these funeral honours pay :  
This one accept I lovingly, and gladly bear away,  
In token of thy favour, and unforgetful love,  
And due respect, of which the Greeks shall ever mindful prove :—  
For this with blessing and with grace crown him, ye Powers above !”

He spake : then turn'd Achilles, and 'mid the muster hied,  
When all the story he had heard of the ancient Neleïde.  
The prizes for the boxers he hasten'd to decree,  
And in the ring he set a mule the conqueror's meed to be ;  
A six-year-old, unbroken,—no stubbornner beast to break :  
But for the vanquish'd, him he bade a tway-cupp'd flagon take :—  
Then forth he stood, and in the midst the warriors thus bespake :—  
“ Atrides, and ye others, greave-arm'd Achaians, hear !  
Come forth, and square, for these and spar ; come forth, your stoutes  
pair !

And he, to whom Apollo doth victory ordain,  
In sight of all our armament,  
Shall lead the stout mule to his tent ; the worse the bowl shall gain.”  
He spake ; sprang forth Epeüs, brave man and tall, and laid  
His hand upon the sturdy mule,—well skill'd to spar,—and said :—

“Come on, ye gallant Grecians, to gain the bowl who list ;  
For none be sure shall win from me this mule by strength of fist !  
I am the best, I tell ye, in boxing :—be it so  
That I come short in feats of arms, no mortal man, I trow,  
Is excellent in everything, and none can all things do !  
But mark ye, and attest ye the vow I undertake :  
I’ll bruise mine adversary’s skin, and eke his bones will break :  
And let his friends and backers come nigh, and ready stand,  
To bear him from the encounter home, o’ermaster’d by my hand !”  
He spake : they all were silent ; and of them rose but one  
To meet him, brave Euryalus, Mecisteus’ godlike son :—  
Was Talaüs’ son Mecisteus, who erst to Thebes had stray’d,  
When o’er the corse of Œdipus the funeral games were play’d,  
And vied with all the Thebans, and worsted all and each :—  
Now him Tydides tended well, and cheer’d with heartening speech,  
His triumph much desiring ; and first he girt his waist ;  
Then gave him strips of hide of ox,  
Wherewith they bind their hands that box, stout leather starkly dress’d.  
So ’mid the ring of warriors the two well-girded hied ;  
Stood face to face, and rais’d their arms, and each his foe defied ;  
Then join’d they, and in mingled strife their ponderous gauntlets plied.  
Their jaws with dints resounded ; ran sweat their limbs adown ;  
Still with redoubled blows Epeüs furiously fell on :  
Euryalus glanced unwary ;—down on his cheek-bone struck  
The mail-clad hand ; he could not stand ; his knees together shook :—  
And as by blast of Boreas the fish is driven to leap  
High on the weedy beach , again the dark waves o’er it sweep ;  
So leapt he up, sore smitten :—but him Epeüs stout

Grasp'd with his hand, and stopp'd and propp'd ; and round him press'd  
the rout

Of anxious friends and comrades, to lead him forth the fight,  
Spitting thick blood, with tottering limbs, and nodding left and right.  
So all distraught they bore him, and 'midst them held him up ;  
Then went themselves, and fetch'd away his bowl with double cup.

Third on the list Pelides appoints the wrestling bout ;  
And calls he to the sturdy strife the Grecian warriors stout.  
And straightway for the victor this guerdon he proclaims :  
A tripod huge, of twelve beeves' worth, to launch upon the flames ;  
A damsel for the vanquish'd he places in the ring,  
Four beeves her value, neat of hand for many a useful thing.  
Then up he stood, and straightway thus to the warriors cried :—  
“ Come ye that list this prize to win, and ye this bout decide ! ”  
He spake, and forth upstarted Telamonian Ajax tall ;  
And started forth Ulysses sage, that craftiest wight of all :  
Stepp'd these two briskly forward, well girded at the hip,  
And each the other seiz'd by the arm, and grasp'd with sturdy grip :  
As two compacted rafters, that 'gainst each other lean,  
To point the gable of a roof, wherewith from winds to screen.  
With strains their backs resounded, so tugg'd they both and tore ;  
And down them ran big sweat to earth, and wheals and blisters sore  
Scored all their flanks and shoulders with blood of crimson stain ;—  
Struggled and strove they none the less for the glory and the gain.  
Nor could Ulysses loosen, nor down his rival fling ;  
Nor Ajax,—such Ulysses' strength ;—till wearied all the ring.  
Then outspake mighty Ajax :—“ Ulysses, sprung from Jove,

Now lift thou me, or I will thee ; so heaven the feat approve !"—  
At the word his man he lifted ; yet baffled was not he ;  
But kick'd he Ajax' hams behind, and slack'd and bow'd his knee.  
Backward he fell ; Ulysses right on his breast sank down ;  
The Grecians view'd in sore amaze ;  
Ulysses tugg'd his man to raise, and moved, but lifted none ;  
But leant and bent he o'er him ; and both together roll'd  
Smear'd in the dust ; yet once again  
Had both upstarted from the plain, and striven, those heroes bold ;—  
But lo ! Achilles rose himself, and all their strife controll'd.  
" Wrestle no more," exclaim'd he, " nor arduously contend ;  
On each shall equal victory with equal meed descend :  
Let other Greeks in other games encounter to the end."  
He said ; they heard him gladly, and both his hest obey'd ;  
And, wiped from sweat, their weary limbs once more in vests array'd.

Then once again Pelides the runners' prize ordain'd ;  
A silver flagon, fair enchased, which measures six contain'd ;—  
A bowl of wondrous beauty, by hands Sidonian wrought,  
Which o'er the misty waters wide had Tyrian traders brought.  
They landed in the harbour, and this for present gave  
To Thoas : but Lycaon erst from slavery's doom to save,  
Did Eunéüs to Patroclus the same for ransom yield :  
With this, in memory of his friend, Achilles crown'd the field ;  
That he should win the flagon, who all in speed surpass'd ;  
The next a stout fat ox should hold ;  
And half one talent's weight of gold should recompense the last.  
Then up he stood, and straightway thus to the warriors cried :—

“Come ye, that list this prize to win, this contest to decide!”

He spake, and swiftfoot Ajax Oïlean first upsprung;

And sprung Ulysses venturous,

And Nestor's son Antilochus, the swiftest of the young.

Stood these in line; Achilles set goal and signal made:

Lo! straight before them lay the course; and off Oïleide led,

And follow'd fast Ulysses; and close as to her breast

The well-girt housewife shuttle holds, when weaves she cloak or vest,

And through the warp still drives the woof; so close Ulysses press'd:

And aye in Ajax' footsteps, ere dust was o'er them shed,

He trod behind with flying feet; and aye on Ajax' head

Flung he his breath pursuing; and shouted every man

To see him pressing for the prize, and cheer'd him as he ran.

And now the course nigh finish'd, lo! to the blue-eyed queen

Ulysses inly breathed a prayer:—

“Hear, Goddess, hear! attend thou near! and speed me, Power  
unseen!”

So inly pray'd Ulysses, but spake he never a word;—

Yet none the less that Power divine, august Athenê, heard:

And light she made his sinews, and knees and arms and thighs:—

And now the goal wellnigh attain'd they, springing at the prize;—

When slipp'd Oïlean Ajax, by Pallas ill-bested,

And flounder'd in the muck and mire,

That lay where round Patroclus' pyre the slaughter'd beasts had bled.

And lo! his mouth and nostrils with filth of beasts ran o'er;

And stout Ulysses seized the bowl;—for he had sprung before:

And Ajax coming after was fain the steer to take;

While, sputtering forth the muck and mire, the Greeks he thus bespake:—



“Ha ! ’twas the Goddess baulk’d me, who now as heretofore  
Ulysses like a mother tends, and speeds him evermore !”  
Grimly he spake ; the Grecians they merrily laugh’d the while :  
And prize the last Antilochus acknowledged with a smile.  
Then cried he, and address’d them :—“Speak I with men that know  
How to this day the Immortals aye on age their gifts bestow.  
For Ajax but a little myself in years outran ;  
But this one is of elder race and kind, this ancient man ;  
A tough old man, they tell us, and one ’twere hard to beat  
In speed of foot for any Greek, but for Achilles fleet.”  
Thus spake he, and exalted the swiftfoot Peleïde :  
Uprose Achilles at the word, and courteously replied :—  
“This compliment, young gallant, shall not be paid in vain :—  
Lo ! half a talent more of gold ;—be this thy further gain !”  
He said, and gave it to his hand ; he took it blithe and fain.

Then in the midst Pelides laid the long-shadowing spear,  
The buckler and the helm which erst Sarpedon wont to wear ;—  
Whereof Patroclus spoil’d him : then stood he forth, and said :—  
“Now come forth two, our bravest brave, each in his arms array’d,—  
Each with his trenchant javelin ;—and make his boasting good ;  
Their rival’s prowess try they each,  
And who shall first his rival reach, pierce skin, and draw the blood,  
To him this silver-studded, this beauteous Thracian sword  
Will I present, this blade which own’d Asteropeus for lord :  
But both of them in common this glorious mail shall bear ;  
And both together in my tent the goodly feast shall share.”  
He spake, and straight upstarted Telamonian Ajax great ;

And son of Tydeus, Diomedes, rose he to meet him straight ;  
And both were arm'd apart, and both encounter'd for debate  
With flashing eyes ; beheld them the Grecians dazed with fear :  
But when within the cast they came,  
Thrice rose they each, thrice took they aim, and thrice they hurl'd the  
spear.

Then Ajax on broad buckler came down with forceful stroke ;  
But pierced not to the skin ; the mail below sustain'd the shock.  
And then Tydides, aiming above his buckler round,  
Just reach'd his neck with shining dart, and nearer press'd to wound.  
Then lo ! for Ajax trembling the Grecians bade refrain,  
And cease from fight, and urged that both should equal guerdon  
gain.

Shared they Sarpedon's trophies ; but to Tydides brave  
The mighty sword, with sheath and belt, Achilles bore and gave.

Then set for prize Achilles a mass of solid fount ;  
Which erst Eëtion, man of might, to hurl at play was wont.  
But him, forsooth, Achilles the swiftfoot chief, had slain ;  
And he this quoit, with other goods, had wasted o'er the main.  
Then up amidst the Grecians stood he, and thus he spake :—  
“ Now rise ye all that with the quoit will glorious trial make.  
For this big mass of iron shall last him many a year  
For use ;—aye, though his lands be broad,  
His herdsman shall not want for goad, nor ploughman want for  
share.”  
He spake, and Polypoetes, stout chief, was first to rise ;  
And rose Leonteus, man of might,

And Ajax Telamonius hight,  
And brave Epeüs, godlike wight, contending for the prize.  
Stood these array'd in order ; the quoit Epeüs seiz'd,  
And with a whirl the mass he sent ;—ha ! well the Greeks were  
pleased !

And, sprout of Mars, Leonteus was next the disk to cast ;  
And Ajax Telamonius third ;  
With mighty force the metal whirr'd, and all their marks o'erpass'd.  
But when that ponderous metal stout Polypœtes flung,  
Far as the neatherd whirls his staff the grazing kine among,  
So far all these surpass'd he ; then shouted evermore  
The Achaian hosts ; his fellows rise,  
And bear away the strong man's prize to the galleys on the shore.

The prize then for the bowmen of dark-blue steel he laid ;  
Ten axes keen of double edge, and ten of single blade :  
And on the beach at distance a ship's tall mast he put,  
Wherefrom he hung with slender thread a pigeon by the foot.  
And, "Who shall hit the pigeon," 'twas thus the hero said ;—  
"Let him these axes all bear off ; and who shall cleave the thread,  
But miss the fluttering pigeon,—he who the worser is,—  
Him shall the lesser prize content ; these hatchets shall be his."  
Then rose the strength of Teucer, and Mériones he rose,  
And cast the lots in brazen helm, wherewith their turn they chose.  
Leapt first the lot of Teucer : his shaft he shrewdly shot,  
But hecatomb of lambs to vow to Phœbus he forgot ;  
Wherefore he miss'd the pigeon ;—the angry God forbade ;—  
But close beside the fowl he hit the string whereby 'twas stay'd.

His keen shaft featly hit it, and slit the thread in twain ;  
The bird flew heavenward with a bound ;  
Down dropp'd the thread, and sought the ground ; the Greeks they  
cheer'd amain !

Then hastily snatch'd Méridon the bow from Teucer's hand ;  
The shaft already had he poised, and aim'd, and distance scann'd ;  
And promptly to Apollo a hecatomb he vow'd  
Of firstling lambs ; and lo ! the bird soar'd high beneath the cloud :  
And as it wheel'd ascending under the wing he hit,  
And pierced it through ; the mortal shaft dropp'd down before his  
feet.

Lo ! on the mast alighting her head the pigeon stoop'd,  
While o'er her flanks on either side the downy plumage droop'd.  
At once from limb and talon the life impatient flew ;  
From the mast she fell far off ; the host stood startled at the view.  
Then the axes ten took Méridon ; so Phœbus crown'd the day ;  
But Teucer to the hollow ships those hatchets bore away.

Then last of all Pelides a slender-shadowing spear,  
And cauldron bright, unscorch'd by fire, a beeves'-worth, glittering  
fair,  
Placed 'mid the ring of warriors, and to the spearmen cried :—  
Up rose, wide ruling o'er the Greeks Agamemnon Atreïde,  
And, liegeman of Idomeneus, rose Merion at his side.  
Then thus Achilles swiftfoot these rival chiefs address'd :  
“ Atrides, well we know thy worth, and power beyond the rest ;  
How much in strength superior ;—and thou the elder art :—  
Then bear this prize, much honour'd thou, and to thy ships depart !

But Mériones the hero a brazen lance shall take ;—  
If thou, forsooth, consent ; for such the end I bid ye make.”  
He spake ; nor Agamemnon refused the gifts to share.  
To Merion then Achilles gave the gift of brazen spear ;  
But he, the hero, bade Talthybius take that cauldron fair.

## BOOK XXIV.

NOW broke their ring the Grecians, and hied they all and each  
To boon of supper and of sleep at the galleys on the beach.  
But for his loved Patroclus still Pēleïde sigh'd and wept ;  
Nor by the all-o'er mastering Power subdued reclining slept ;  
But turn'd he here, and turn'd he there, and sad remembrance kept  
Of his valour and his goodness, and all the toil and pain  
Which with himself his friend had borne,  
And waves of sorrow which had worn his soul, and wars of men.  
These memories dear revolving the scalding tear he shed,  
Now on his flank extended, now face upwards on his bed,  
Now prone ; then straightway rising he roam'd the sand-drifts o'er,  
Nor fail'd to mark the dawn of day above the salt sea-shore.  
So, when his swiftfoot coursers to his chariot he had bound,  
Then Hector did he lash behind,  
And dragg'd him thrice, with ruthless mind, Menœtiade's tomb around.  
Then in his tent he rested, and let the dead man lie  
Cast out and sprawling in the dust : but Phœbus watch'd him by,  
And from his flesh averted all foulness and disgrace,



Ruth for the wretch, though dead was he, and screen'd him, form and face,

With his own golden ægis ; lest him that cruel wight,  
Haling and harrowing on the ground, should tear and flay outright.

So he the godlike Hector insulted in his mood :

But godlike Hector pitifully the Powers Immortal view'd ;

And bade the Argus-slayer, their sentinel, go steal

The corse away ; such grace and ruth did all the rest reveal.

But so it pleas'd not Juno, nor Neptune, mighty lord ;

Nor pleas'd it so the blue-eyed queen ; for still those three abhorr'd

Ilium, the sacred city, and Priam and his host,

All for the sin of Paris, who the queens of heaven had cross'd,

When at his stalls they sought him, and her he prized the first,

Venus, who granted him the meed of luxury accurst.

But when the twelfth of mornings therefrom began to break,

Phœbus Apollo, shining king, the Immortals thus bespake :—

“ Base are ye, Gods, and reckless !—now hath not Hector aye

Burnt ye fat steaks of beeves and goats, his goodliest, day by day ?

Yet have ye not determined even his dead corse to save,

For wife and child, and mother dear, and sire and hosts to have ;

That they may quickly burn it with fire and funeral rite :

But ha ! for murderous Peleïdes upstand ye all and fight !—

For him the fierce and wretchless, relentless he of old ;—

Most like to lion, salvage brute, the violent and the bold,

Who leaps amain on flocks and herds, and banquets in the fold !—

So ruthless is Achilles, nor cares to bend his will

To sense of reverence and respect,

Whence, as men use it, or neglect, proceeds or good or ill.  
Now, hath some mortal haply lost one his heart that moved ;  
Brother of his own mother's womb, or son, of all most loved ;—  
He weeps him and bewails him, then forthwith dries the tear :—  
The Fates forsooth have given to men a patient heart to bear !  
But this man, since great Hector first fell beneath his steel,  
Stints not around his favourite's tomb to drag him at the wheel :—  
O shame to him and scandal !—brave though he be and good,  
Yet o'er his head the vengeance of the Gods in heaven shall brood ;—  
For certes, 'tis but senseless clay thus spurns he in his mood.”  
Thereat the white-arm'd Juno the God in wrath bespake :—  
“ Ha ! be it so, king Silverbow !—nor hindrance will I make,  
If ye will hold this Hector Achilles' peer confess'd ;—  
This Hector slight, a mortal wight, who drew a woman's breast :—  
But Achilles from a Goddess derives his glorious line,  
From Thetis, whom myself I bred, and cherish'd, nymph divine :  
She whom myself to Peleus I gave, his spouse to be ;  
Beloved and honour'd of the Gods beyond all mortals he.  
And all ye Powers together the marriage did attend ;  
And thou amongst them, lyre in hand,  
Thou, faithless, at the feast didst stand, of evil men the friend !”  
Then answer'd and address'd her the Cloud-anasser Jove :—  
“ Nay, Juno, wreak not reckless ire on all the Powers above :  
For not to one man only shall love of ours be given ;  
And Hector of the sons of Troy was favourite erst of heaven.  
Him loved I too ; for never fail'd he to feast me there ;  
My altar ne'er hath lack'd for meats to grace our common cheer ;  
Nor wine, nor reek of collop sleek, the boons we hold so dear.

But stealing of the body,—that must we leave alone ;  
Be sure, unspied by Æacide could no such deed be done ;  
So day and night beside him is Thetis wont to stay :  
But of the Gods let one go call, and bring her here away ;  
Then will I give sage counsel, and bid her now persuade  
Her son from Priam to accept gifts, and restore the dead.”  
Up tempest-footed Iris sprang and swift the message sped.

Lo ! 'twixt far-glittering Samos, and Imbrus cloud-becrown'd,  
She leapt into the sable seas, and roar'd the pool profound.  
Down plunged she to the centre, most like the leaden weight  
Which through a cow's-horn pass'd descends, and bears the deadly bait  
To the raw-devouring fishes ; there in a polish'd cave  
Found she the Goddess, and around the Nereïds of the wave  
Were sitting all assembled ; she midmost in the hall  
Wept for her son, the brave and fair, at Ilium doom'd to fall  
Far from his father's dwelling :—stood Iris at her side,  
Ethereal Iris, swift of foot, and thus to Thetis cried :—  
“ Up, Goddess ! calls thee sovereign Jove,  
Whose purpose fix'd no Power can move :”—and Thetis straight re-  
plied,  
The Goddess silver-sandall'd :—“ Ah ! why so strong a God  
Commands he me ? I dare not seek the Immortals' bright abode ;  
Such weight of woes o'erwhelms me : yet fain will I obey ;  
Nor shall the august commandment fail that Jove shall on me lay.”  
So spake the glorious Goddess, and wrapt in sable weed,—  
No raiment black more black than hers,—bade swiftfoot Iris lead.  
Around them curl'd the billows of Ocean broad and high ;

They touch'd the land, and clomb the strand, and sprang into the sky.  
There found they Jove the mighty, broad-fronted, Saturn's son ;  
With all the blissful everlasting Powers about his throne.  
Sate she by Jove the Father ; Minerva gave her place,  
And Juno proffer'd to her hand the golden cup of grace,  
And with soft accents cheer'd her : rose she the sup to take ;  
And Jove, the Sire of Gods and men, thus first the Nymph bespake :—  
“ Here comest thou to Olympus, here comest thou, Thetis mild,  
Full well I know, sore shent with woe for him thy darling child :  
Nathless I haste to tell thee why thee I hither call :—  
Now nine days long hath strife prevail'd among the Immortals all,  
For Achilles and dead Hector, whom hailes he at his wheel ;  
And lo ! the wakeful Argicide urge these the corse to steal.  
But I the fame and honours of Peleïde will protect,  
Nor fail of kindness due to thee, but evermore respect.  
Then hie thou quickly to the host, and thus thy son direct :—  
Say that the Gods abhor him, myself the most of all ;  
For that, insensate in his pride,  
He keeps the dead his ship's beside, nor renders up his thrall.  
Me haply will he rev'rence, and let the dead go free :—  
Then Priam, the magnanimous king, shall Iris seek from me,  
And bid him go with ransom to the Grecian ships, and bear  
Gifts for Achilles, to assuage his wrath, his grief to cheer.”

So spake he, and obey'd him fair Thetis silver-shod,  
And down from high Olympus' crest the aërial way she trod,  
And reach'd her son's pavilion ; there him the Goddess found  
Groaning full sore ; his liegemen there prepared their meal around,

And lo ! big ram of shaggy fleece lay slaughter'd on the ground.  
The venerable mother took seat her son beside,  
And stroked him gently with her hand, and spake to him, and cried :—  
“ My son, how long lamenting thy vitals wilt thou gnaw,—  
Neglectful thou of board and bed ?—  
'Twere well with cheer and lustihead to meet fate's cruel law :  
For long thou shalt not linger, nor make this earth thy home ;  
But now draws nigh thy doom to die, the unconquerable doom !  
Then hear, and heed me quickly ; on thee from Jove I call ;—  
The Gods, saith he, they scowl on thee, himself the most of all,  
For that, insensate in thy pride  
Thou keep'st the dead thy ships beside, nor render'st up thy thrall.  
But go thou, and release him, and take due ransom paid.”  
To whom Achilles swift-of-foot rejoin'd, and answer made :—  
“ Be it so : let him bring ransom, and back receive the corse :  
If so the Olympian have resolv'd, so must it be, perforce !”

So these beside the galleys with wingèd words convers'd,—  
Mother and son, with converse long,—and prudent rede rehears'd.  
But Jove the king swift Iris to sacred Ilion sped :—  
“ Go forth, swift Iris, fleetly leave Olympus' lofty head,  
And bid great-hearted Priam, where he in Troy doth bide,  
Go forth, his darling son to free, the Grecian ships beside,  
With offerings to Achilles, to soothe his passion so ;—  
But go alone, and let none else of Trojans with him go.  
Yet with him shall an herald, an ancient herald fare,  
To drive the mules, and guide the wain, and back the corse to bear.  
Nor let him fear for danger ; no ill shall him betide,



Such guardian with him will I send, the illustrious Argicide ;  
Who shall attend and bring him safe to Achilles tent :  
Nor shall Achilles slay him there, but keep him all unshent.  
For furious in his passion, and reckless is not he,  
Nor vengeful ; but polite and mild to him that bends the knee.”  
Sprang tempest-footed Iris with message swift to sail ;  
And reach'd she Priam's bower, beset with shout and woeful wail.  
His sons about their father were crouching in the hall ;  
Their weeds disgraced with tears, the sire with long cloak cover'd all ;  
And heaps of dust and ashes besmear'd that ancient head ;  
And o'er his shoulders dust and mire ;  
And roll'd full-length the reverend sire, in dust his hands dispread.  
And through the courts his daughters, and sons' dear spouses wept,  
Remembering all the men of might,  
Who slain by Grecian hands in fight in deathful darkness slept.  
Then stood she close by Priam, Jove's messenger, and said,—  
With soft address ;—saw he and heard, and quaked from foot to head :—  
“ Courage, Dardanian Priam ! now stoutly give me heed :  
I come not thus foreboding ill, but fraught with friendly rede.  
From Jove I bring thee counsel, from Jove who far away  
Cares for thee much, and ruthless views ;—and thus he bids me say :—  
Go forth to ransom Hector,—the Olympian so decrees,—  
Go forth the wrath of Peleus' son with offerings to appease,—  
Alone ;—none other Trojan shall with thee journey there ;  
Only an ancient herald with thee thither shall repair,  
To drive the mules, and guide the wain, and back the corse to bear.  
Nor shalt thou fear for danger ; no ill shall thee betide,  
Such guardian with thee will I send, the illustrious Argicide ;



Who shall attend and bring thee safe to Achilles' tent :  
Nor shall Achilles slay thee there, but keep thee all unshent ;  
For furious in his passion, and reckless is not he ;  
Nor vengeful ; but polite and mild to them that bend the knee.' ”

So spake she, and departed fair Iris, swift of foot :  
Bade he his sons the carriage bind on wheels and axle stout,  
And yoke the mules to draw it ; himself descending went  
In to his chamber, lofty ciel'd, all fragrant with the scent  
Of cedar wood that lined it, where many a gaud was laid ;  
And then to Hecuba he call'd, and to his spouse he said :—  
“ Good wife, from Jove Olympian hath herald hither come,  
And bids me buy my son's remains with gifts, a goodly sum ;  
And hie me to Achilles, his fury to assuage ;  
Come then, and speak your mind on this, and give me counsel sage :—  
For much my heart impels me this venture bold to make,  
And thither to the Grecian ships the appointed way to take.”  
He spake, and groan'd she sorely, poor wretch, and thus replied :—  
“ Woe's me ! where are thy senses flown, and prudence known and  
tried,  
For which men erst admired thee, the stranger and thine own ?  
Now wouldst thou 'midst the ships of Greece adventure all alone,  
And even in that man's presence come who slew thee many a son,  
Thy bravest and thy dearest ?—ha ! brazen heart is thine !  
For if that faithless cannibal shall see thee with his eyne,  
Thee will he no-wise pity, nor yield thee reverence meet :  
Nay, let us keep at home apart, and far off groan and greet.  
For so dread Fate full surely wove Hector's vital thread,

Then when I bore him, doom'd to feed grim dogs and vultures dead,  
Far from his sire and mother, struck down by stronger power :—  
Ha ! would the conqueror I could seize,—  
Fling myself on him, hands and knees, and all his heart devour !  
Then for my child, my darling, requital due were done ;  
For not in flight, nor recreant deed, the wretch hath slain my son ;  
But for the Trojans standing, and the stately dames of Troy ;  
Resolv'd outright to face the fight, nor with a thought to fly !”  
Then answer'd reverend Priam, great prince of godlike mien :—  
“ Stay me not so, that fain would go, mine ill-foreboding queen !  
Nor be thyself an omen of evil in my house :—  
For my resolve thou shalt not bend, nor lightly rule me thus !  
For were it priest or prophet that challenged me to proof,  
Or ever a man of mortal mould,  
Ha ! false would I his bidding hold, and from him stand aloof ;—  
But now,—for God beheld I,—God heard and saw I plain,—  
Go will I,—nor shall word from heaven be given to me in vain !  
And if dread doom await me, at the Argive ships to die,  
So let it be, and by Achilles murder'd let me lie,  
My darling wrapt in my embrace, and utter'd all my cry !”  
Then from his chests he lifted the coverings graven fair,  
And took thereout twelve precious robes, resplendent raiment rare ;  
Twelve coats of single texture, and cloaks and blankets eke,  
And tunics twelve he took besides, fair tunics soft and sleek :  
Of gold he weigh'd ten talents to bear, and from his store  
Two shining tripods, cauldrons four, and the cup renown'd of yore,  
Which the men of Thracia gave him, when he came on embassy ;—  
Even these the old man did not spare, the solace of his age ;—

So much he long'd to rescue the corse of his dear child.  
Then from the porch he scouted off  
The Trojans all, with gibe and scoff, and shrewdly thus reviled :—  
“ Out on ye, recreant rabble ! have ye no woes at home,  
That thus to soothe and solace me officiously ye come ?  
If Jove this grief hath given me, my bravest child to rue,  
Are mine the loss and grief alone ?—nay, ye must rue it too !—  
Now easier for the Grecians to conquer shall ye be,  
Of his stout heart and stalwart arm bereft ; but as for me,  
To Hadès be my spirit flown,  
Ere Ilium wasted and o'erthrown these ancient eyes shall see ! ”  
Then midst the men he scuffled, and smote them with his rod ;  
And from that fond and furious wight fast fled they all abroad.  
Then call'd he on his children, and chid them every one,  
Paris, Polites, Helenus,  
And Pammon and Antiphonus,  
Deïphobus and Hippothoüs, Dion and Agathon.  
On these nine sons in number the graybeard call'd and cried :—  
“ Hie hence, bad brood, disgraceful all !—now would ye all had died  
And Hector lived, worth all the rest, the Grecian barks beside !  
Ah me ! ill-starr'd and wretchless ! were none so brave as mine  
Of Trojans all,—and none are left of the bravest of the line :  
Not Troïlus brave, nor Mestor stout, the peer of Powers divine ;  
Not Hector ; he 'mong mortals who flaunted as a God ;  
Nor seem'd he man of mortal birth, but sprung of heavenly blood !  
Now Mars those all hath murder'd ;—and these, my shame, are left,  
Losels and danciers, famed at home for violence or for theft ;  
Lifters of kids and sucklings :—come, laggards, yoke me straight

My mules, and load them with these gifts ;—I may no longer wait !”  
He spake, and they confounded to hear their father chide,  
Drew forth the break, the mule-wain fair with new-made wheels supplied ;  
And on it strapp'd the carriage ; and next the bossy yoke  
Of boxwood framed, with rings and bolts, down from its peg they took ;  
And forth they brought the yokeband, nine cubits' length the whole.  
And with a pin they fix'd it firm far forward on the pole.  
Thrice round the boss alternate they wound the length of thong,  
And lastly cross'd it in a knot, and inwards tuck'd the tongue.  
Then bore they from the chamber, and on the chariot spread  
High-heap'd the splendid ransom for illustrious Hector's head ;  
And yoked the mules stout-footed, the sturdy mules and swift,  
Which to the king the Mysian hosts had given, a noble gift :  
Then 'neath the car for Priam they yoked brave steeds, a pair,  
Which he was wont, that ancient sire, to tend at manger fair.

So at the lofty palace the herald and the king  
Bound horse and mule, and stood resolv'd the ransom rich to bring ;  
And came the queen before them, her heart with sorrow shept,  
And held she up the golden cup, and hasten'd to present  
The luscious wine, that they might pour to Jove, ere yet they went.  
Stood she before the chariot, and call'd to them and spake :—  
“ Come, take and pour to father Jove, and due entreatment make,  
That from those hostile armies ye may return once more,  
Since to the ships go forth ye will, for all my sorrow sore.  
And, Priam, pray thou further to Saturn's glorious son,  
To Jove on Ida, cloud-bedight, who looks on Ilium down ;—  
And ask of him an eagle, swift messenger of heaven,

Whom chief of birds he loves, to whom he mightiest force hath given,—  
To the right an eagle soaring,—whom thou thyself mayst spy ;—  
Then valiant pace with heart of grace, nor faintly fear to die.  
But if great Jove broad-fronted withhold his herald still,  
Ah ! then would I not bid thee go,  
I would not bid thee dare the foe, for all thy wish and will ! ’  
Then answer’d godlike Priam :—“ Woman, thy words I heed ;  
’Tis good to lift the hand to Jove, and for his mercy plead.”  
He said, and call’d his servant to pour him water pure ;  
Promptly she came, and in her hand bore bowl and dainty ewer :  
He wash’d, and from his consort the golden cup he took ;  
Then standing midmost in the court he heavenward cast his look,  
And pour’d the due libation ; and thus the Power address’d :—  
“ O Father Jove, on Ida ruling, greatest, gloriousest !  
Grant me to reach Achilles, and ruth and kindness prove ;  
And send thine eagle, bird august, swift courier from above,  
The strongest of the fowls of heaven, whom thou dost mainly love ;—  
To the right an eagle soaring, whom I myself may spy,  
Then valiant pace with heart of grace, nor faintly fear to die.”  
So spake the senior praying, and heard him Jove the king ;  
And sent an eagle on the track,  
Swart hunter, whom they call the Black, prime fowl of fleetest wing.  
And wide as stand the portals of a rich man’s palace gate,—  
The gate with locks and bolts supplied,—  
So far and wide, from side to side, his pinions measured straight :  
And on their right appear’d he, swift shooting over Troy :  
Mark’d they his flight with much delight, and glow’d all hearts with  
joy.



Then flurrying fast old Priam ascended to his state ;  
And forth the outer porch he drove, and forth the sounding gate :  
Then fast the mules right forward the four-wheel'd waggon drew,  
Sped by Idæus, skill'd to drive ; and fast behind them flew  
The car with team of horses, by Priam urged along ;  
And from the city down the slope he drove with glistening thong :  
Follow'd, and deem'd him death-foredoom'd his friends, a tearful throng.

So when they from the city descending reach'd the plain,  
Then these, the sons and sons-in-law, to Ilion climb'd again ;  
But those, the plain attaining, were mark'd of watchful Jove ;  
Priam, that reverend man, he saw, and pitied from above ;  
And straightway call'd he Hermes, his favour'd child, and spake :—  
“ Hermes, 'tis special care of thine of mortal friend to make ;  
And serv'st thou whom thou listest : then up, and featly go,  
And guide thou to the Grecian ships that ancient Priam, so  
That none of all the Grecians, none other him may spy,  
Ere to Achilles' self he come, and all their hosts defy.”  
He spake ; and heard and heeded the featly Argicide,  
And to his nimble soles forthwith the dainty sandals tied ;  
The golden shoon immortal, whereon so swift he sails,  
Far over the sea, far over the lea, and foots it with the gales.  
And high his rod he flourish'd wherewith men's eyes to close ;  
Or whose he will he opes from sleep, shuts these and opens those.  
This wand aloft he flourish'd, and flew bold Argiphont ;  
And swiftly reach'd he breezy Troy, and Broadway'd Hellespont ;  
Most like fair page, who ushers the folk at sport and show ;  
Fair youth, whose chin begins to sprout, in prime of beauty's glow.



Now these, when they had journey'd far as the river's brink,  
Past Ilus' massy tomb, their mules and steeds they stay'd to drink.  
And now the Vesper gloaming had crept o'er all the land,  
When lo ! the herald was aware of Hermes nigh at hand ;  
And thus he cried to Priam :—" Mark, son of Dardan, mark,—  
Be sage, be cautious,—for I ken some man athwart the dark.  
Much fear I death and ruin !—come, let us speed the car,  
To reach the chief, and grasp his knees, as men that suppliants are."  
He spake ; the old man shudder'd, and stood aghast with fear ;  
He bow'd his limbs, his hair stood stiff ;—then came the Helpful near,  
And took him gently by the hand, and blandly bade him hear :—  
" Father, these mules and horses say, whither dost thou drive,  
Through gloom of night, when sleep the rest of mortals all alive ?  
Dost thou not fear and tremble at the slaughter-breathing host,  
The Greeks, who close around thee press, and hate and threat thee  
most ?

Of whom, should one discern thee thus gliding through the night,  
Bearing such store of goodly things,—ha ! what would be thy fright !  
Thyself no youngster art thou ; and old is this thy friend ;  
Too old, methinks, to lend thee aid, should hostile hands impend.  
Be sure, I will not hurt thee, nor wrong nor insult brook  
From any else ; for sooth hast thou mine own dear father's look."  
Rejoin'd and answer'd straightway the godlike Priam old :—  
" So is it, child, as thou dost say ;  
But yet some Power, to whom I pray, o'er me his hand doth hold ;  
Surely 'tis he that sends me such friend to speed me now,  
Wayfarer courteous thus and kind,  
Of handsome mien, of prudent mind, of seed divine, I trow."

Then once again address'd him the courier Argicide :

"All this, forsooth, is very truth, and well hast thou replied.

But come, and tell me further, and be the fact confess'd ;—

These treasures dost thou send abroad, so rich and plenteous, lest

The foe should seize and spoil them? or haste ye, one and all,

To flee from sacred 'Troy, for fear of that which shall befall ;

Since he is dead that kept ye, the best in Troy, thy son?—

Of all the Greeks while yet he lived inferior he to none."

Rejoin'd and straightway answer'd the godlike Priam old :—

"Now rede me right, thou courteous wight,—thy name and birth  
unfold,—

Thou who hast prais'd my hapless son, and all my sorrow told."

Then once again address'd him the courier Argicide :—

"Of valiant Hector ask'st thou me? then be it thus replied :—

Him have I seen full often bravest in fight and first ;

Him with these eyes beheld I then when on the ships he burst,

With steel the Grecians slaying ; admired we, as we stood ;—

Achilles stay'd us from the fight ;—

Atrides held he in despite, and nurs'd his angry mood.

His henchman I ; one galley bore hither lord and squire ;

Of Myrmidonian seed I spring ; Polyctor is my sire :

And wealthy is Polyctor, but old, e'en such as thou :

Six sons he hath, myself the seventh, and lots we cast to go.

Mine was the chance to follow my chieftain o'er the main ;

And now from galley swift have I just lighted on the plain.

For with the dawn the Grecians will gird the town from far ;

No more will they sit still and stay ;

Nor can their kings another day restrain them from the war."

Rejoin'd and answer'd straightway the godlike Priam old :—

“Beest thou in sooth Achilles’ squire,

Then heed thou that which I inquire, and let the truth be told :—

Yet lies my slaughter’d Hector beside the conqueror’s tent ?—

Or hath Achilles cast him forth to dogs, in pieces rent ?”

Then spake once more, and answer’d the courier Argicide :—

“Old man, on him nor beak nor fang hath hound or vulture tried.

But yet unscathed reclines he beside Achilles’ tent ;

And this the twelfth of morns hath dawn’d since there he lies unshent.

His flesh is still untainted, nor worms have on him fed ;

Foul worms, which in the field of Mars depasture on the dead.

And hales him still Achilles his comrade’s tomb around,—

Ah ! shame to see !—when morn appears ; yet still his skin is sound.

Come thou, and see and wonder how sweet, how dewy fresh,

Lies, clean from crust of gore and dust, that uncorrupted flesh !

And closed are all, and solder’d the wounds upon him dealt ;—

For many hack’d him with the steel ;—such ruth the Gods have felt :—

For thy brave son, though dead he be, their hearts in mercy melt.”

He said ; rejoiced old Priam, and answer’d meek and sage :—

“My child, ’tis meet with offerings sweet the Immortals to engage :—

For so my son, while lived he, the Olympians ne’er forgot

At home, and they, though die he must, in death desert him not.

Then take thou this fair goblet, and speed me all unshent,

And lead me, with the grace of heaven, to dread Pelides’ tent.”

Then Argicide the courier rejoin’d, and answer made :—

“Old man, thou triest my youth ;—forbear ;—me shalt thou not persuade,

Thus pressing gifts upon me, to Achilles unbeknown ;—

Him I regard ; these spoils are his, due all to him alone.  
But go would I, and lead thee even to famed Argos' strand,  
Right willingly, in galley swift, or accompanying by land ;  
And none should slight my loving care, and 'gainst thee lift the hand."  
So spake the helpful Hermes, and leapt he to the seat :  
He seiz'd the reins, and waved the scourge,  
Horses and mules with power to urge ; and hied they fresh and fleet.

Now when they reach'd the rampart before the ships, the guard  
Were just set down the day to crown, and for their suppers cared.  
And o'er them gentle slumber shed courier Argicide,  
O'er all ; then thrust he back the bars, and threw the portals wide,  
And brought in Priam, car and wain, and wainborne gifts beside.  
So when they reach'd Pelides his fair pavilion tall,  
Which for their lord the Myrmidons had framed of fir-plank all ;—  
With rushes from the meadow a bristling thatch had made,  
And round it fenced an ample court with close-set palisade :—  
The door one balk of pinewood held fast, which warriors three  
Thrust forcefully the gates to close, three others flung them free ;—  
Achilles barr'd them all alone, alone unclosed them he :—  
Lo ! these the featly Hermes to the old man open'd wide ;  
And brought the offerings rich and rare to swiftfoot Æacide ;  
Then from the carriage to the ground alighted he, and cried :—  
“ Old man, a God immortal here Hermes have I come,  
Sent by my Father, Jove august, to guide thee from thy home.  
And now am I departing ;—nor Peleïde will I see :—  
'Twere ill that Gods with mortal men so closely join'd should be.  
But go thou in, and clinging fast clasp thou Pelides' knee ;

And pray him by his father and bright-hair'd mother fair,  
And by his child ;—and thou to ruth shalt move his heart with prayer."

So spake the God, and flitted to far Olympus' bound ;  
And Priam from his chariot wheel alighted on the ground.  
And left he there Idæus the herald, and bade wait  
The mules and horses ; but himself the precinct enter'd straight,  
Where wont to sit Achilles great captain, Jove-beloved :  
There found he him, and all about his comrades sate unmoved.  
And of them all two only did service to their lord,  
Automedon and Alcimus ; and by him stood the board,  
The meal just over, and his strength with meat and wine restored.  
They mark'd not Priam ent'ring ; comes he, and close he stands,  
And clasps Achilles' knees, and kisses his fell murderous hands,  
That slew his sons so many :—and as when baleful pain  
Falls on the wretch, who erst at home a mortal wight hath slain ;—  
And wends he to the stranger, some wealthy lord ; but all  
Who see the accursed homicide doth awful dread befall ;—  
So awestruck was Achilles, so startled and amazed,  
At Priam's sight ; so all the rest ; and each on other gazed.  
Then suppliant thus address'd him with prayer that ancient king :—  
" Achilles, thou, most like the Gods, to mind thy father bring,  
Gray beard like me, and trembling on life's extremest verge :  
And him perchance his neighbours now contentious press and urge,  
With none to keep and save him :—yet may he hear with joy  
That thou still livest, and lifelong still may hope to greet his boy,  
Once more returning from the wars, escaped, and crown'd from Troy !  
But I, the God-forsaken, 'gat I of sons the best



In broadway'd Troy, and of them none is left me, all unblest !  
Ha ! sons of mine were fifty when came the ships of Greece ;  
Nineteen were brothers of one womb, one genial bed's increase :  
The rest my handmaids bore me :—of these the most hath Mars  
Subdued in strife, and reft of life, o'ermaster'd in the wars ;  
But him who stay'd me singly, my city and my men,—  
Him, fighting stout for fatherland, him thou but now hast slain,—  
Him, Hector !—wherefore come I, e'en now, thy tent to seek,  
And gifts I bring may grace a king, his body to bespeak.—  
But thou the Powers immortal regard, and pity me,  
And bear in mind thine own dear sire ;—ah ! happier far is he !—  
Lo ! I have done what never yet wight on earth hath done,—  
Drawn to my lips the dreadful hand of man that slew my son !”

He said, and moved Achilles for his own dear sire to sigh :  
He took the veteran by the hand, and put him gently by :  
So these two, both rememb'ring their loved ones, sadly greet.  
Old Priam for his Hector brave, low at Achilles' feet ;  
And for his sire Achilles, for lost Patroclus too ;  
And all their groans and all their moans ran court and chamber through.

But when his grief Achilles had sated to the full,  
And fiery heat of sad regret 'gan in his breast to cool,  
From his seat he leapt, and Priam with his own hand he rear'd,  
Pitying his silver-hoary head, and silver-hoary beard ;  
And swiftly thus bespake him :—“ Ha ! wretch, what evil day  
Hast thou endured ! how dared alone to tread the dangerous way,  
And rush into my presence, the man who slew but now



Thy sons so many, brave and fair ;—what heart of brass hast thou !  
But come thou, sit beside me, and let thy sorrows sleep,  
Sad though they be ; 'twere ill for man eternally to weep.  
For so the Gods have woven the threads of human life ;  
Man's life is sorrow ; but themselves are free from pain and strife.—  
Two jars there are, appointed to stand at Jove's own door ;  
This full of noxious gifts he gives, and that of blessed store :  
And whom the Thunder-wielder with mingled lot endows,  
Sometimes are ill, sometimes are good the fortunes of his house :  
But who draws evil only, dwells he in dreary dree ;  
Affliction sore long drives him o'er the land and o'er the sea ;  
And unregarded all of Gods and mortal men lives he.  
Even so the Gods from Peleus no glorious gifts withheld,  
Even from his birth ; and all men he in health and wealth excell'd :  
Ruled he the Myrmidonians ; and though a mortal bred,  
They gave a Goddess for his spouse, and partner of his bed.  
But him the God thereafter endow'd with cruel pain ;  
For that no seed of kingly sons sprang in his house to reign.  
One child he 'gat, one only, and doom'd too soon to die :—  
Nor him in age can I sustain, far from my home at Troy,  
Where thee and thine I harry : and erst wast thou, we hear,  
Wealthy and prosperous ; and was none in wealth and sons thy peer.  
Of all by Lesbos bounded, king Macar's distant rule,  
And Phrygia stretching inland far, and Helle's pathless pool.  
But lo ! the Powers Immortal on thee these woes have brought ;  
And men still fall around thy hall, and battles still are fought.  
Then courage ! friend, and bear them, nor unremitting groan ;  
For little boots it to lament for him thine own dear son :

Thou canst not raise him from the dead,  
But rather on thy hoary head shalt other woes draw down.”  
Then answer'd and address'd him illustrious Priam old :—  
“ Bid me not sit, thou chief divine, while Hector, stark and cold,  
Lies in thy tent unheeded ; but loose and yield him straight,  
For me to see ; then take thyself this ransom, rich and great :  
And much mayst thou enjoy it, and homeward safely sail,  
And safe to fatherland arrive ;  
When erst thou bidst me rise alive, and light returning hail ! ”  
Then frown'd and fiercely answer'd Achilles swift of foot :—  
“ Urge me no more ; I mean to yield thee Hector, nothing doubt :  
Even now from Jove hath Thetis my mother hither flown,  
Fair daughter of the ancient Sea, and bade that it be done.  
And well I know that with thee some favouring Power hath fared  
Here to the Grecian galleys swift ; else had no mortal dared,  
How brave and stout soever, such rash essay to make ;  
The guards he could not 'scape, nor through our portals lightly break.  
Wherefore my soul provoke not, lest here I leave even thee  
Not scatheless, suppliant though thou art, and sin 'gainst heaven's  
decree ! ”

He spake ; the old man trembled, obey'd, and silent sate :  
Then Peleïde, like a lion wood, forth bounded from the gate ;  
Nor went he uncompanion'd, but followed liegemen twain,  
Alcimus and Automedon,  
Whom after dead Patroclus gone he most to love was fain :—  
And these from car and waggon released they horse and mule,  
And Priam's herald brought they in, and placed him on a stool ;

Then from the wheel-bound waggon the price of Hector's head,  
That ransom rich they took, but left  
Two robes, and vest of dainty weft, wherewith to wrap the dead,  
And bear it home for burial : his handmaids then call'd he,  
To wash and oil the corse apart, where Priam might not see ;  
Lest he, his son espying, should raise his desperate hand,  
And Peleïde's wrathful soul provoke  
To deal him death with furious stroke, and sin 'gainst heaven's command.  
So when with oil and water the maids had wash'd the dead,  
And robe and tunic o'er it thrown, his liegemen Peleïde led,  
And with them rais'd and laid it high on the wain to ride ;—  
Then groan'd, and on his comrade's name call'd mournfully, and cried :—  
“ O grudge me not, Patroclus, if thou in Hadès hear,  
That Hector great I have restored to the sire he loved so dear.  
The gifts were not unworthy wherewith came he to treat ;  
And of those goodly gifts to thee full measure will I mete.”

This said, to his pavilion hasten'd the hero back,  
Resumed his chair bedizen'd all,  
Placed opposite against the wall, and Priam thus bespake :—  
“ Now is thy son restored thee, old man, as thou didst pray,  
And laid on bier, to see and take thyself at break of day.  
Now take we thought of supper ; for Niobe the fair  
Even she took thought of food, for all her woes beyond compare ;  
When all at home beside her those twelve fair children fell ;  
Six daughters, six were sons, youths all, whom loved she passing well.  
And these with dart Apollo slew from his silver bow ;  
Dian, rejoicing in the shaft, slew those, and laid them low ;

For that 'gainst Lato fair of cheek dared she her seed to show.  
'Ha! two hath she borne only ;—full many borne have I!—  
So bragg'd she ; but those two forsooth made all these twelve to die!  
And nine days lay their corses ; to bury them was there none ;  
For that Saturnius, Power august, had turn'd that folk to stone :  
On the tenth at last their funeral rites by the Gods of heaven were done.  
But she of food bethought her, when wearied with the tear ;  
And now among the salvage rocks, and hills and deserts drear.  
In Sipylus, haunt reputed of the glorious Nymphs divine,  
Which on the Acheloian banks their mazy dances twine ;—  
There, stone too she, by heaven's decree, digests her doom malign.  
Then come, old man, and let us with food our hearts content ;  
And after weep thou for thy son,  
Bearing him home to Ilion ;  
Ha! for such champion all fordone full sore shalt thou lament."

Then started up Achilles, and a white-fleeced sheep he slew ;  
His men the carcase flay'd, and wrought as featly workmen do :  
They carv'd the joints in portions, and truss'd them all on spits ;  
Nor cook'd them ill, with care and skill, and last drew off the bits.  
And store of bread before them serv'd he in baskets neat  
Automedon ; the chief himself distributed the meat :—  
They on the good cheer set before them laid their hands to eat.  
But when their thirst and hunger were sated with the food,  
Then Priam marvell'd to behold Achilles, as he stood,—  
How big was he, how beauteous, the peer of Gods seem'd he!—  
Nor less was Peleïdes amazed the Dardan king to see,  
His noble face beholding, and hearkening to his speech :—

But when had gazed to his content upon his fellow each,  
Then first spake godlike Priam, and Peleïde thus address'd :—  
“ Now lay me quickly, chief divine, where I may sleep and rest :  
For ne'er have wink'd mine eyelids, ne'er yet, since first my son  
Fell by thy hand ; but still I vex my soul, and sigh and groan,  
In the courtyard of my palace, roll'd in the grimy grout :  
But now have I had taste of bread,  
And down my throat pour'd wine so red ; erst had I swallow'd nought.”  
He said, and straight Achilles his men and maidens bade  
Strow beds and pillows in the porch ; and o'er them robes they laid,  
And purple rugs and blankets, with fleece of downy fold :  
The maidens step the chamber forth, and lights before them hold ;  
Then couches twain they litter, and much ado they make :  
This done, his guest the chief address'd ; and lightly thus he spake :—  
“ Lie thou without the chamber, nor grudge it, veteran dear,  
Lest prince or captain of the Greeks discern thee entering here :  
For come they ever hither, for counsel ; such their right :  
Now should such come, and thee detect thus venturing through the  
    night,  
To folkherd Agamemnon straightway might he go tell,  
And then this rescat of the dead should speed less soon and well.  
But rede me right, I pray thee, and give me answer plain ;—  
How many days dost thou require  
For Hector's rites of feast and fire, that I may still refrain  
So long myself from battle ; so long my hosts may stay.”  
Then answered godlike Priam old :—  
“ Now, wilt thou we the rites should hold for Hector day by day,  
So shalt thou do me kindness : for well thou know'st how still



The Trojans herd behind the walls, nor from the far-off hill  
Dare they go fetch them fuel :—then nine days will we mourn  
Our dead, and pent at home lament, and on the tenth will burn,  
And feast at funeral banquet ; the eleventh shall be given  
To raise a tomb our prince to crown ;  
The twelfth to battle go we down, if such the will of Heaven.”  
Then answer'd swift Achilles :—“So be it, gentle sire ;  
Our hosts from war will we refrain what space thou dost require.”  
Then by the right old Priam he took, and press'd his wrist ;  
That he might trust him, kind and just, and from all fear desist.  
So they, the king and herald, without their lodging make ;  
And there lie they, to wait the day, much pondering, wide awake.  
But in his inner chamber Achilles sweetly slept ;  
And by his side the dainty-cheek'd Briseïs close he kept.

Now Gods and high-plumed warriors all else the livelong night  
Reposed in sleep ; but slumber none did on Jove's scout alight ;  
But much did featly Hermes consider in his heart,  
How from the ships that ancient king unchallenged might depart,  
Escaped the watchful warders :—he stood before his head,  
And,—“Good old king, of mischief now thou nothing reck'st,”—he  
said ;—

“Nor how 'mong foes thou sleepest ; since Peleus' son forsooth  
Hath let thee go, thy dear one too, for ransom and for ruth.  
But thrice as much for ransom thy sons that yet survive  
Must give for thee, should Atræides,  
Should ever another chief of Greece detect thee here alive.”  
He said ; the old man started, and bade his herald rise ;



Lo ! Hermes fastens them their mules, and horse to chariot ties,  
And swiftly drives them through the camp, unseen of mortal eyes.

But when they reach'd the passage of Xanthus Jove-begot,  
The abounding whirling swirling flood,—  
There from their sight the featly God to far Olympus shot :  
And saffron-mantled Morning o'er all the earth was shed.  
Then groaning, moaning, to the town themselves their horses sped ;  
The mules they drew the body high on the four-wheel'd wain :—  
Nor these did ever another spy of the women or the men ;  
But first of all Cassandra, like golden Venus fair,  
Mounted on towers of Pergamus, saw she her father there  
Upstanding in his chariot, the herald by his side ;  
The corse extended on a bier high on the mule-wain tied.  
Ha ! shriek'd amain the princess, and through all the city cried :—  
“ Come Trojans, men and women ; come dames and warriors, see  
Hector, if e'er from fight return'd ye hail'd your chief with glee ;—  
Ah me ! the city's joy indeed, and all men's joy was he ! ”  
She cried, nor in the city was man or woman left,  
Such sorrow uncontrollable their sense and spirits cleft ;  
But to the gate they hurried, to meet the doleful bier :  
And first upon the corse their hair tore they, his consort dear  
And venerable mother, both rushing to the wain ;  
About his head their arms they wound ;—  
The people stood and wept around ;—wept these, those sobb'd again.  
And lo ! all day till sunset their wailing had they made,  
Even at the gates ; but from his car the old man cried, and said :—  
“ Now give ye way, my people, and let the mules have room ;

Then weep and wail ye to the full, when I have brought them home."  
He spake ; the crowd departed, and for the wain made way :  
Reach these the palace, and the corse on a stately settle lay ;  
And range before it singers to strike the doleful strain :  
The doleful dirge the singers lead, the women groan again.

And these with sighs and wailings the white-arm'd widow led ;  
Folding and pressing in her arms the manslayer Hector's head :—  
“ Husband, right young thou fallest, right soon a widow'd wife  
Leav'st thou at home ; and he, thy son, to whom we two gave life,  
This son is yet an infant ; nor dare I hope that he  
Will wax to manhood ; for this town,  
Storm'd long before, and batter'd down, shall wreck and ruin be !  
For thou, her overlooker, hast perish'd, who of all  
Didst best defend her, and her dames beloved, and children small.  
And these shall soon be wafted far o'er the dreadful sea ;  
And with them I : and thou, my child, shall haply fare with me,  
To serve a shameful bondage for master hard to please ;  
Or haply thee some Argive fierce with ruthless hand shall seize,  
And from a tower shall hurl thee, a doleful death to die ;—  
Enraged, forsooth, for that his sire or brother here doth lie,  
Slain by the strength of Hector ;—his sire or even his son ;—  
For many a Greek hath bit the ground, to death by Hector done.  
Ha ! in the stress of battle no soft one was thy sire ;  
Wherefore the cry of loud lament burns through the town like fire !  
Ah ! Hector, grief accursed to thy parents hast thou left,  
And henceforth most of all to me, sad spouse of spouse bereft.  
Alas ! thou didst not reach me thy hand from couch of death ;

Nor solemn charge didst parting give,  
Which I, while yet I sorrowing live, might keep with constant faith."  
So spake the princess weeping; the women chanted round  
With doleful dirge; and thus the queen took up the solemn sound:—  
“Hector, to me far dearest of all my children dear!  
Dear wast thou to the Gods, I ween, and for thee still they care,  
And even in death befriend thee; for other sons of mine  
Hath dire Achilles seiz'd, and sold far o'er the barren brine,  
To Samos and to Imbros, and Lemnos mist-bedight;  
But thee, when with his trenchant steel he spoil'd thy wretched sprite,  
Round his friend's tomb he dragg'd thee,—his friend, by thee laid low;—  
Ha! day by day he dragg'd thee still, but rais'd not him even so!  
Yet now all fresh and pleasant at home thou liest again;  
Like one whom Phœbus Silverbow,  
With his own genial darts, I trow, hath come, and touch'd, and slain.'

So cried the mother weeping, and urged the ceaseless wail:  
And third in order Helen cried, and thus took up the tale:—  
“Hector, of all my brothers thou dearest much to me!  
My spouse forsooth brave Paris is, who bore me o'er the sea:—  
Ah! liefer had I perish'd!—now years twice ten have flown  
Since first to Troy I wretched came, and fled my native town;—  
Yet never a word unkindly, nor rude from thee have heard;  
But if some other in the house address'd me bitter word;—  
If brother e'er or sister;—and mother too reviled,—  
Aye, she too gibed and vex'd me oft;  
But Priam, he was ever soft,—as father ever mild;—  
Then didst thou aye rebuke them, and check, and bid refrain;

Such was thy bland persuasiveness, so gentle was thy strain.  
Wherefore I needs must mourn thee now,—thee first, myself again !  
For in broad Troy none other, through all broad Troy was none  
So good to me, so dear to me !—but loaths me every one !”

So spake the sister weeping, and groan'd all Troy thereto :—  
Then Priam old the folk address'd, and bade them up and do :—  
“ Now, Trojans, bring ye fuel for burning to the town :—  
Nor shall ye fear for Argives near, and ambush unbeknown ;  
For pledged me so Achilles when from the ships I sped,—  
No harm shall light, nor onset fright, till mornings twelve be fled.”

He spake ; yoked they their waggons with mules and oxen stout,  
And swiftly at the city gates met all, and issued out ;  
And nine days long large store of wood in one huge heap they  
brought.

But when the tenth bright morning appear'd, and not before,  
Bold Hector bore they through the gates, and wept they evermore ;  
And on high pyre they rear'd him topmost, and flame applied :—  
But when the rosy-finger'd morn next burn'd in welkin wide,  
Then sprang they from their night-long watch by glorious Hector's side.  
And when had all uprisen, and all their muster made,  
Straightway the furious strength of fire,  
Far as it swept the smouldering pyre, with rud red wine they laid.  
The white bones then they gather'd,—his brethren and his peers,—  
And sore they wept, and down their cheeks fell fast abounding tears :  
The bones they took, and laid them in casket bright with gold,  
Wrapt round with fleeces soft and sleek, all purple to behold ;—

Soon scoop'd a grave, and in it entomb'd the casket deep ;—  
And big stones closely o'er it placed,  
And o'er the stones, still hot with haste, flung up the earthen heap.  
And watchers watch'd around them, lest, ere the work were done,  
The greave-arm'd Grecians unforeseen should burst their hosts upon :  
And when the mound with earth was crown'd hied homeward every  
one.

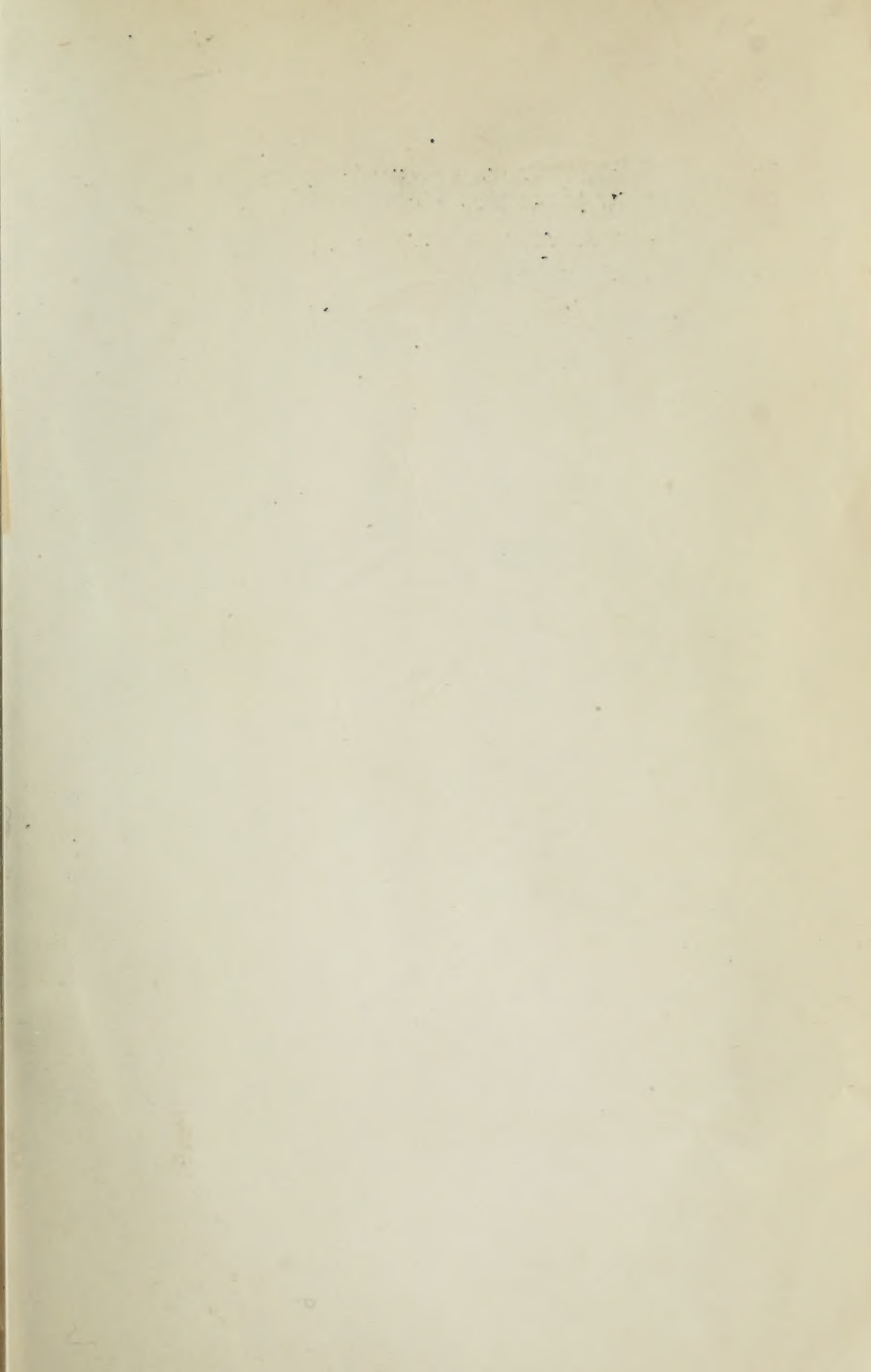
But, ranged at last and marshall'd, at sumptuous boards they feed,  
In the courts of Priam, reverend king, the Jove-descended seed ;  
And lo ! the funeral feast of Hector, queller of the steed.

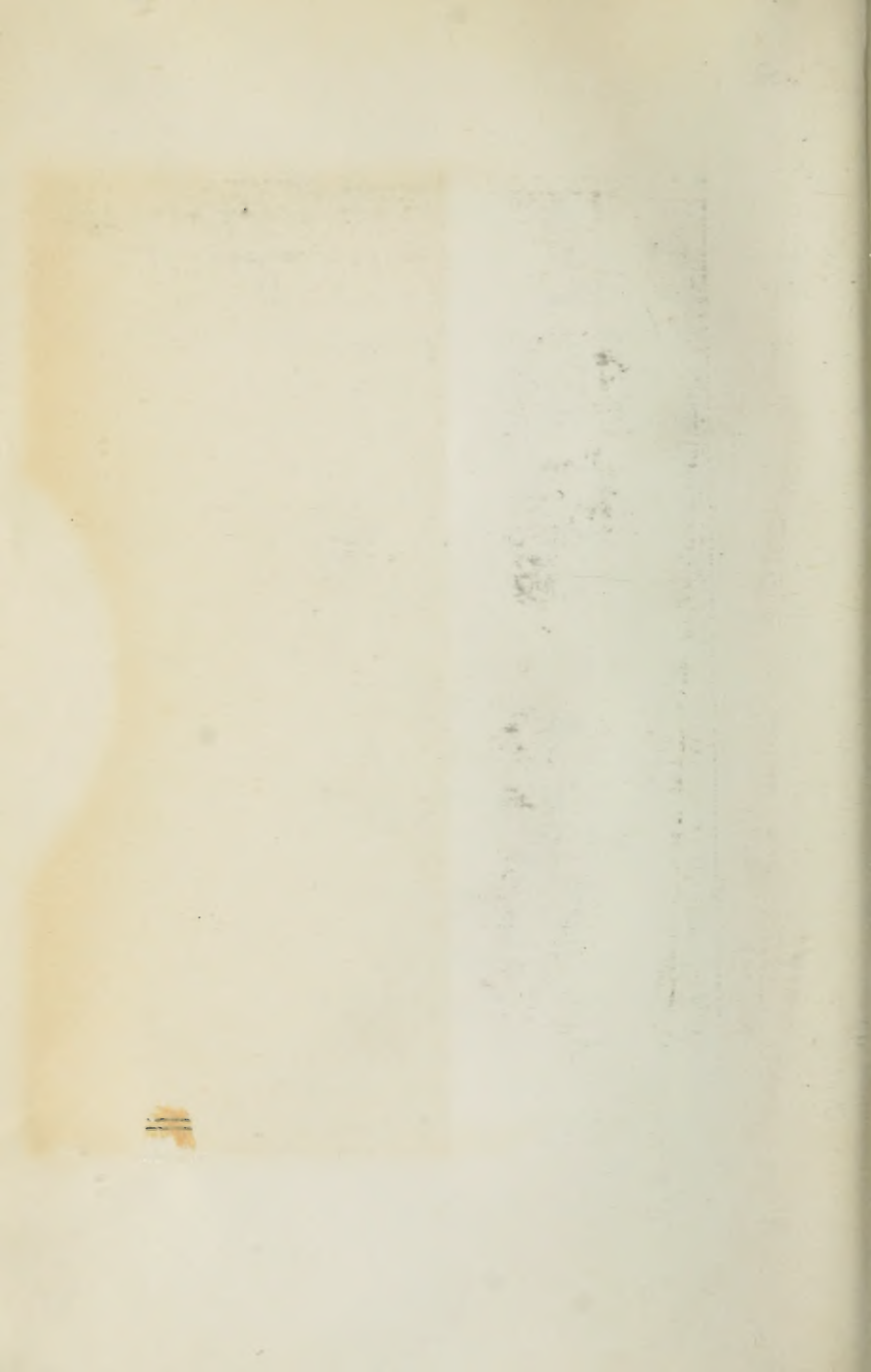
THE END.

My dear Mr. T. D. -  
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.  
and am glad to hear from you.

Yours truly,  
Frederick Douglass







Homer.

Iliad

Homer's Iliad, tr. by Merivale.  
Vol. 1<sup>st</sup> 2.

52406

LGr

H766i

.Em

**University of Toronto  
Library**

**DO NOT  
REMOVE  
THE  
CARD  
FROM  
THIS  
POCKET**

Acme Library Card Pocket  
**LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED**

